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A

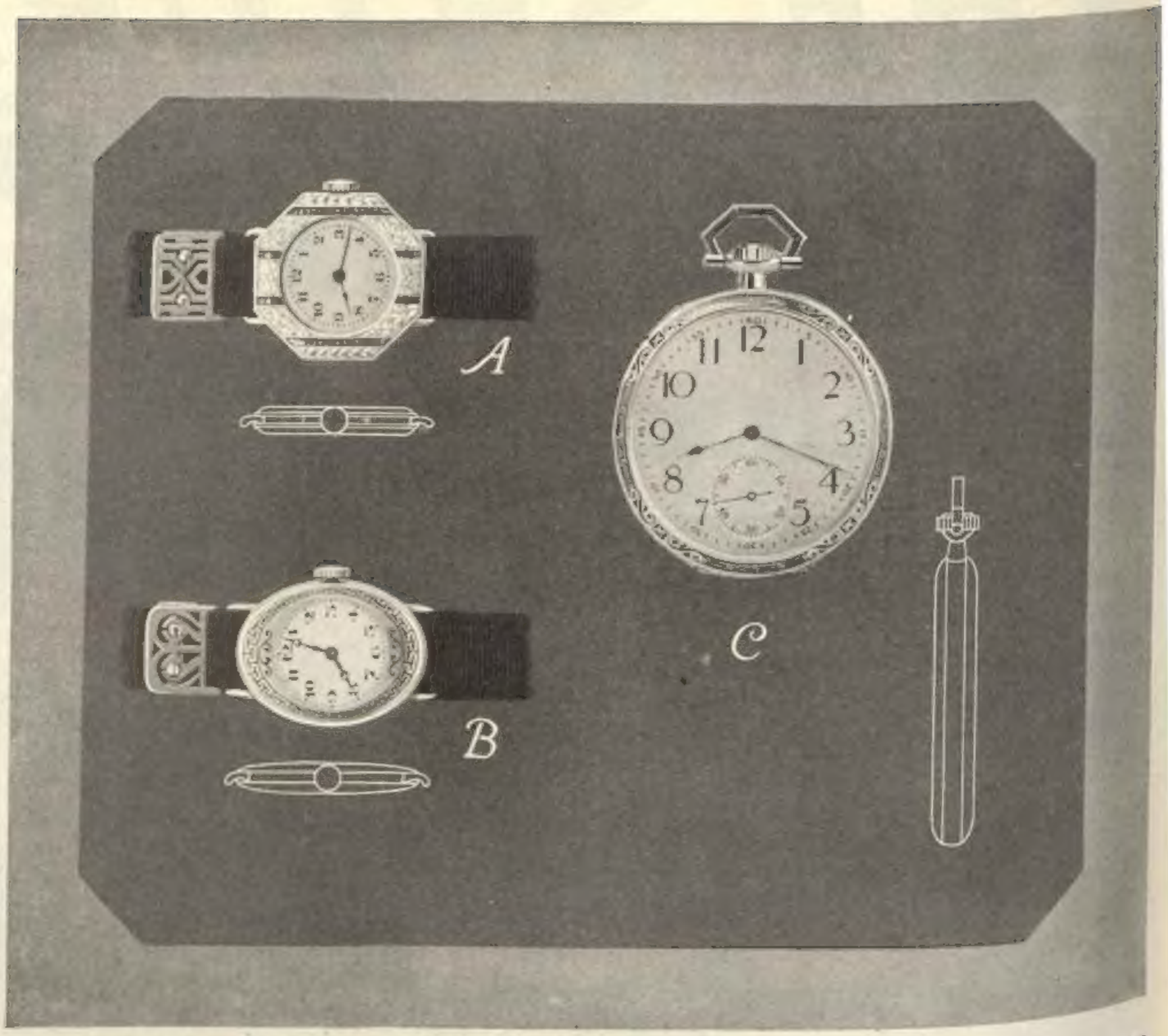
The Octagon Case—Narrow stripings of inlaid enamel, bordered with artistic chasing in gold, make up this truly harmonious design. A narrow silk ribbon adds a touch of distinction

B

The Oval Case—Unobtrusive in its simplicity, yet striking in its beauty of design, this watch is deservedly popular. Of chased enamel inlaid, and worn on a silk ribbon

C

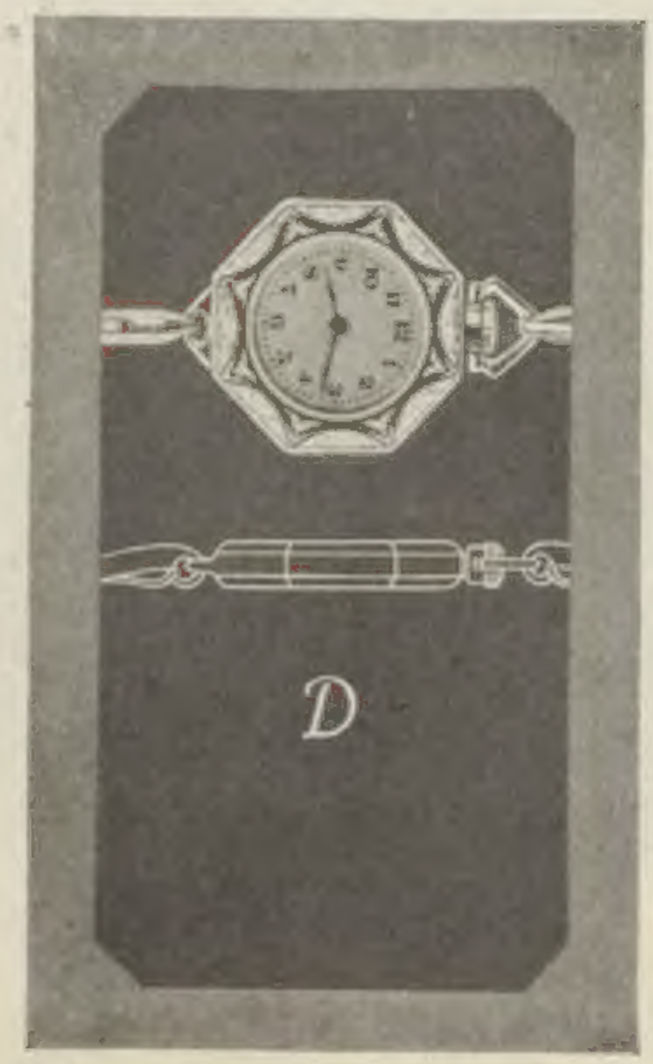
The Bosworth Case—Enamel inlaid on bezel back and bow, this model is a striking illustration of the way Wadsworth has developed the use of artistic decoration



Wadsworth

D

The Convertible Case—Beauty and elegance are immediately associated with this delightful chased enamel inlaid wrist watch: worn with a detachable gold bracelet



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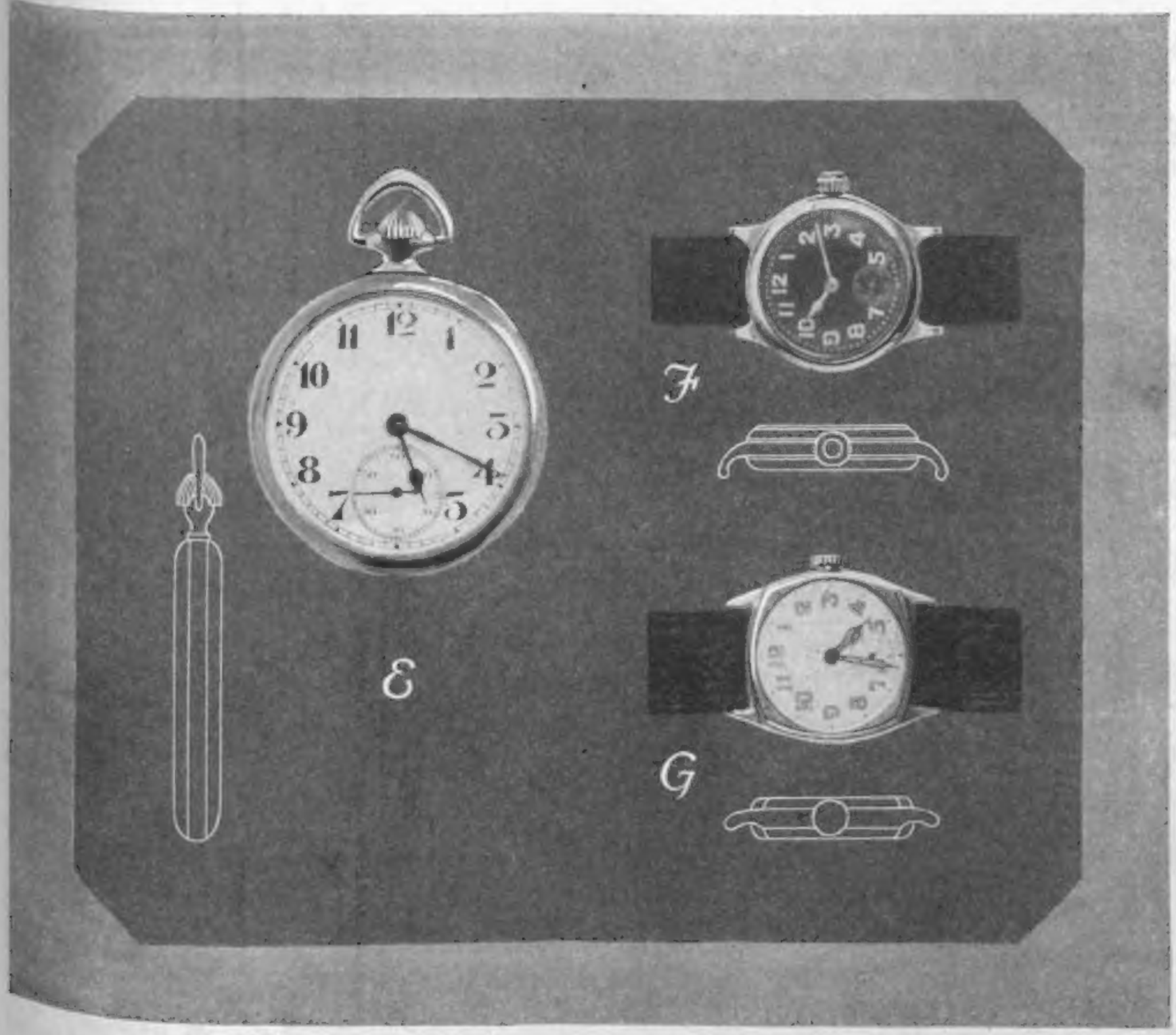


E

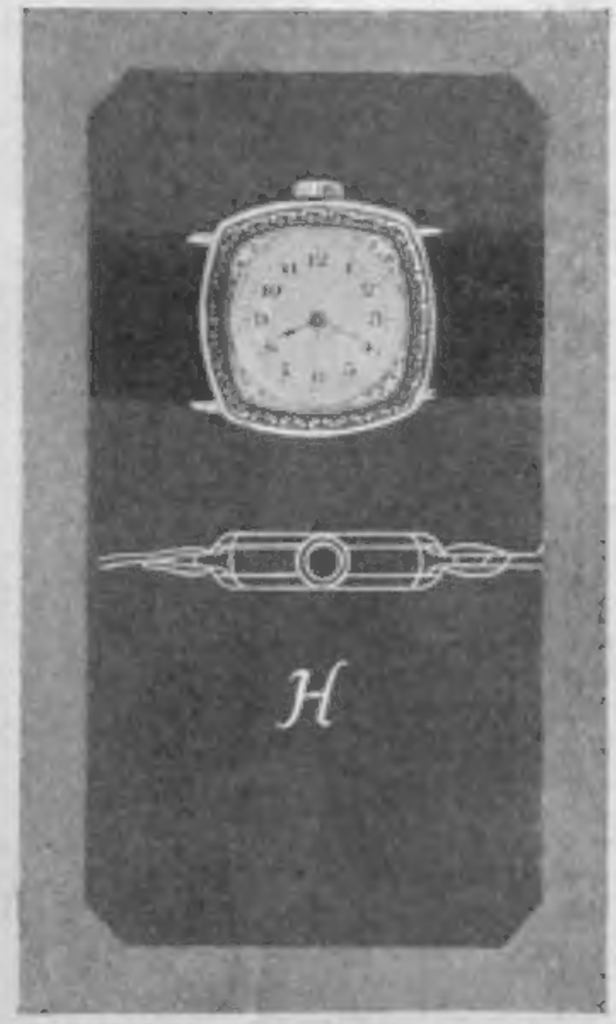
The Bascina Case—a capable-looking case, eloquent of honest, rugged dependability, and yet not in the least suggestive of clumsiness

F

The Sportsman's Strap Watch Case—a sturdy model originally created by Wadsworth for hard army usage and now made adaptable, with slight modifications, for the outdoor man. Furnished in silver or nickel, with an extra thick glass

G

The Cushion Square Case—for men—one of the most popular of the Wadsworth strap models. An ideal wrist watch for business, social and all-around wear



H

The Cushion Square Case—a border of inlaid enamel in black and gold, surrounding a delightful bit of engraving, lends an air of great beauty to this case; worn with ribbon

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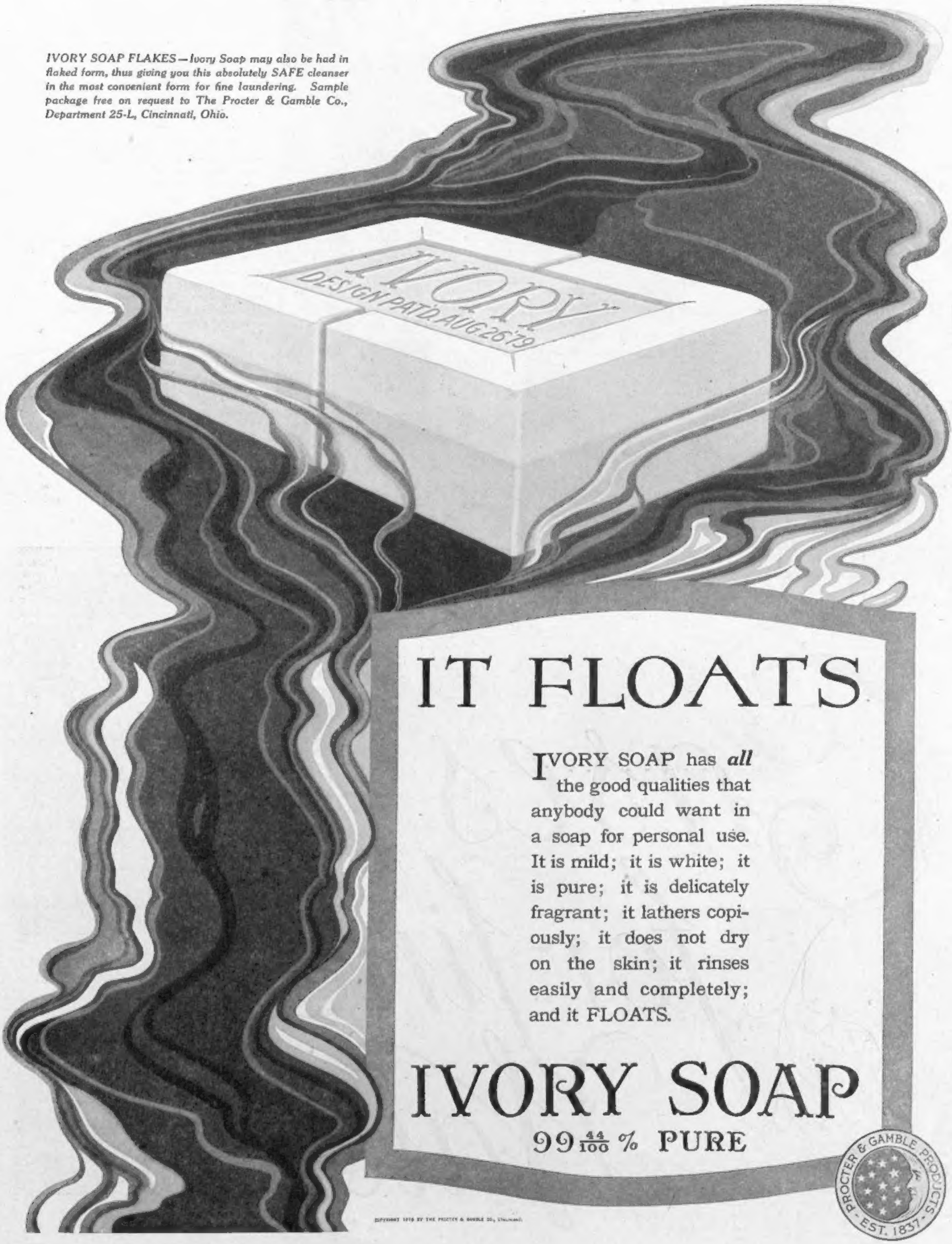

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Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

THE author of the observations that are to follow has designated them as the views of a layman not merely because he desires to avoid sailing under false colors but also because it is essential in discussions of living problems that writers should reveal their status as well as their competence. When the employer or the walking delegate discusses social unrest in general or Bolshevism in particular the self-interest of each tends presumably to reveal itself in the factors of personal equation and in the evaluation of data. The professional student of social unrest presumably lacks self-interest and approaches the problems in the attitude of trained objectivity that any student bears to his subject.

The layman partakes of the especial characteristics of neither class. He has no self-interest and at the same time has not the professional attitude of the specialist. There are two groups that study social unrest in a professional capacity. These two groups of professional students approach the problem from opposite viewpoints. The economists, proceeding from history and general theory, investigate the details of an idea or a movement from above downward. Workers in social service, many of whom affect scorn of the history and science of economics, proceed from the particulars of the individual experiences of the working classes. The particularizations of the economists are apt to exert duress upon the facts of new experience. The generalizations of the social-service workers are prone to eventuate in uncontrolled hypotheses. The views of the layman should reflect common sense. And if his opportunities for observation have been large, his views may be expected to evoke a responsive understanding in other laymen, of whom our population is largely composed, and who to-day stand confused before the consideration of elemental problems because of the conflicting statements that are presented to them. Not only conflicting, but unclear, often bizarre, extreme in one or the other direction and not seldom motivated for propaganda. In addition, we have the parlor Bolshevist and the parlor capitalist, out of whose disputations flows confusion.

The writer lays no claim to being an economist; he has never been accused of being one, and never expects to be so accused. He makes no pretense to familiarity with the principles or practices of social service; he has never lived in a settlement house, a Greenwich Village or an Arden. That he nevertheless has the temerity to present views upon economic subjects now engrossing the attention of the American people is due solely to the fact that circumstances have made it necessary for him to witness and study social unrest in Europe from a practical point of view. The men engaged, under Mr. Herbert Hoover, in the work of the American Relief Administration in Europe have during the last eight months been standing directly in front of conditions of profound unrest with respect to both government and industry. The officials of the American Relief Administration have witnessed hunger, scarcity of coal, disorganization of transportation, depreciation of currency, failure of production, breakdown of distribution and deterioration of the standards of living. These have been daily problems, factors in each step in every program of relief. They have been definite entities, prevalent over large areas and involving the hundred million people that exist in Central Europe between the Baltic and the Black and Adriatic seas. In the east was Russia from which constantly streamed fresh impulses toward communism and Bolshevism. In the west were Germany and the nations of the Entente, not one of which has been able to give to social and industrial unrest in Central Europe an objective

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The Bolshevik Parade Through the Streets of Budapest, Showing Some of the Decorations Which Cost 15 Million Crowns

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Man Marked With an X is Samuelly Tibor, Who Killed More People Than Anybody Else During the Bolshevik Régime

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Snapshot Taken in Budapest During the Bolshevik Revolution

consideration uncolored with political motivation.

Within Central Europe are peoples of different tongues and bloods; but all of them stand upon a higher plane industrially and governmentally than did the people of Russia, and for this reason their experiences in social unrest during the last year should be more comprehensible to us than are the almost inscrutable conditions in Russia. Since the nations of Central Europe have been able to resist the ideas emanating from Russia the reasons for this ought to be of especial importance to us. Never in the world were clear thinking, correct definition of factors and accurate evaluation of data so important as to-day.

Society evolves in two ways, like living beings: through small progressions and through swift mutations. Fifty years ago it was the belief of biologists that evolution in the animal world was accomplished slowly and almost imperceptibly as the result of the influence of factors of environment. The Mendelian theory has taught us that at times evolution is accomplished through mutations that introduce changes of a radical character.

As with evolution, so with history. The last five years have constituted a mutation in human society, with which we can compare, in modern history, only the French Revolution. The play of forces in government and in industry has been upon a scale so enormous as to correspond to a world-wide focusing of thoughts, feelings and energies; with the result of transformations, for weal or woe, of which the dimensions cannot at present be surveyed.

We speak of our American life as being a melting pot for emigrants, in which they are dissolved into the spirit of our life. Europe in the last five years has been a melting pot into which nations have been cast; much fire has been consumed; the contents have boiled over and boiled down; and in the last year have appeared from this saturated solution of experience crystallizations that can be measured. Conditions at present revealing themselves in the United States are the replica of conditions in Europe, in miniature to be sure, but true replica. Assuming our people to be similar to the Europeans, we can analyze our problems through elucidation of their experiences. Granting that our people are different from theirs, from these differences we may hope to predicate reactions peculiar to our characteristics.

The Bankruptcy of Socialism

IT IS permissible to be dogmatic, but it is not permissible to be declamatory. In the discussions of Bolshevism there is on both sides too much of denunciation, too little of definition and evaluation. Words that should express concrete ideas are used too loosely; concepts that are essentially hypothetical are employed too realistically. A survey of the conditions in Germany and Central Europe, contrasted with those in the United Kingdom, Holland, Switzerland, France and Italy on the one hand, and with those in Russia on the other, justifies certain general statements that can be established. It will facilitate discussion to state these at the outset.

PHOTOS, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Interior of a Hotel Bombarded by the Bolsheviks. Above—Inspection of a Labor Regiment by Bela Kun

The writer has not been in Russia since the war. This may or may not be a misfortune to his discussion. A perusal of the views of those who have been in Russia during the last two years leads to the impression that the shorter the time one is in Russia the more one knows about it, and the longer the time the less one knows about it. The available published data on Russia are to be judged from the standpoint of Russian propaganda in the countries located directly westward. One must also consider the reactions in these countries toward the policies expressed in the Russian Government and organization of society. Russian agitators, and natives in these countries sympathetic to them, have endeavored to introduce communism and Bolshevism into Finland, the East Baltic States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Except for a brief term of control in Bavaria and the East Baltic States and for a four months' control in Hungary, these efforts have resulted in failure. The reasons for the failure in Bavaria and Hungary and for the resistance elsewhere yield points of view toward the actual state of affairs in Russia that are perhaps as valuable as a survey of Russia; certainly more than a brief survey. In the early days of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, when an observer from a neutral country made a tour of inspection of Belgium under the guidance of a German officer, it was known as a tour with a wet nurse. The experiences of visitors into Russia during the last two years, as published, would seem to indicate very much the same state of affairs. The views of Russians from within cannot be otherwise than colored with their sympathies or antipathies, because the situation constitutes for each man a veritable crisis in his existence.

The conclusions that a review of the available information is believed to lead to are the following:

The great result of the revolutions that have occurred in Russia and Central Europe during the last two years, a result seldom fully appreciated and often almost overlooked, was the destruction of feudalism. Only in Germany and the East Baltic States, where the revolution in the terms of a common expression was not "complete," do vestiges of feudalism remain. The influence of this result upon the future development of the capitalistic state will constitute a most important fact in the near future.

Socialism—using this term in its ordinary prewar meaning—has passed through insolvency into bankruptcy. Its former adherents have given up hopes of reorganization; all that remains of it as a movement in Germany, the land of its greatest development, is a series of political programs.

Syndicalism Succeeds Socialism

COMMUNISM—using this term in the post-Marxian sense, made necessary by the development of industrialism since the time of Marx—is insolvent, but has not yet been declared bankrupt by its adherents. Nevertheless, the day of appearance in the courts of bankruptcy cannot be long delayed.

Sovietism—in the original Russian sense—is neither insolvent nor bankrupt, but represents a theory of government that has never been properly tried out, either before the Russian revolution or since that time. Faith in a soviet form of government is fully maintained in the hearts and minds of the vast majority of the Russian people. It has also taken a deep hold throughout Central Europe and Germany. Between what is called sovietism in Russia to-day and the original theory of the soviet is a distinction so wide that the resemblance is scarcely more than verbal.

Dictatorship of the proletariat has been a failure from the standpoint of the proletariat as much as from the standpoint of society in general.

The last year has witnessed the eclipse of Teutonic socialism by Latin syndicalism. Few events in the history of social ideas have taken place in so short a time and with so little notice as the substitution of syndicalism for socialism in the program of the radical laboring classes. In 1910

(Continued on Page 130)

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Pojany Joseph, Kunfi Fymond, Bela Kun

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Commander of the Red Army

THE CASE OF MRS. ALISON

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FIFTEEN years ago, when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now on catching sight of her again, after what seemed a crowded lifetime, the word came back. As far as the eye could discern the woman dining at the little table over by the wall was no less lovely than the Virginia Henderson of his youth. What could have possessed Major Buchanan to make him fancy she had changed? The old man's eyes must be failing. The miracle was that she seemed not to have been touched by time at all.

The whole experience of coming back in just this way after so long a time was, so Hugh Mills put it to himself, gratifying. In the bottom of his heart he really meant romantic; but the thought of such a word in connection with himself would have been repugnant. His was the repressed vocabulary of large affairs. He had learned to weigh his words—because he knew that others weighed them. Thus even in his own reflections he had come to employ as nearly as possible only such terms as he might have used in dictating letters to his secretary.

Yes, this trip to Chicago was gratifying. It was gratifying to have leisure to turn back for a few weeks after fifteen years of plunging forward. He had always intended to revisit the old neighborhood, to see whether the little frame house on Oakwood Avenue remained standing—it was already old when he was young—and to learn the news of various families linked with his chain of early memories. Surely some of them must be there still. Though so much had happened in the interim it was not, after all, so very long ago that the giant hand of the great interests had reached down out of the clouds, plucked him from the treasurership of a modest corporation in his native city, and transferred him with dazing swiftness to an affluent vice presidency in New York.

With that overnight leap his salary had mounted from eight to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. At the time the whole affair had seemed to him fantastic. He had been made, as they say, overnight. Yet it had been but a beginning. Soon he had become president of the company at forty thousand, then president of the parent organization at seventy-five thousand, then a partner in one of the greatest banking houses in the world—part owner in a reservoir into which incessantly poured torrents of preposterous wealth.

And though Hugh Mills would not under any circumstances have admitted such a thing to anybody else it was gratifying to return to his old home like the poor boy of the fable, the hero of an allegory of success—a man whose least opinion made important news, and whose career, storied over and over in the Sunday supplements and uplift magazines, must, he feared, cause irritation to American youths to whom he was constantly held up as a stimulus to ambition and achievement.

It was secretly gratifying also to think of rolling into the La Salle Street Station in a private car. The comfort of a private car appealed to him, but the fact that the railroads refuse to burden their swiftest trains with these ponderous luxuriousnesses caused him usually to forego them, haste being almost always his first consideration.

However it was not so now. This time he proposed to do as he pleased. Though the excuse for his trip was the reorganization and refinancing of one of Chicago's great public-service corporations he counted it in reality a vacation. Work, that is, should wait on other things. He would look up old friends, visit with them, and perhaps find ways of making himself useful to some of them. Chicago's social and financial leaders had manifested a desire to lionize him. He detested being lionized, but, after all, these were the social and financial leaders of his old home town.

But most of all gratifying—most secretly so—was the knowledge that he was young enough, sane enough, new enough to millions to extract from his situation both the satisfaction and the humor; to be aware not only of the gratification but of the reason for it; to recognize in himself, concealed far down below the surface, a kind of boyish vanity. Being essentially a modest man his trifling vanity amused him. Vanity—of all human traits the most ridiculous! What had any person to be vain of? Nothing. Destiny was kind or it was unkind. Now and then by some freak of chance a man would be put into the world endowed with certain gifts; by another freak of chance there would come to him an opportunity to exercise his gifts in a large way; whereupon he would be hailed as a success. In Hugh's own case the gifts and opportunities had not been wanting. Fate had made him the beneficiary of one of her great gilded jokes. So it appeared to him. For in very truth Hugh Mills, so widely quoted as a phenomenally successful self-made man, was inclined to doubt that such a thing as a self-made man of any kind actually existed. Success, he thought, came, in the last analysis, from the same place royal flushes come from.

"That Woman Doesn't Exist Any More. If You're Going to Like Me, Hugh, You Must Like Me as I Am"

II

ARRIVED in Chicago he proceeded to carry out his plans. In the limousine placed at his disposal by a leading financier he drove one afternoon to the old neighborhood, saw the house where he was born, and indulged himself in recollections induced by the scenes of long ago. The names of boys and girls of whom he had not thought in years came back to him as he saw the houses in which they used to live or the sites on which those houses formerly stood. This portion of Chicago was decaying. The apartment buildings which had been erected since his time were cheap ones; small stores had invaded former residential blocks, and what seemed worst of all a moving-picture theater now occupied the ground on which the Hendersons' house used to stand in its old garden. That seemed a desecration. Virginia Henderson's house should have been preserved as a memorial.

If there had been in the life of Hugh Mills any romance aside from that of his rapid rise to fortune it was his attachment for Virginia. Had he loved her fifteen years ago? Perhaps. He had never felt quite certain. At all events his feeling for her had been as near to love as any he had ever known. She had been almost constantly in his mind, and he had dreamed of being married to her, though he never even indirectly suggested such a thought to her. Probably she would not have had him. In any case it was only a thing of which to dream. Marriage was not for him at twenty-five; he had his way to make. It was not for him in the early thirties; he was making his way. And now, with forty looming close at hand, he doubted he should ever marry; for though his way was made other things seemed to interpose. He felt too old, too settled in his far from uncomfortable bachelorhood, to make so radical a change with fitting grace.

One sign of his strength was the ability he had always had to restrain himself from making love. Early in life he had perceived the necessity of doing that, and had made restraint a habit. With Virginia he had sometimes felt his rule in danger; since then he had not wavered. He had never made love seriously to any woman, though his life, being that of a worldly bachelor, had not been without its tendernesses. One or two of these affairs had engrossed a certain side of his nature over considerable periods, and had for a time seemed fairly satisfying, but no woman thus associated with him had been allowed to misapprehend the precise nature of the relationship. He was as careful in his understandings in these situations as in other business. He was considerate, reasonably attentive, very generous, but there was never a moment in which his independence was impaired.

Perhaps indeed it was for the very reason that he had been able to resist asking Virginia to become his wife that there had been that curious close friendship, with so much frankness, between them in the old days. Once she had implied that such was the case, saying that she enjoyed going out with him more than with any other man she knew—"because," she said, "I know you aren't going to get sentimental." To this he had replied lightly that he had always heard that every girl liked to make as many conquests as she could.

"Some girls may," she had answered, "but I don't. I hate it. Do you know what I wish? I wish no man would ever fall in love with me again until the right one comes along and I fall in love with him too. Men act so crazy. They don't ever seem satisfied just to be good friends. It almost always ends in an outburst and they go away hurt or angry. Sometimes I wish I could marry them all, just to keep them from being unhappy. I hate to have people unhappy over me."

In this there was no hidden coquetry. She was like a child, puzzled and distressed. There was always something of the child about her—something as of not comprehending these things. And indeed she did not comprehend them. Her attraction for men was something utterly beyond the bounds of her own understanding or volition. It was a blind automatic force like that of the magnetic pole—the force of all that is tender, gentle, timid, beautiful and sweet in woman, issuing its unconscious call to all that is masculine in man.

For several years after Hugh's departure from Chicago he had exchanged occasional letters with Virginia. Then she wrote of her engagement to Harvey Allison, and a little later Hugh got their wedding cards. He sent them a large silver something, received a cordial letter of thanks from the bride, and for a long time thereafter heard no more of them.

He had known Harvey at public school, high school, and as a young man starting in business. Pictorially at least the match was suitable. They would make a handsome pair—Virginia tall and slender, with dark-brown hair always so soft round her face, and the look of gentleness and sweetness about her mouth and her great calm eyes, which were gray flecked with hazel; Harvey a dark, laughing, fiery fellow with the figure of a Greek athlete and the temperament of an Italian troubadour. He was just the man to have pursued, captivated and conquered such a

tender creature as Virginia, sweeping her off her feet with his intensity. He had the gift for doing that with women; they were drawn to him as men were to Virginia. But they received less mercy—so at least it had been when he was young.

At high school he became known as a fascinator—ardent, inconstant and, curiously, jealous. Faithless himself, he suspected others of being faithless to him. If a sweetheart was utterly devoted he would jilt her the sooner; but when he had done so she must not feel free to become interested in some other youth, even though Harvey had left her for another girl. She must mourn him before the world. Ere he was twenty people spoke of him as wild, and there were in the neighborhood certain strait-laced matrons who would not let their daughters go to parties with him. These were not, however, in the majority. In spite of his obvious faults Harvey's attraction was so great as to overcome the prudent parental scruples of many women old enough to be his mother. It was not that he flirted with them, precisely, but that without deliberate effort he set them dreaming, causing them to think wistfully: "If only I were younger!"

In short, Harvey, like many another creature of impulse, had about him something essentially lovable which caused women young and old to overlook his faults, make excuses for him, worry about him. The very contradictions in his nature were sources of appeal. His spasmodic generosities were the more touching to witness because they were the generosities of a passionately selfish person; his occasional renunciations were pathetic, because renunciation was acute torture to him; his contritions were pitiful, being as violent and as passing as those of a child.

Harvey's charm reached men as well as women; almost everyone liked him. But Harvey Alison as an individual and Harvey Alison as custodian of Virginia's happiness were, in Hugh's eyes, two widely different persons. On hearing of the match he gathered what hope he could from the thought that many another wild young man had settled down under the combination of maturity and matrimony. Harvey must settle down. Unkindness from the man she loved was the last thing that should come to a woman with a nature like Virginia's. It would crush her.

"I Thought What I Wanted to Think—That They Were My Letters to Him—That He Had Cared Enough to Save Them"

And now Harvey was dead. He had been dead three years. Hugh, out of touch with his early associations, had heard little of the Alisons during their life together, and had not learned of Harvey's death until months after. Driving about the old neighborhood he thought of these things sadly. What changes! Harvey gone, Virginia's house gone, a moving-picture theater—symbol of changefulness—standing where the house had been. What was the world, after all, but a screen over which pictures of places and people passed swiftly and were gone forever?

Round the corner from the gaudy place of entertainment was the house of old Major Buchanan, his father's friend, still alive, still known as an able lawyer. Here at last was something that had not changed; for the major himself was pottering about the front yard just as always on days when he came home early from his office. Nor did he look much older. Nor did his frock coat look any older.

Hugh entered the major's yard with something of the hesitation he used to feel as a boy at approaching this rather stately old figure. As the major glanced up at him he had a sudden feeling that life had turned back twenty-five or thirty years. But he had to introduce himself. That hurt him just a little. And it hurt him also, in some peculiar way, to find that the major, whom he still regarded with a kind of veneration, was disposed to be formal, almost diffident, with him.

Seated on the porch they spoke of the old neighbors. The Baileys had torn down their cottage and built a brick block across the front of their lot. Young Fred Bailey was doing well on the Board of Trade. Gertie Bailey had married and moved to Bloomington. The Wilkinses had gone to Iowa, where Mrs. Wilkins' people came from. Mary Wilkins, though such a good-looking girl, and so well off, had never married; people said it was because of the memory of the young fellow she had been engaged to—the one who was drowned. A great pity. Mary was such a fine girl. The Gleason family had gone to pot. Poor Mrs. Gleason! Her husband killed in a railroad wreck, and her only son, Tom, no earthly good to anybody. Tom's goings on had broken his mother's heart. No one knew what had become of him, though there was a rumor that he was serving a life sentence in New Mexico. The daughter, Minnie, was the only one left. She was working as a clerk in a department store.

Perhaps Hugh knew that Virginia Henderson had married Harvey Alison?

Virginia had been a widow for several years now. Hugh asked if they had been happy.

The old man looked abstractedly across the street, and "hoped so." He hadn't seen much of them. They lived on the North Side. What with the money from her father and Harvey's insurance he understood Virginia was comfortably fixed.

Despite the other's evident desire to be reticent where gossip was concerned Hugh asked a point-blank question: "Did Harvey settle down and behave himself after they married?"

But the major would not be drawn very far.

"I really can't say," he answered. Then, perhaps by way of a hint, he added: "It has been my observation that a young fellow with too much of an eye for the women doesn't get any blinder in that eye as time goes on."

"I suppose not," said Hugh.

"Well," said the major philosophically, "he's dead now anyway. *De mortuis* ——"

"I was thinking of Virginia," said Hugh. "I was hoping he hadn't made life hard for her. I thought a great deal of Virginia."

"She was a mighty sweet girl," said the other. "Perhaps you'll be seeing her while you're here?"

"I hope to."

"You'll find her considerably changed." The major sighed.

"I suppose I should have expected that," Hugh returned, echoing the sigh. "Of course we are all growing older."

"Yes. But some change more than others—and in different ways."

This utterance Hugh accepted at the time merely as a general comment upon human mutability. Not until he recalled it some days later did it assume for him a more specific meaning.

Before leaving Hugh mentioned the matter of the public-service corporation and retained the major as his personal counsel. And when the old man showed that he was pleased at this, indicating the fact by using the word "gratified"—Hugh's own word—Hugh understood so perfectly that his own gratification rose up into his eyes, expressing itself there in the form of moisture.

"Here comes another of the old neighborhood boys," said the major at parting, indicating a man on the other side of the street. "You remember Frank Carberry?"

"I should say so! He's grown heavier—a lot heavier. Does he still live in the old house round the corner? I'll have to run in and see him for a minute before I go downtown again."

"Yes. He'll be glad to see you."

"I suppose," said Hugh, "that he's the same old sixpence?"

"No," said the major with a shadowy little smile. "I guess you'll find Frank's changed a little too."

And indeed Frank Carberry had changed. He had been perhaps the most light-hearted boy in all the old neighborhood crowd; Hugh found him now grave, slightly bald, amiable, rather silent and apparently absent-minded. He had the feeling that Frank was glad to see him, was indeed flattered that he had called, yet was so engrossed in some thoughts of his own that he was only half aware of what was going on round him.

As they sat talking in the old Carberry parlor with its depressing black-walnut furniture, its square rosewood piano, its long, stiff lace curtains and its several ugly portraits Frank kept looking expectantly out of the window.

"There's a man coming here to-night," he said as Hugh rose to go. "I hoped he'd get here before you had to leave. I'd have liked you to meet him. He'd interest you." But why the man might interest Hugh he did not say.

They stood for a moment talking on the low porch; then drifted together down the steps and along the short front walk toward Hugh's limousine.

At the gate Frank suddenly exhibited the first sign of animation Hugh had seen in him. "Here he comes now!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Just wait a minute, Hugh. Here's a man worth meeting."

Hugh looked at his watch.

"I'm afraid I must hurry," he said. "As it is, I shall be late for a dinner engagement."

"Stop and shake hands anyhow," Frank urged.

Hugh waited. Certainly there was nothing very striking in the appearance of the stranger who was drawing near, unless perhaps it was his costume—a black cutaway, dark striped trousers and a black derby hat—apparel highly unsuited to the time of year and to the day's temperature. In build the man was stocky and slightly below the average height. His face was smooth, his nose large, his chin heavy. His name proved to be Fosdick. As Frank introduced him he offered Hugh a soft hand, declaring in a voice the careful modulation of which suggested elocutionism: "I am indeed glad to make your acquaintance, sir. It is a pleasure to meet any friend of my valued friend Carberry's."

"It's a great pity you have to go, Hugh," said Frank with great earnestness.

"I'll hope to see you again before I leave town," Hugh answered as he stepped into his car.

"What has come over Frank?" he wondered as he drove away. "And what on earth can there be about his friend Fosdick to make him feel that he's particularly worth meeting?"

III

OF ALL Hugh's anticipations in connection with this visit to Chicago the pleasantest had been that of seeing Virginia again. Through the years he had preserved in his mind the picture of her, changeless. Folly of course—for time changes everything. Nevertheless he had been shocked at the major's definite statement that she had changed so greatly. He became less eager, now, to see her; reluctant, as anyone might be, to supplant sooner than necessary a long-cherished mental image with a reality less lovely. Not that her appeal to him had ever been solely that of beauty to the eye, but that her physical presentment had seemed to him a most exquisite projection of her inner self; wherefore it was doubly tragic to hear that she had faded. Of course he would call upon her before he left the city. That went without saying. But, after all, there was no special need for haste.

His first week in Chicago slipped by rapidly, filled as it was with a press of business and social activities. He thought of Virginia often. Pretty soon he would communicate with her. There had been interviews with him in all the newspapers; certainly she had heard he was in town. Yet from day to day he continued to postpone, dreading to look upon the wraith of all that she had been.

At last there came an evening when with a party of the city's fashionables he motored out to dine in a great glass-roofed pavilion on the lake shore, near the southern limits of the old World's Fair grounds. Though in fact a club the place was attractive after the fashion of gay casinos at lively European watering places. There was music and dancing. And though the green-covered gaming tables of a European casino were conspicuously absent there were rumors of a poker game or two upstairs in the living apartments of the clubhouse.

There had been nothing of this kind in Chicago in Hugh's day. People's pleasures had been simpler then. Not far from this place he had picnicked as a child, coming out with other children on the Cottage Grove Avenue dummy line and walking the remaining mile or two through field and wood. He had seen the dummy line give place to a cable road, and the cable in turn to the trolley. And now where fields and woods had been were miles upon miles of city streets, boulevards and parks.

Everyone at the club had come by motor. Motors were arriving and departing constantly—most of them expensive ones. People were dressed expensively. They were eating and drinking expensively. The atmosphere was that of metropolitan extravagance and sophistication. Within a fraction of Hugh's lifetime Chicago had, as it were, turned from the picnic lunch carried in a shoe box to this elaborate, sensuous, costly sort of thing.

While Chicago had been changing he too had changed—he did not forget that. Life had forced sophistication upon him. Was he better for it? Were these people round him better for it? What had sophistication brought to them? They had learned to eat more than was good for them, drink more than was good for them, spend more than was good for them; to set too high a value upon luxurious materialism, and to regard as crude the simplicities, the genuinenesses, the modesties which their pioneer forefathers had considered first essentials of a well-spent life. Their pioneer forefathers? Nay, their very fathers and mothers! How often would the parents of these people, had they been at table with them, have been shocked at what they heard? How often, indeed, would these people themselves, when younger, have been shocked? Nor was the conversation, judged by current standards, particularly racy. It merely reflected the spirit of the age—the spirit that recognizes and accepts a deteriorated social morality, viewing with tolerance, amusement or even, in some cases, a kind of admiration, laxities that would have appalled the mind of twenty or thirty years ago.

Chicago, like many another American metropolis, had turned smart; and the word "smart" no longer meant what it used to mean. Instead of meaning sharp-witted it now meant almost the reverse—fashionable. And for the matter of that, fashionable no longer meant what it used to mean. For it was fashionable now not only to call a spade a spade, but to show a kind of cynical worldly lightness by, as it were, calling a steam dredge a spade. Scandals were commoner in these times, and were, moreover, freely and frivolously discussed. Repeatedly Hugh heard flippant references to the devotion of sundry husbands to women other than their wives, and to the devotion of sundry wives to men other than their husbands.

As Hugh reflected on these changes Harvey Alison came again to his mind. How this ultramodern sophistication turned things about! In the light of the point of view he found round him Harvey Alison, with his many sentimental adventures, had not been a backslider, but a man living somewhat in advance of his time; for whereas his performances had made him an outstanding figure in the old days, here, if one might trust one's eyes and ears, was a club containing many Harvey Alisons.

How Harvey would have enjoyed such a place as this! How perfectly he would have fitted into just this setting. He would have been dining tête-à-tête with a woman of course—like that man at the small table over there in the corner by the wall. Curiously, indeed, it seemed to Hugh that the individual at whom he had chanced to look as he thought of Virginia's dead husband bore a strong resemblance to Harvey. There was his coloring, for instance, and a kind of quick restless eagerness in the attitudes he took as he leaned toward his companion, talking to her.

And then as Hugh in a kind of abstraction gazed at this couple there came to him a great astonishment. For he realized suddenly that his vision had in some mysterious way completely tricked him. The man at whom he had been looking as he thought of Harvey did not, in fact, resemble Harvey in the least. His hair was light, he was rather heavily built, and there was about him nothing either of Harvey's intensity or of his distinction. It was as though Hugh's mental vision of Harvey had been so strong for a moment as to superimpose itself upon the actual picture on his retina. But fantastic as was this illusion he now became aware of something, not in the least an illusion, which made the whole occurrence weirder still. His eyes, engaged with the inexplicable fancy of a likeness where no likeness was, had overlooked the woman at the table—or had, rather, seen her without really seeing her. Until this moment she had been merely a vague woman dressed in white. But now, with a shock that he could feel like a piece of ice slipping slowly down his spine beneath his clothing, it came to him that the woman sitting there was none other than Harvey Alison's widow—that he was looking straight at Virginia Alison herself.

Fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now on catching sight of her again, after what seemed a crowded lifetime, the word came back. As far as the eye could discern she was no less lovely than the Virginia Henderson of his youth. What could have possessed Major Buchanan to make him fancy she had changed? The old man's eyes must be failing. The miracle was that she seemed not to have been touched by time at all.

To make assurance doubly sure he indicated Virginia to Mrs. Bowden, at his right, asking who she was.

"Ah, men always want to know about her! She's a Mrs. Alison—one of our too fascinating widows."

"Virginia Alison?"

"Yes. You know her?"

"I knew her years ago. She was a wonderfully sweet girl."

"I know it."

"You said 'too fascinating,'" he reminded in a tone that asked a question.

"Yes. Too fascinating; and perhaps in a way, too sweet for her own good."

"You make me curious."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Bowden declared, looking at him frankly. "I'm not a gossip, Mr. Mills. I said more than I meant to—more than I should have if I hadn't forgotten for a moment that you are an ex-Chicagoan."

"You didn't reveal much," he reassured her. Then: "I wonder if the man with her is one of the people I was introduced to in the foyer when we came in? There were so many that I ——"

"I don't think so. I don't know who he is."

"Don't know who who is?" broke in their hostess, who, seated at Hugh's left, overheard the last remark.

"The man with Mrs. Alison," the other answered. And she added quickly: "Mrs. Alison is a friend of Mr. Mills."

"Virginia is often with men we don't know," their hostess returned in a voice that was like a shrug of the shoulders. "Where in the world she finds them all is more than I can guess."

"I was saying," Mrs. Bowden continued insistently, "that Mrs. Alison is an old friend of Mr. Mills."

"Indeed? Have you seen her lately?"

"Not in a great many years," he answered. "It was one of the things I was counting on when I came out here this time. She was as lovely a girl as I ever knew."

"She is beautiful," assented Mrs. Bowden.

"Yes," said their hostess, "but ——" And there she stopped.

Hugh felt vaguely irritated.

"If you will excuse me," he said, rising, "I will go over and see if she remembers me."

As he approached her table Virginia looked up, and he knew by her expression that she recognized him. Before he had come within reach she extended her hand, waiting for him to take it.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed. "How nice to see you again!"

She introduced her vis-à-vis, a Mr. Giffin, a dapper man with an obvious kind of handsomeness despite a ruddy adiposity which advertised, even had the surface of the table failed to do so, his too great fondness for food and drink.

"Not the Hugh Mills, surely?" demanded Mr. Giffin skeptically, rising and shaking hands. And on Virginia's amused affirmative: "I'm certainly mighty glad to know you, Mr. Mills. Sit down and join us in a glass of wine. Here, waiter—bring a chair for Mr. Mills."

Though the waiter obeyed promptly Hugh stood hesitant. Full well he knew the Giffin type. It was the type that by wine meant champagne and champagne only; the type that was too profuse with wine, causing one's glass to

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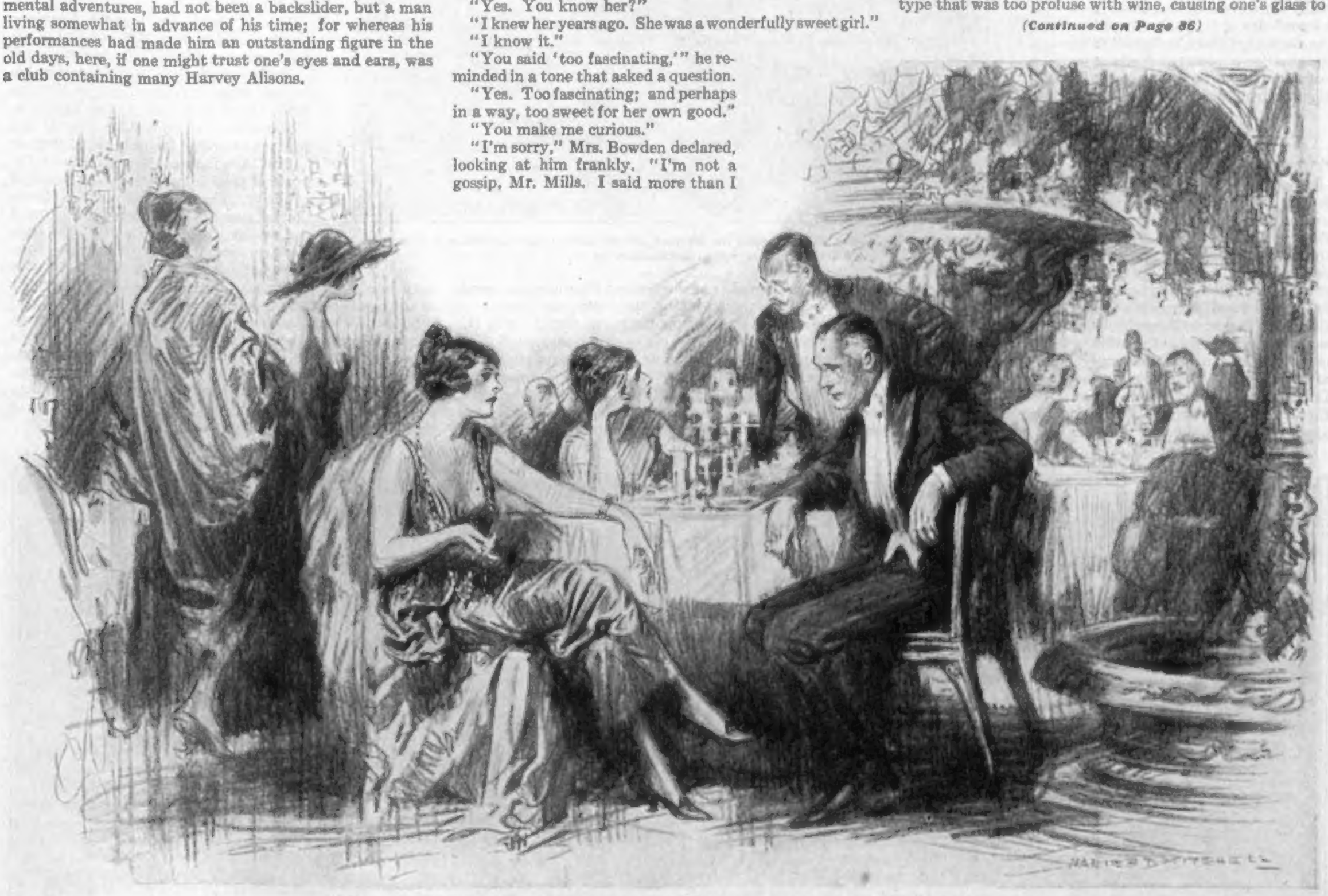

"Oh, I'd be Talked About Anyway," She Said. "But I'm Not Like Lura. I Don't Mind"

The Last Stand of the Giants

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IF BACK yonder in Mesozoic times you had been standing in a redwood forest, which is probably where you would have been standing because redwood forests extended over a great part of what is now North America, Europe and Asia, including the present polar regions—if you had been thus Mesozoically standing in a redwood forest you would have been keenly on your guard, because you would have known that presently a dinosaur might come slithering out at you from behind one of the great trees that surrounded you or a diplodocus emerge from the gloom to rend you.

Or if you perchance are of previously Miocene days and were prowling about among the redwoods you would have been cautious in your prowlings, because your experience would have taught you that at any moment a dinotherium might thunder down upon you through the great aisles of trees to your consequent danger and distress.

But supposing that you are a present-day American citizen taking your dinosaurs in the shape of the high cost of living and your dinotheriums in the general and harassing unrest that prevails, you might conceivably be standing in a redwood forest on the south fork of the Eel River in Humboldt County, California, say, or among the great trees that grow on the flats of Bull Creek; and granting that you come down Miocenely or Mesozoically, you would be standing in surroundings almost identical with those of the former periods. The redwood trees, the deep undergrowth of ferns—everything the same but the dinosaur or the dinotherium; and really when one is among those trees, with a knowledge of the antiquity of them and the descent of them, it doesn't take much imagination to picture a dinosaur popping out at you from the cover of one of those gigantic trunks.

The Fern Growth That Carpets the Ground About Their Immense Boles Typifies Age in Terms of Millions of Years

Answers in Millions

THOSE trees, those redwoods and their brethren, the big trees of the High Sierras, are the oldest living things in the world. They came down through the Tertiary period, clinging sturdily to life all through the geologic changes of the earth, defying the glaciers and the other changes of the world's surface, but gradually retreating, withdrawing, until now all there are of them are in the strip of land three hundred and fifty miles long and twenty miles or so wide that begins where the northwestern corner of California joins with the southwestern corner of Oregon and ends at Monterey Bay; and the greatest stands of them are in Del Norte and Humboldt counties. Also the fern growth that carpets the ground about their immense boles typifies age in terms of millions of years. Ferns reach back to the carboniferous period, and here these two types of early plant life are combined just as they were combined æons ago. The scenery and surroundings are there. Only the dinosaur is missing.

Years mean nothing in terms of the inanimate. How long, for example, did it take Nature to bring about the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado? One scientist says twenty million years, another says twenty-five and another forty—and they may all be right. The point is that except as a basis for scientific assertion and dispute the elapsed time is not of consequence. The Grand Cañon is there, defying age as it typifies age, and whether Nature with an infinity of time at command wrought it in any specified number of millions of years neither concerns Nature nor those of the laity who view it, except to add a small fillip of interest to the spectacle.

It is so with any other inanimate thing. It makes no particular difference from the viewpoint of its scenic value whether Pike's Peak is as old as one geologist claims it is or as young as another scientist proclaims. And so with Niagara Falls and Old Faithful and the Yosemite and any other fixed and scenic demonstration of Nature. How many people go to the Adirondacks because those hills are geologically as old as—if not older than—any other rocks on this continent? The interest is in the demonstration, not in its duration.

Unadvertised Scenery

THE converse is true of the animate. When we see a great tree or any other growing thing that has the appearance of having lived long our first question is, "How old is it?" This applies to man. There is universal interest in a centenarian. The reason is simple. We are alive. Our concern with other living things is instant and keen and often sympathetic. The fossil remains of a pterodactyl in a museum would attract only languid attention save from scientists. The exhibition of a live one would bring thousands to the turnstiles.

Thus it would seem that the American people would have a high regard for our great growing things—the big trees, for example—a regard and a pride comparable to their regard for and pride in Niagara Falls, the Grand Cañon, the Yosemite, the Rockies, the Yellowstone, Glacier and other outstanding features. That they do not isn't the fault of the people and is the result of their information—the result of publicity. They know all about El Capitán, because El Capitán has been pictured and written about for years and has been made reasonably easy of access. They know little about the redwoods, because until lately not much has been said about the redwoods and it has been hard to get to them.

Suppose—to make the distinction clear—that the newspaper readers of the United States should find at their breakfast tables or in the afternoon dispatches an item like this: "Niagara Falls, New York. A company has been formed to divert the water now going over the falls into a series of ponds that are to be utilized for the raising of puddle ducks for the market."

PHOTO. BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

Or this: "Livingston, Montana. A number of enterprising citizens have bought Old Faithful geyser and will build a laundry on the spot for the utilization of the enormous quantities of hot water that the geyser discharges every hour. It is expected that all the dirty clothes of the United States west of the Missouri River will be washed here more cheaply than elsewhere."

Or this: "Grand Cañon, Arizona. A recent incorporation in this state is for the purpose of renting the cañon walls to advertisers who will paint their signs thereon. A large acreage of the most picturesque walls has been secured and many brilliant advertisements will soon appear on them."

Save the Redwoods

THERE would be immediate clamor from the people, not from all of them but from a good share of them. They would protest against the desecration of the scenery that belongs to them, especially such desecration, such ignoble use of these natural wonders for commercial purposes. Many of the protestants might be, it is likely, among the Americans who have not seen Niagara Falls or Old Faithful or the Grand Cañon, but these would protest just as vigorously, because even if they have not seen them and enjoyed them they have come to know them through pictures, literature and conversation. When we recall the protest of twenty-five or thirty years ago over the plan to harness Niagara and the agitation that resulted in saving the Palisades of the Hudson from the quarryman, as well as numerous similar crusades when commerce threatened Nature in some of her most wonderful aspects here, there and yonder about the country, it is not at all difficult to estimate the howl that would follow the printing of dispatches similar to those set forth hypothetically. The people have knowledge of these scenic assets of the United States.

To follow the matter a bit further, suppose some day the newspapers of the United States printed this dispatch: "Eureka, California. The last remaining redwood forests in Humboldt and Del Norte counties, this state, which are the oldest and largest trees in the world, are being felled in great numbers and worked up into grape stakes, fence posts and railroad ties."

What then? Nothing much probably, because that is exactly what is happening at this present moment, and the protest so far has been confined largely to the men of California who know of the situation at first hand and know the redwoods also. In reality there is small difference between making duck puddles with Niagara or a laundry out of Old Faithful and cutting these redwoods into grape stakes. One is as ignoble as the other. Indeed, the outrage on the redwoods is the greater, because if the diversion of Niagara is stopped Niagara resumes, and if they take the laundry away from Old Faithful that consistent performer will begin at once to spout again; whereas when a redwood is cut down that ends the matter. It took fifteen hundred years to grow the redwood and no redwood will replace it. And the reason that there is no wide national protest is because the redwoods are but vaguely known to the people for what they are. They are remembered as big trees, but that is about all, and the predestined end of all trees is the sawmill and the lumber yard, or so held to be in common estimation.

PHOTO BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

It Took Fifteen Hundred Years to Grow the Redwood and No Redwood Will Replace It

Wherefore in order that there may be a wider understanding of just what has been happening in the redwood districts of California and—it is hoped—to help a national movement to save these princely trees, it is my purpose to detail the situation there; and that purpose rests on a double foundation of fact of which the first half is that the redwoods of California, the sequoia sempervirens, and their closely related brethren, the sequoia gigantea, are the oldest living things in the world and thus of the highest animate appeal to all; and the second is that these redwoods are the sole remaining redwoods in the world and that so soon as they are destroyed there never will be others to replace them.

Living Monuments

IT IS true that there are national and state reservations of these trees, principally the sequoia gigantea, or Big Tree, of the High Sierras, and of the redwood, or sequoia sempervirens, in California, adequate as may be for the giganteas but entirely inadequate for the sempervirens. My interest is not with the groups of big fellows in the Sierras but with the forests of the redwoods still remaining in Northwestern California—forests owned by individuals and corporations; forests that have been slaughtered in vast acreage in the past forty years; forests that the forthcoming forty years will destroy entirely unless they are saved from the advance of the lumberman. Forty years more—and probably less than that unless they are preserved—and the oldest living things in the world will have vanished—cut down and cut up for grape stakes, for cigar-box material, for casket boxes, for stakes and shingles and fence posts and railroad ties and for other lumber purposes—sacrificed for commercial uses. There are no more of these trees in the world. There never will be any more. This is the last stand of the giants.

The oldest living things in the world! There are trees in those forests sixty or seventy feet in circumference, towering more than two hundred feet in the air, that have rings at their hearts that mark the year of the birth of Jesus Christ and the beginning of the Christian Era. There are trees, even older, that were sturdy when Cæsar conquered

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PHOTO BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

It Could Happen Again To-Morrow

"I Suppose You're the Young Person That the District Attorney Telephoned Me About an Hour or So Ago. Well, How Can I Serve You?"

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"SORRY, ma'am," said the Pullman conductor, "but there's not a bit of space left in the chair car, nor the sleeper neither."

"I'm sorry too," said the young woman in the tan-colored tailor-mades. She was smartly hatted and smartly spatted; smart all over from toque-tip to toe-tip. "I didn't know until almost the last minute that I'd have to catch this train, and trusted to chance for a seat."

"Yes'm, I see," commiserated the man in blue. "But you know what the rush is this time of year, and right now on top of all that so many of the soldiers getting home from the other side and their folks coming East to meet 'em and everything. I guess though, miss, you won't have much trouble getting accommodated in one of the day coaches."

"I'll try it," she said, "and thank you all the same."

She picked up her hand bag.

"Wait a minute," he suggested. "I'll have my porter carry your valise on up to the other cars."

Men of all stations in life were rather given to offering help to Miss Mildred Smith, the distinguished interior decorator and—on the side—amateur investigator for Uncle Sam with a wartime record for services rendered which many a professional might have envied. Perhaps they were the more ready to offer it since the young woman seemed so rarely to need it.

This man's reward was a brisk little nod.

"Please don't bother," she said. "This bag isn't at all heavy, and I'm used to traveling alone and looking out for myself." She footed it briskly along the platform of the Dobb's Ferry station. At the door of the third coach back from the baggage car a flagman stopped her.

"All full up in here, lady," he told her, "but I think maybe you might find some place to sit in the next car beyond. If you'll just leave your grip here I'll bring it along to you after we pull out."

As she reached the door of the coach ahead the train began to move. This coach was comfortably filled—and more than comfortably filled. Into the aisles projected elbows and feet and at either side doubled rows of backs of heads showed above the red plush seats. She shrugged her shoulders; it meant standing for a while at least; probably someone would be getting off soon—this train was a local, making frequent stops. It was not the train she would have chosen had the choosing been left altogether to her, but Mullinix of the Secret Service, her unofficial chief, had called her away from a furnishing and finishing contract at a millionaire's mansion in the country back of Dobb's Ferry to run up state to Troy, where there had risen a situation which in the opinion of the espionage squad a woman were best fitted to handle, provided only that woman be Miss Mildred Smith. And so on an hour's notice she had dropped her own work and started.

Now, though, near the more distant end of the car she saw a break in one line of heads. Perhaps the gap might mean there would be room for her. She made her way toward the spot, her trim small figure swaying to the motion as the locomotive picked up speed. Drawing nearer, she saw the back of one seat had been turned so that its occupants faced rearward toward her. In this seat, the one farther from her as she went up the aisle, were a man and a woman; in the nearer seat, facing this pair and sitting next the window, was a second woman—a girl rather—all three of them, she deduced from the seating arrangement, being members of the same party. A suitcase rested upon the cushions alongside the younger woman.

"I beg your pardon," said the lone passenger, halting here, "but is this place taken?"

The man's face twisted as though in annoyance. He made an undecided gesture which might be interpreted either as an affirmative or the other thing. "I'm sorry if I am disturbing you," added Miss Smith, "but the car is crowded—every inch of it except this seems to be occupied."

"Oh, I guess it's all right," he said, though in his begrudged consent was a sort of indirect intimation that it was not altogether all right. He half rose and swung the suitcase up into the luggage rack overhead, then tucked in his knees so she might slip into the place opposite him next the aisle.

"Excuse me," he said a moment later, "but I could change seats with you if you don't mind."

Her eyebrows went up a trifle.

In her experiences it had not often happened that seemingly without reason a male fellow traveler had suggested that she give him a place commonly regarded as preferable to his own.

"I do mind, rather," she answered. "Riding backward makes me carsick sometimes. Still I will change with you if you insist on it. I'm the intruder, you know."

"No, no, never mind!" he hastened to say. "I guess it don't make any difference. And there's no intrusion, miss—honest now, there ain't."

Miss Smith opened the book she had brought along and began to read. She felt that obliquely her enforced companions were studying her—at least two of them were. The one with whom she shared a seat had not looked her way; except to draw in her body a trifle as Miss Smith sat down she had made no movement of any sort. Certainly she had manifested no interest in the new arrival. In moments when her glance did not cross theirs, Miss Smith, turning the pages of her book, considered the two who faced her, subconsciously trying—as was her way—to appraise them for what outwardly they presumably were. Offhand she decided the man might be the superintendent of an estate; or then again he might be somebody's head gardener. He was heavily built and heavily mustached with a reddish cast to his skin and fat broad hands. The woman alongside him had the look about her of being a high-class domestic employee, possibly a housekeeper or perhaps a seamstress. Miss Smith decided that if not exactly a servant she was accustomed to dealing with

servants and in her own sphere undoubtedly would figure as a competent and authoritative person.

Of her own seat mate she could make out little except that she was young—young enough to be the daughter of the woman across from her, and yet plainly enough not the woman's daughter. Indeed if first impressions counted for anything she was of a different type and a different fiber from the pair who rode in her company. One somehow felt that she was with them but not of them; that she formed the alien apex of a triangle otherwise harmonious in its social composition. She was muffled cheek to knees in a loose cape of blue military cloth which quite hid the outlines of her figure, yet nevertheless revealed that she was slimly formed and of fair height. The flaring collar of the garment was upturned, shielding her face almost to the line of her brows. But out of the tail of her eye Miss Smith caught a suggestion of a youthful regular profile and admiringly observed the texture of a mass of thick, fine, auburn hair. Miss Smith was partial to auburn hair; she wondered if this girl had a coloring to match the rich reddish tones that glinted in the smooth coils about her head.

Presently the man fumbled in a breast pocket of his waistcoat and found a long malignant-looking cigar. He bit the end of it and inserted the bitten end in his mouth, rolling it back and forth between his lips. Before long this poor substitute of the confirmed nicotinist for a smoke failed to satisfy his cravings. He whispered a word to his middle-aged companion, who nodded, and then with a mutter of apology to Miss Smith for troubling her he scrouged out into the aisle and disappeared in the direction of the smoker.

Left alone, the woman very soon began to yawn. It was to be judged that the stuffy air of the car made her dozy. She kept her eyes open with an effort, her head lolling in spite of her drowsy efforts to hold it straight, yet all the while bearing herself after the fashion of one determined not to fall asleep.

A voice spoke in Miss Smith's ear—a low and well-bred and musical voice.

"I beg your pardon," it said hesitatingly, then stopped.

Miss Smith turned her head toward the speaker and now for the first time had a fair chance to look into the face of the voice's owner. She looked and saw the oval of a most comely face, white and drawn as though by exhaustion or by deep sorrow, or perhaps by both. For all their pallor the cheeks were full and smooth; the brow was broad and low; the mouth firm and sweet. From between the tall collars of the cape the throat, partly revealed, rose as a smooth fair column. What made the girl almost beautiful were her eyes—eyes big and brown with a fire in them to suggest the fine high mettle of a resolute character, but out of them there looked—or else the other was woefully wrong—a great grief, a great distress bravely borne. To herself—all in that instant of looking—she said mentally that these were the saddest, most courageous eyes she ever had seen set in a face so young and seemingly bespeaking so healthful a body. For a moment Miss Smith was so held by what she saw that she forgot to speak.

"I beg your pardon," repeated the girl. "I wonder if you would be good enough to bring me a drink of water—if it isn't too much trouble. I'm so thirsty. I can't very well go myself—there are reasons why I can't. And I don't think she"—with a sidelong glance toward the nodding figure opposite—"I don't think she would feel that she could go and leave me."

"Certainly I will," said Miss Smith. "It's not a bit of bother."

"What is it?" The woman had been roused to full wakefulness by the movement of the stranger in rising.

"Please don't move," said Miss Smith. "Your young lady is thirsty and I'm going to bring her a drink of water—that's all."

"It's very good of you, miss," said the elder woman. She reached for her hand bag. "I think I've got a penny here for the cup."

"I've plenty of pennies," said Miss Smith.

At the cooler behind the forward door she filled a paper cup and brought it back to where the two were. To her surprise the elder woman reached for the cup and took it from her and held it to the girl's lips while she drank. With a profound shock of sympathy the realization went through Miss Smith that the girl had not the use of her hands.

Having drunk, the girl settled back in her former posture, her face half turned toward the window and her head drooping as if from weariness. The woman laid the emptied cup aside and at once was dozing off again. The third member of the group sat in pitying wonder. She wondered what affliction had made a cripple of this wholesome-looking bonny creature. She thought of ghastly things she had read concerning the dreadful after effects of infantile paralysis, but rejected the suggestion, because no matter what else of dread and woe the girl's eyes had betrayed the face was too plump and the body, which she could feel touching hers, too firm and well nourished to betoken a present and wasting infirmity. So then it must have been some accident—some maiming mishap which probably had not been of recent occurrence, since nothing else about the girl suggested physical impairment. If this deduction were correct, the wearing of the shrouding blue cape in an atmosphere almost stiflingly close stood explained. It was so worn to hide the injured limbs from view. That, of course, would be the plausible explanation. Yet at the same time an inner consciousness gave Miss Smith a certain and absolute conviction that the specter of fearfulness lurking at the back of those big brown eyes meant more than the ever-present realization of some bodily disfigurement.

Fascinated, she found her eyes searching the shape beside her for a clew to the answer of this lamentable mystery. In her covert scrutiny there was no morbid desire to spy upon another's hidden miseries—our Miss Smith was too well-bred for that—only was there a sudden quickened pity and with that pity a yearning to offer, if opportunity served, any small comfort of act or word which might fitly come her way. As her glance—behind the cover of her reopened book—traveled over the cloaked shape searching for a clew to the secret she saw how that chance promised to serve her ends. The girl was half turned from her, a shoulder pressing against the window ledge; the twist of her body had drawn one front breadth of the cape awry so that no longer did it completely overlap its fellow. In the slight opening thus unwittingly contrived Miss Smith could make out at the wearer's belt line a partly obscured inch or two of what seemed to be a heavy leathern gear, or truss, which so far as the small limits of the exposed area

(Continued on Page 120)

"From This Point on She Steadfastly Declined to Make Answers to the Questions Propounded to Her"

THE AIR CURE—By David Lawrence

Getting Rid of the War Germs

FIVE years of war, plus a year of peace-making and peace-talking; seven million persons dead; their brain power and productive energy lost forever to the white race; many hundreds of millions of persons alive—but restless; little nations still quarreling; big nations, like Germany and Russia, yet uncertain quantities; everywhere mass unrest, mass impatience. That's the world situation now as we pass from an era of written covenants and peace treaties to an era of unwritten covenants and invisible forces powerful enough to tear asunder human relations and breed dissension again as in the past.

Making peace and keeping peace are two separate and distinct tasks. Statesmen get together in ceremonious conference and make peace. But peoples—tutored and untutored, good elements mixed with bad elements, jingoes and pacifists, selfish beings and persons with a superabundance of national passion have most to do with keeping the peace. And peoples are influenced by what? By the facts or versions of the facts, by appeals to their bias as well as to their sense of anger, by little prejudices as well as big issues. And this is an article about facts—as they sometimes seem and as they sometimes are in international affairs. For leagues of nations may come and leagues may go; peace treaties may be written, debated, ratified and proclaimed; armies may be pooled and navies combined, but there'll always be trouble and always war if some single nation or group of nations starts out looking for trouble.

Plainly the job of the world is to keep exposing the nations who are secretly or otherwise planning or breeding trouble. It's a practical, not a theoretical problem. Statesmen at Paris knew it, but shoved it into the future to take care of itself. Diplomats and government dignitaries the world over know what makes war—and yet they haven't put it into any treaty or covenant. They've provided the machinery for the friendly association of nations to prevent war by discussion. But the machinery—whereby the facts may be obtained soon enough to form an impartial judgment before passion is let loose—is left inevitably to the peoples of the world to work out themselves—the biggest job of all.

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Arc Transmitter. The Latest Type Though a Small One. The Black Upright Thing in the Left Foreground Encloses the Arc. The Large Cylindrical Things at the Top are the Coils by Which the Wave Length is Regulated. The White Insulators Immediately Beneath are the Terminals of Each Coil. By Revolving an Arm Any One or All of the Coils are Thrown Into Operation, Thus Increasing or Decreasing the Wave Length

This peace business has got complicated by thick volumes of language that mean something or nothing according as there is a desire to do wrong or a desire to do right. Domestic laws, we know, are broken in letter and spirit daily by men who are paid to discover ways of evading them. So long as nations want to break the rules by introducing imaginary or real issues that involve a distrust of one another they will be able to do so in the future just as easily as they have done so in the past—provided the method to show them up is lacking.

The World's Great Experiment

REVEALING every secret plot or intrigue that eventually might mean war between any nations or sets of nations will spell success or failure for any combination of powers whether ycleped league of nations, league of victors or anything else.

Two big desires came out of the last war—one to prevent anything like that catastrophe from striking civilization again and the other to form some kind of concert of power big enough to sit on any single power or alliance of powers that might organize for trouble. Many people don't like the way the covenant was written. That's really immaterial. A perfect covenant with an inborn distrust on every side wouldn't work a bit better than an imperfect covenant with an inborn desire to put sympathy and friendship above hate and greed. So it comes back to the conscience of the people everywhere. A crooked government will need watching. Anything that it tries to put over will stand a better chance of being beaten if exposed to all the people, including those who are responsible for the existence of the government in question, than if permitted to plot and plan its intrigue in private and be protected by the old usages of international law providing for secrecy in diplomatic affairs.

Nations are to try an experiment—they are pledging themselves to act together. Can they think together? Can the right sort of appeal be made to the good people in every country to the end that they may guide their government in virtuous instead of vicious paths? Will the people of all the world be permitted to share thoughts, to compare minds, to look into each other's eyes and hearts and penetrate the very souls where the passion of selfishness kindles its flames? Will it be possible to reach to the places and occasions where cupidity lies embryo, where anger, destined to become national wrath, slowly but surely fans the flames of discord? Will the high professions of democracy mean any more under the newly advertised order of peace set up as it is now on the swaying shoulders of an exhausted humanity?

Answer those questions and you have the key to it all, for public opinion is the true sovereign everywhere. And many are the crimes committed in the name of public opinion. The Kaiser felt sure of public opinion. So did Von Tirpitz. So did Napoleon. Control of public opinion is the important factor. What a helpless—but obedient at times—innocent thing can be national opinion, especially in hours of flag-waving patriotism! Everybody denounces national passion—the other fellow's passion—as a silly thing, yet all nations go ahead and practice it. That's why the cancers of war grow in the countries where public opinion is held under lock and latch, where only views of one kind are not forbidden exit and only views of the same general design are permitted entrance.

Censorship and propaganda are what they call it in times of war. But propaganda is a peacetime residue, propaganda with all its sinister and sedulous currents carrying poison to and fro, rousing passion, lulling some to sleep, wakening others to action, steadily day by day planting the germs of unrest here, disturbance there, plotting conquest of commerce in the guise of international friendship, secretly hampering, publicly praising, privately condemning—what a background of intrigue the world has known!

There is yet no armistice of intrigue. The same forces that elbowed each other to war can return to rub, to jostle and jab and eventually to strike each other in angry reprisal for stepping on one another's toes. One man sits with his feet extended across the aisle of a street car through which I pass. I stumble on his foot and he looks up and howls with pain. If I scorn him and smile we fight. If I say, "Excuse me, did I hurt you?" he replies smilingly, "Not at all," and nurses a painful ankle.

Nations Always Right

BUT it isn't—or rather it hasn't—been fashionable for nations to say "Excuse me—I was in the wrong." It has been considered unpatriotic—a hauling down of the national emblem, a surrender of tradition; and all the emotion-stirring epigrams that ever came from the lips of red-blooded ancestors are invoked to prevent an apology or expression of regret. Our country always right—never wrong—that's the slogan which has been shouted in Europe, Asia, America again and again by parading mobs and multitudes. It has been printed in flaming letters across the front pages of newspapers and declaimed in parliaments and senates since ancient days. And the world goes fighting on.

A minority in every generation has said the weakness of the world was its lack of conscience. Religion, education, freedom for the individual, all have been dispensed and distributed in an effort to improve the international conscience. There rose a nation with conscience lost—a Germany of kaiserism. But did Germany rise suddenly? Did the child become man overnight or was the growth twenty years long? Propaganda poisoned Germany and benumbed her conscience. Philosophers, professors, militarists, kings and counts all played their part in spreading the disease to which ultimately a nation succumbed.

One would expect the world to profit by Germany's lesson, to hold up propaganda to contempt and not to practice it quietly, nourish, stimulate, spread or perpetuate it in method more insidious than was known to its Teuton forebears. Yet Europe is still suffering from a wave of propagandism. The United States and the new world have also been somewhat infected. And whatever league of nations or association of powers is formed to keep the peace will rest alone on the opinions of respective peoples. Other leagues have been planned and even created, only to fall beneath the weight of their own superstructure. Laws, regulations, principles, charters, doctrines and peace treaties may be written, but until peoples comprehend them, until nations permit their individual citizens to adopt judicial instead of prejudicial positions whenever an international fracas is threatened, there will be more friction. And an accumulation of friction eventually means bloodshed and war. And fights between two nations sometimes draw into the maelstrom a whole continent. And when a continent fights peoples from other countries can't travel the seas except at their peril. Presently the whole world enters the arena of "organized savagery,"

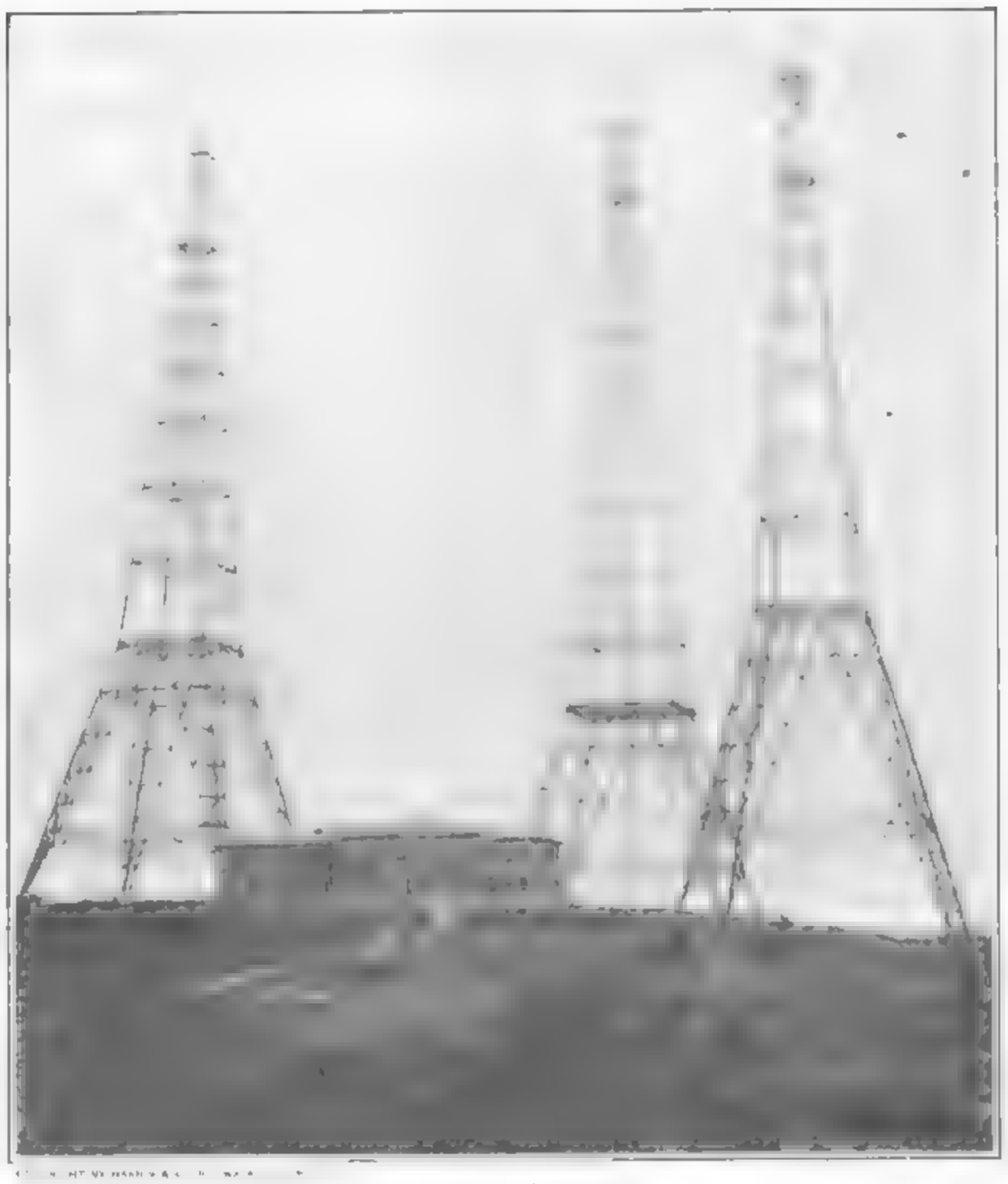
as David Lloyd George characterized war at the opening session of the Peace Conference at Paris.

So it is in the depths of the public mind with the influences in public opinion that rile or please us, that appeal to our moods and human weaknesses—these must be curbed or released according as they make it possible for peoples to know each other and nations to fraternize. And what better means of communication has been devised than the cables, telegraph and wireless, which bear the printed word from continent to continent?

That is the secret of any league of nations or international coöperation, no matter what the name or label. It is communication—the simple process of making two contestants understand each other, of permitting neutral, impartial opinion to judge accurately just what the one or the other of contending parties means, indeed just which side is right and should be supported and which side is wrong and should be condemned.

Does the average American know how he gets his world news? Does he know how easily the news channels of the world may be stopped up and the truth withheld? Does he know how his passions are roused, how his evening or morning newspaper, victimized, too, prints what it believes to be authentic news but which may be that dangerous half truth which has caused many a nation to rise almost to the point of war?

After all, this matter of communication will bring a great test. If nations mean what they say they will let observers from other countries get a good look at them and then cable, wireless or telegraph the truth back home. They will place no obstacle, potential or actual, in the way of correspondents domiciled abroad in times of peace. They will permit free criticism of each other's governments and diplomatic affairs. And they will forbid the subsidizing by money or otherwise of the news associations, which at the instance of governments feed millions of people daily only the news about other countries which those governments have thought it wise to permit to be published. Nothing could be more searching, nothing touches more closely the sincerity of nations who proclaim a desire for international amity and peace than their attitude toward the news that comes in or goes out of their respective borders.



Wireless at Arlington

News Agencies and World Opinion

EXAMINE the systems in the various countries of the world in times of peace and see how world opinion is throttled and how it can be emancipated. No country is perfect—not even America, though he would be a prejudiced observer who did not grant immediately that this would be a better world many times over if only the other nations of the world would advance to the stage reached by the press associations of the United States. But the fact that America is fed some news whose reliability is open to question is not altogether due to the press associations or their foreign correspondents who cable extracts from these foreign news agencies to the United States. For how is the average reader of the American newspaper to know how much credibility to attach to the reports of the Exchange Telegraph Company or the Central News of London or the Havas Agency of France or the Stefani Agency of Italy or the official Spanish Agency or the Reuter Agency or the famous Russian news services or the Kokusai of Japan?

Certainly we know how closely the Wolf Agency of Germany, which for years was the semiofficial medium of communication between Germany and the outside world, was inspired directly by the German Government. We know, moreover, how close a supervision the German Government kept over cable messages which came from outside countries to Germany by means of the Wolf Agency. It is the various affiliations of these foreign news associations and their absolute character which are unknown to the average reader of newspapers. He isn't able to distinguish which news service is free from government influence or propaganda. All he knows is that these news-agency reports are the main though not, of course, the only channels of communication between the peoples of the world.

It was because the Associated Press of the United States recognized the possible taint which might attach to some of these foreign agencies that special correspondents, usually of American birth and training, were stationed in the most important capitals of the world. Soon the United Press, a rival American news service, began, too, to place its own correspondents in the foreign field. American newspapers, principally those of New York and Chicago, also sent their own staff men abroad. But what chance have these men or news services anywhere but in America? How can they overcome the widespread impression given by a foreign news agency which deliberately seeks to give a perverted version of the truth? They cannot affect internal opinion in Europe, for the bulk of their dispatches are printed only in America.

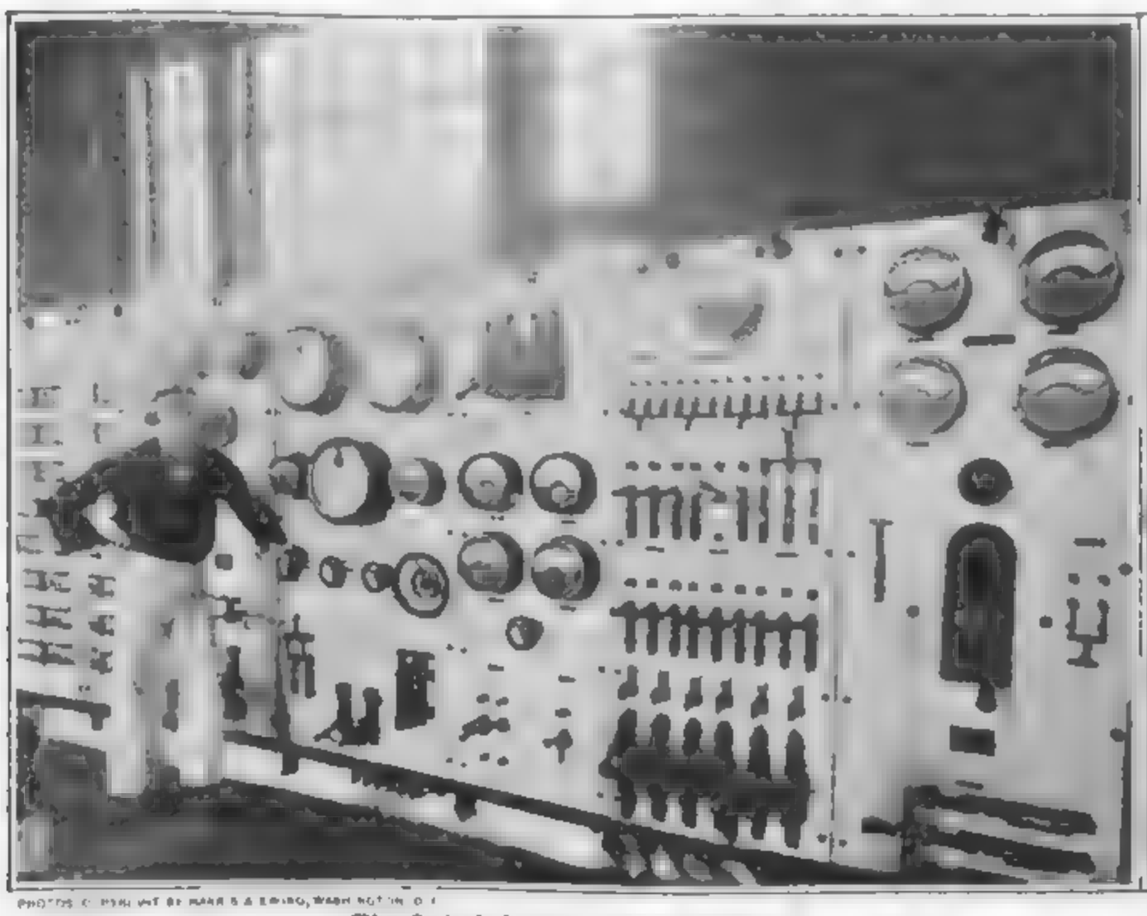
Precedence in News

IT IS a fact, for instance, that the Stefani Agency of Italy is the official news service of that country. The Italian Government controls and manages the telegraph wires. Nobody can file a dispatch over these wires and expect it to be sent ahead of Stefani messages. Thus an officially colored version of any incident could be sent out virtually by the Italian Government before any other correspondent could hope to catch up with the first story. Precedence in news is a powerful advantage.

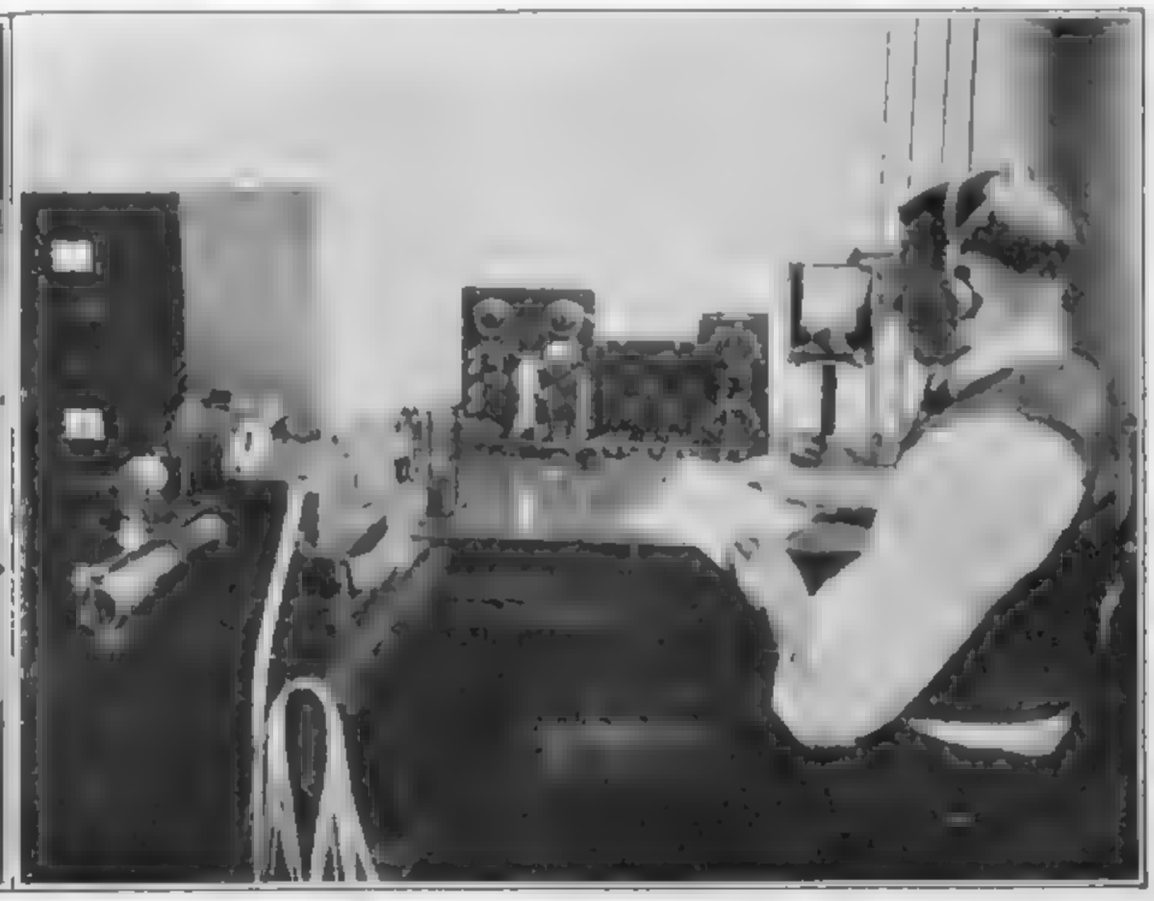
Again there is a system of preferences. Wires are leased and special facilities of communication given in Europe and Asia to news agencies that are closely affiliated with foreign governments. What a tremendous power to affect public opinion lies in the control of the telegraph wires on the continent of Europe! Imagine the many twists and turns that can be given to news emanating from the little understood Balkan states. One needs to look back only five years to the beginning of the present war to ascertain what the German people were fed by their government anent the Serbian crisis and to see how easily the Teuton militarists manipulated the news situation to conform to their desires and policies.

Free communication, however, between neighboring states of Europe is not alone essential. There must be uninterrupted and unimpaired means of speaking between nations which do not lie adjacent to one another, where other countries intervene. The war showed that both Holland and Switzerland were pivotal points in news

(Continued on Page 138)



The Switch Board at the Arlington Radio Station



The Automatic Transmitter. The Operator Merely Checks the Accuracy of the Message as It is Ticked Off

WHITE LINES

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"There's Gratitude for You!" the Major Snapped. "Who Taught You How to Write Letters to a Lady, How to Say the Right Thing, the Catchy Thing, the Thing That Pleases the Feminine Mind?"

HARVEY McNUTT, yardmaster at Steelburg Mills, sat in his office with his feet elevated to the top of his desk, smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes. McNutt occupied this position so frequently and busied himself so persistently with smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes that there were those, many of them, who thought he never did anything else. And going through the yards on their way to and from work and looking in at the window of his office they would say, "Pretty soft! Ain't he got a puddin'? Draggin' down his two fifty a month and doin' nothin' but settin' on the small of his back, smokin' his dudeen and lookin' at his brogans! Pretty soft!"

But if McNutt made a sinecure of his job through a good portion of each day it was because he knew how to handle that job of his. He was taking care of it all the while, working hardest when he appeared to be loafing hardest, taking care of it so efficiently that he had held the position for nearly thirty years, drawing good pay and a secret bonus, and in that time had never once been on the carpet.

McNutt was an old fox, hard to fool and cute at getting out of a trap when he had been caught, for he was fallible and would now and then put his foot in it. He knew what was going on about Steelburg Mills, McNutt did. He knew just how long Number One Battery Boilers could run before they would need coal, though the boiler superintendent had warned him he would have to shut down in thirty minutes if he did not get coal. He knew there were five loaded cars of pig iron at the cupola dock when the Bessemer foreman told him there were but two left. When the Open Hearth began calling wildly for scrap and the blast furnaces for limestone he would shut them up by informing them just what surplus they had on hand. He let the shipping department do the worrying about empties for outside shipment—boxes and flats and gons—for he always had a few extras tucked away in some corner of the yards and when they were actually needed he would produce them.

He was clever, too, at choosing and handling men, McNutt was. In hiring he could nine times out of ten pick the winners—the fellows who wanted to work, could work and would work. He recognized a boomer as far as he could see him, and by some peculiar sixth or seventh sense he picked out the agitators and kickers and soreheads and turned them down before they had finished asking for the job. He had some bad cases of booze on his time book, and one or two of nerves, but he managed them skillfully.

When Pippy Peeler, one of his best switchmen, would report for duty with whisky under his belt and a bottle in each hip pocket McNutt would laugh, take the two bottles, pour out the contents, refill them with cold tea and return them to the man's pockets and get a good day's work out of Pippy.

When Bosco Riley would come to the yardmaster's office diffused with tears McNutt would give the weeper his own handkerchief, lock him in a closet and tell him to cry it out; and then McNutt would go out into the yards and do Bosco's work himself an hour or two until Bosco's eyes were drained dry.

And when Jack-the-Giant-Killer Smith, who suffered from periodical attacks of hives, during which attacks he would run amuck and try to mop up the yards, McNutt would sit down on Jack-the-Giant-Killer so hard that his hives would quit him forthwith—to stay quit for another month.

He wasn't in his office all the time, McNutt wasn't. When a worried conductor of a yard engine would put his head in at the yardmaster's door and hesitatingly announce, "Got a car off the track down in K Yard back of the pig machine and can't get her on. Awful mess there—that water main's burst again. Better send for the wrecking crew, hadn't we?" McNutt would promptly answer, "No—I'll come down!"

And he'd slip on an old suit of overalls and a pair of gum boots and go down to K Yard and crawl under the derailed car and reset the frogs and call for more timbers for blocking and he'd lay a piece of old board here and a chunk of scrap iron there and a billet or two somewhere else, and then he would crawl out and say, "Back her up!" And the car would take the rails. If it wasn't crossways the tracks McNutt wouldn't call for the wrecking crew.

Not at his desk all the time, smoking his pipe and staring at his shoes, was the yardmaster, but because he knew how to handle his job he was there a good part of his time. And he took many a pleasant little nap there, too, with his feet elevated to the level of his head, for McNutt was getting old—and after thirty years on one job that job becomes more or less humdrummy. But he wasn't napping this morning when a shipping clerk opened his door, entered his office and climbed to the top of the table that sat next to his desk. He was trying to figure out how he was going to get that drag of twenty-seven cars of ore in from the Midline and that drag of eighteen cars of billets out to the Transfer and keep things moving with three engines out of commission and in the dummy house.

"What d'ye know about that, Mack?" demanded the shipping clerk. "Here I've just had a letter from my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, you know—and they tell me Uncle Lonnie Dugglebunner is dead. Died in his little J. P. office back of the store—died in his chair at his desk. And dead three days, they say, with people looking in at his window and thinking he was asleep all the time and didn't want to wake him up. What d'ye know about it? Old Doc Black couldn't find out what killed him, and his folks wanted to know, so they sent to Columbus for a specialist and he came and pronounced Uncle Lonnie's death due to his sitting on the small of his back so much with his lower extremities elevated too high. The blood ran out of his feet and legs, you know, and flooded his head, or something like that. What d'ye know about that, Mack? I got to thinking about you sitting here all the time with your feet up ——"

McNutt's feet came down from the top of the desk and struck the floor with a bang.

"Jannie," he called to his clerk, Janus Damrosch, next room, "run out and tell Pippy Peeler to shoot three cars of coke up to Susie Blast Furnace, then to pig the foundry and then to go out to the Midline and fetch in that drag of ore. Then go and tell Holliday to coke the cupolas, ram a couple of empties up to the rod dock and then stick that drag of billets in A Yard out on the Transfer. Hello, Bob, what's the glad word?"

"What d'ye know about it, Mack? Did you ever see more work going on about this old dump than there is right now? I'm busier than a mowing machine with the team running away. I don't believe I'll ever get caught up with my work. Haven't got an old plug of spitquick lying about your desk that somebody dropped? Ah, there! That's the boy!

"What d'ye know about it, Mack? There was something in the rumor I heard that they were going to put up fourteen new Open-Hearth furnaces back of the pig machine, eh? Well, you'll see Wally Gay getting something good out of it. He's making out big over there with Manning, as assistant foreman. And they tell me that old Rattlebones Mackenzy, chief engineer for the whole dump, you know, has taken a great shine to Wally—hanging round him like a horsefly round a slumbering mule. Comes out every now and then and gets him over in a corner and has a chat with him. What d'ye know about that, Mack? Old Rattlebones is a big man too. He runs all to brains—he doesn't weigh over ninety pounds.

"It seems that when they were constructing that new furnace over there Wally caught a bad bull somebody had made in Rattlebones' office—something about their calculations. Oh, Wally's there with chiming bells when it comes to figures, Mack! And I was the boy that discovered him—yes, sir, I was the first one in the plant to find out that Wally Gay had a full bean on him. What d'ye know about it?

"Funny about Wally, wasn't it—his coming here in a box car of pig, growing up in the mills, sticking right here and getting ahead as he has without any kind of pull, haul or drag. I'd just like to know where he came from, who put him in that car of iron, and why. I've often thought, Mack, if somebody here had had the foresight to keep the number of the car he came in he might be traced ——

"Gosh, here comes the Old Man! Past! Say, Mack, I don't want him to catch me loafing in here! Take the cue, Mack!"

The shipping clerk slipped from the table to the floor and jerked a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket.

"Take the cue, Mack! Take the cue!" he hissed.

The door opened.

"Yes, Mack, I've got to get three cars of billets shipped out to-day without fail. Good morning, Mr. Goodlow! They're in D Yard, Mack. You'll see that they go out, won't you, Mack? I'm in a rush—so long! To-day, Mack!"

The door slammed behind a hurriedly retreating shipping clerk. Goodlow laughed.

"Old stuff, McNutt, old stuff! I've pulled that ancient gag myself many a time in my younger days. I'll bet that chap wasn't in here to see you about billet shipments, was he, now?"

McNutt chuckled.

"No, he was talking about Wally Gay," he said.

"Is that so? Two minds with but a single thought! That's what I came in here to talk about—Wally Gay."

McNutt looked interested.

"I've been thinking a good deal about that young fellow lately. He is going ahead in his work so rapidly and is proving himself possessed of so many sterling qualities that I keep wondering who he is and where he came from. I am

sure there is good stock in him. Mackenzy has been talking to him ——"

Goodlow broke off in his speech and turned in his chair to see who had entered the office. It was McNutt's man, Janus Damrosch. The clerk passed through the room into his own office, but in a moment, just as Goodlow turned back to McNutt, he came quietly back and went to a high desk in a corner of the office, where he took down a file of orders which he began looking over.

"Mackenzy has been talking to him considerably of late," resumed Goodlow, "and he has told me that the man has a remarkable mathematical mind. He has persuaded him to leave the mills and take a position in the engineering department. That's a wise move. I doubt if Wally realizes what good fortune this is, but he will find out soon—if he doesn't already know. Mackenzy has started work on the new Open Hearth plant we are to build. By the time those fourteen furnaces are built and in operation a year or so hence Wally will know more about the Open Hearth than most superintendents do. There isn't one Open Hearth superintendent in a hundred, McNutt, that ever stuck a test bar into a furnace. Manning is an exception—he worked up from the floor."

Goodlow's brow went into wrinkles.

"But who is Wally Gay? That's what I'd like to know. It's none of my business, of course, and I know it doesn't make a bit of difference who he is, but just the same the more I see of him the stronger grows my curiosity about his origin. You're an old-timer here, McNutt—do you recall when he—when he arrived?"

"Oh, to be sure! I remember seeing old Joe Gay walking up through the yard with the little box tucked under his arm that had the baby in it."

"Was any effort ever made to find out where he came from?"

"Not a bit—nobody was interested in him except old Joe and he wanted to hold on to him."

"I wonder now if anybody kept the number of the car in which he came?"

"Yes, Joe must have kept it, for Wally knows the number—and I can get it."

"Eh? You can? How? Did you keep a record of it?"

"Why, I made a blue-pencil cross before the car number in the yard clerk's book that day. Seven or eight years ago, when Wally was about eighteen, I think, that same car floated back into these yards. Wally ran across it and came to me, asking some questions about it. I was pretty sure at once that this was his car, but I couldn't ask him. You know, that subject has always been a ticklish one to mention to Wally. I went upstairs to the old file room and hunted it up. I made a memorandum of it at the time, but I did not keep it long."

"Suppose you could find it again?"

"Certainly—the files are all there yet, so far as I know."

"The car number might—but that wouldn't furnish much information, would it? I wonder if it could be determined who shipped that car of iron?"

He Must Go Far and Hide Himself, for He Could Not Tell Amy Creath Who He Was

"The receiving clerk's records would show that. They may be on file in the attic of the laboratory."

"Get me that car number some time, McNutt, will you? And just keep it to yourself that I asked you for it. I wouldn't want it known that I was prying into ——"

He stopped suddenly in his speech and turned his head. McNutt's clerk was standing at the desk in the corner of the room, his back to it, looking at the two men. His mouth had dropped partly open and his face showed he was listening with interest to what was being said.

"Is that all you've got to do?" demanded Goodlow sharply.

The clerk seized a bunch of orders and hurried from the room.

"Who is that pea-eyed yap, McNutt?" asked Goodlow in a nettled tone. "He was taking it all in, wasn't he?"

"My clerk, Jannie Damrosch. I hired him when Calla ditched him some months ago. Makes a clever clerk, but he's awful nosey."

"Well, you just give him a tip that I'll nosey him out of here if he repeats anything he heard us saying! Get me that car number sometime, McNutt, and say nothing about it."

"All right, I'll hunt it up."

Goodlow left the yardmaster's office.

"Hey, Jannie!" called McNutt. And when the clerk appeared he stared at him a full minute before he spoke. "Jannie, hereafter when a man the size of Mr. Goodlow comes into this office I want you to make yourself invisible. And say, young man, you'll last about as long on this job as a snowball in a blast furnace if you repeat anything you overheard us ——"

"I didn't hear anything!"

"You're a liar, Jannie! And if you tell me another as bald as that one I'll can you so quick it'll make your hair curl more than it does now! Go out and tell Jack-the-Giant-Killer to coal the Bessemer and then to give the coke ovens a drag of coal."

Janus Damrosch left the office and McNutt lighted his pipe, elevated his feet to the top of the desk and began staring at the toes of his shoes. He had sat in this position ten minutes or more when the door opened.

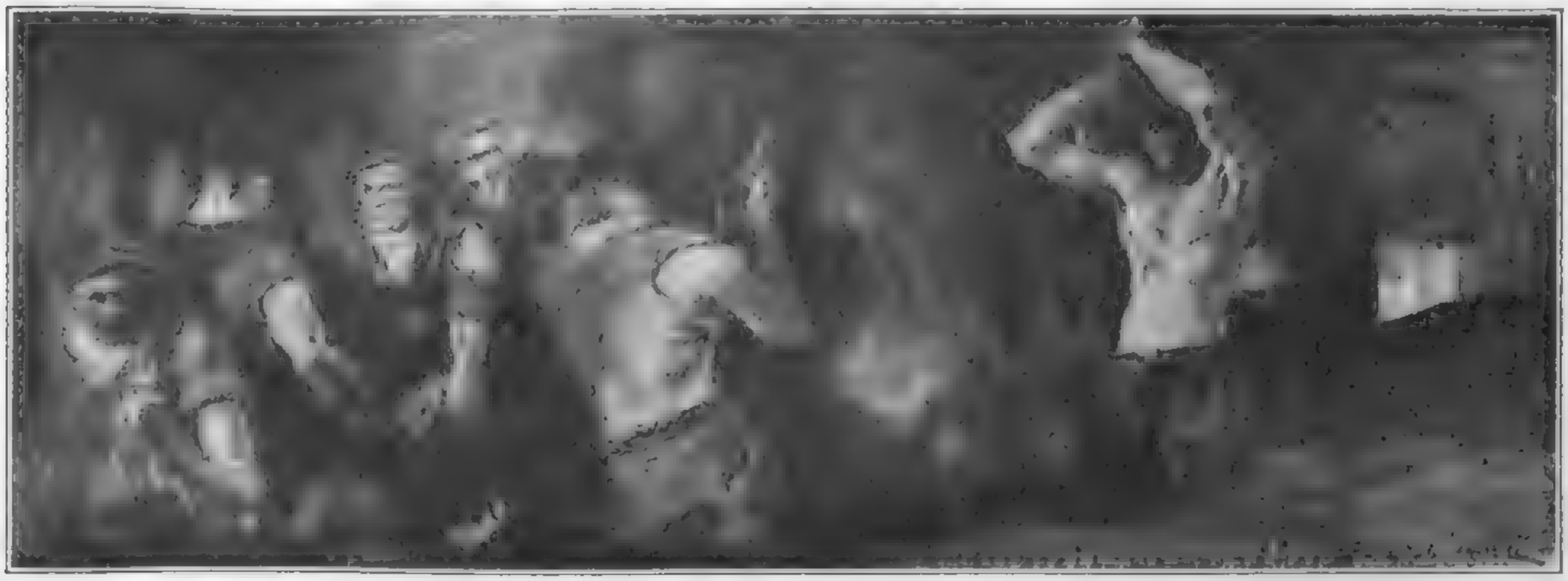
"What d'ye know about that, Mack?" demanded a shipping clerk, stepping in. "Pretty dog-gone cute, eh? Flummied the Old Man right, didn't I? But you didn't take the cue as you should, Mack—you're too slow. Where'd you toss that old plug of spit-quick? Just a small munch. Gr-r-r-r! Gosh, isn't that plug dry? And hard too! Gee-whiz! What d'ye know about that, Mack? I've snapped a tooth off! There it is! Well, I'll be dogged! And I paid old Doc Dirty-neck six dollars to cap that tooth less than three months ago! Wouldn't that bump you? What d'ye know about it?

"But I don't think the Old Man would have said anything even if he had caught me loafing here and I hadn't wooled him with that old gag. Dandy fellow, isn't he? You didn't hear about his chasing Tunky Lord out of the yard with a billet hook the other day, did you? Tunky, you know, stands in that little dog cottage at the end of the cooling tank back of the billet mill where the billets run out and keeps them from falling off the conveyor. Well, the Old Man goes by that way and sees Tunky sitting on a nail keg sound asleep with all kinds of billets tumbling off the conveyor for the bohunks to pick up. He climbs up, takes Tunky's hook and does the job while Tunky snoozes. What d'ye know about that, Mack?

"It would have turned out all right, too, but when Tunky ate his lunch that day he had a gallon or so of cold tea left and he set his pail up on a stringer right over where he was working. Well, the jar and vibration of the machinery started the pail to edging off the stringer, edging off, edging off, you know, and all at once down it comes kerflop on the Old Man's coco, tea and all.

"Tunky woke up just as it splashed and Tunky was tickled so that he giggled. That riled the Old Man and he made a wicked lunge at Tunky with the billet hook with crimson in his eyes. They say Tunky went out of there like a paper wad out of a popgun with the Old Man right after him, beat it across the gas house, hurdled a cut of cars and went up that twelve-foot fence back of the bloomer like a cat with nine toes to a foot. He landed on the Mid-line tracks and streaked it and didn't come back to work until to-day. What d'ye know about that, Mack?

(Continued on Page 74)



So He Went Back to Work on the Iron Floor Before the White-Hot Furnace

WE CAN'T AFFORD IT

The Dress Was a Wonderful Success—Quite the Prettiest Dress Bessie Had Ever Owned. Irving Was Beaming

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"I DON'T want to hetz you up, Bessie, but the answer is, you got to put your feet down with Irving. He's got to give you more money." Bessie Apfel looked down at her thus-mentioned pedal extremities where she had them half curled under her on her mother's lavender-satin bed quilt. The expression in her eyes, still dewy with recent tears, was not exactly hopeful. The feet in high-heeled, soft-kid pumps did not look reassuringly capable of solving her problem.

A shaft of September sunlight streaming through the half-curtained window of Mrs. Levinson's big gayly French-cretonned bedroom brought out subtle tones of red in her daughter's fluffy dark hair and lines of gray not at all subtle in her own. No, there was nothing subtle about Mrs. Levinson. What she was she was. A very comely, small-featured, well-corseted, blue-serge-clad matron with a great energy, a great shrewdness and a great kindness inscribed in her still-sparkling black eyes where all who ran might perceive so as to apprehend their significance. The history of her life, complete in two volumes, she carried on her hands—five huge, unimpeachable, blue-white diamond rings to show whither she had risen; and the red, wrinkled, work-roughened skin and knobby knuckles underneath to show whence.

Bessie was a small-scale duplicate of her mother—more subtly presented, more delicately toned. Before her marriage she had always been considered an extraordinarily pretty girl, even in Flatbush, where pretty girls are by no means extraordinary. She had an utterly insignificant nose, the kind of mouth that is more often written of than encountered and an eternal *au secours* crying from the depths of the biggest, brownest, velvetiest eyes imaginable. Her figure might best be described as a small armful.

"It can't go on this way," continued Mrs. Levinson. She was embroidering a sixty-inch luncheon cloth for Bessie, and she jabbed the stiletto violently but skillfully into a potential eyelet. "I wouldn't say if he wasn't making it. But Counselor Goldstein says last year he made out for him the income tax on twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve thou ——"

Bessie sat up incredulously, her five-feet-three sinking deep into the soft lavender comforter.

"Honest! I didn't told you before, because what's the use to hetz you up? I thought maybe with good treatment you'll bring him round. But now I see it's a mistake. You got to put down your feet."

Bessie wriggled one small pump on and off a narrow heel, her expression more utterly *au secours* than ever.

"It's not easy, mamma. I've tried lots of times to reason with him. But you just can't argue with Irving. Either he changes the subject, or he says 'We can't afford it,' and that's all the satisfaction I get."

"If there's anything tighter than a German Jew that's tight I got to meet it yet. Forty dollars a week to give his wife when he's making easy over two hundred! And she stands for it!"

"But, mamma, what can I do? I can't be always fighting, especially over money. I'd rather do without than keep nagging for a thing."

"Sure! Don't I know? And don't he know too? Is he such a damn fool he don't know that rather than fight you'll do without? And rather than you should do without, I'll give?"

"I feel so ashamed—sometimes—to keep taking ——"

"What do you got to feel ashamed? What did papa and I work for all our life, only you should have something? You shouldn't feel ashamed, darling. He should feel ashamed."

There was a little silence while Mrs. Levinson poked little lakes in the linen and then sent her needle traveling dexterously round the shores. Bessie let her eyes wander pensively down the tree-bordered street. It was one of those shrub-decorated, park-tended, colorfully named streets which distinguish Flatbush from other sections of the borough that are merely Brooklyn. Every house on the street was the kind which—pictured in a suburban-real-estate booklet—brings a certain look into the eye of the urban householder that bodes ill for the urban landlord. Every garden showed the loving care of a gardener—of two gardeners, I should say—the Cincotta brothers, fifteen dollars a month, gardens tended in summer, lawns sodded in spring, furnace and snow shoveling in winter, leaves raked in the fall.

"You know, darling," Mrs. Levinson went on, "it ain't because I don't want to keep on giving. What I got is yours. When I'm gone you get it all. You could have it to-day if you need it. All I want is enough I shouldn't have to beg in my old age my son-in-law for a crust. But I see it's a mistake, giving you. The more you get from me the less he bothers himself. And you can't stand that krenk all the time. I can't understand such a gut. Don't he know things is gone up?"

"Of course I've told him enough times. But all he says is 'We can't afford it.'"

"If I knew before you married him he was such a gut d'ye think he'd get my Bessie? Yo! I thought really he's the grandest feller in Noo York."

"He is, mamma—really. In everything but money he's grand. He isn't a crank. He's satisfied with everything I put on the table, so long as it isn't fish or pudding. He doesn't expect me to stick round the house all the time like some girls have to. We're out every night and I have all the freedom in the world. He never asks me where I was or with who. He trusts me absolutely and I—I trust him. And that's an awful lot, mamma—you know it."

"Sure I know it! A woman chaser you couldn't cure except you put him in a coffin and nail down the lid.

Even old age don't cure him. And a card player you could waste your lungs out you wouldn't cure him. But a gut! That's why I want you should put your feet down, Bessie, before it's too late. A gut, if you begin young enough you could cure him."

Bessie sighed.

"I'd be so happy if I didn't have that constant aggravation about money. You know, with Ruthie growing up I'll need more and more."

"You're telling me?"

"He's so good every other way. You remember when Ruthie was sick how he rocked her in his arms and made me get my rest so I could look after her the next day."

"Positively! If he wasn't no good I'd tell you to give him a good kick out. Irving's a good boy. All he needs is a operation on his pocketbook. Maybe if you leave him once —"

"Oh," interposed Bessie hastily, "I couldn't! Oh, no! I never could! And if I did I'd go right back to him. I'm not made that way. I'm different ——"

"Sure! You're made different from every other woman that loves her husband. Sure! Well, all right—don't leave him already. But something you got to do. He's got to feel his responsibilities. If he marries a girl from a nice family he's got to keep her nice. If he's got children it's got to cost him money. A lot it's my fault, Bessie. He knows you don't want for nothing because mamma's always here with her hand in the pocket. And that reminds me—I wasn't going to tell you. But I should see you smiling again. I ordered for you a coat to-day by Wolper's—moleskin."

"Moleskin!"

"Yeh. I promised you a coat and I told him if he'll come down on the price I'll take the moleskin. And tokisch he come down, so I give him the order. You had the last time sealskin."

"Oh, mamma, it's too wonderful! I don't know how to thank you! Moleskin! Oh, mamma!"

She was on her knees before the rocker, her arms about her mother's shoulders and on her face such a look of rapture as—well, as can only appear on the face of a pretty girl who has just been promised a moleskin coat.

"Oh, mamma, you're too good to me!"

"Th—th—listen o her! Ain't you good to me too? That's my happiness. At the Ladies' Auxiliary everyone used to say to me, 'Levinson, your Bessie is the best-dressed girl in Flatbush.' That's my pleasure. Thanksgiving you'll have the coat. You should wear it in good health. Only I wish your husband was giving it to you. You'd have more satisfaction with it."

A shadow crossed Bessie's face. She got up and stood looking out at the bit of street framed by the window.

"Never mind. Maybe if we'll make a successful operation on his pocketbook before Thanksgiving he'll pay for the coat. Then you could buy for my money instead a lav'leer like Essie's."

"What a chance!" smiled Bessie, waving to Ruthie, who had just roller-skated into view.

"Never mind what a chance! Already while I'm talking I got a grand idea. Ring for Susan and I'll tell you. Don't look so scared! Th' old mamma wouldn't tell you nothing wrong. Even it's funny—positively. Lots of good cures sounds funny, only not for the patient. Oh, Susan, two cups coffee, please! And call Miss Ruthie in. She should have a glass milk."

As she kissed her daughter good-by an hour later Mrs. Levinson warned her:

"Remember, darling, if you bust, hold in your temper—and no tears. Remember, a good cure you couldn't make in a minute. Patience you got to have. If you don't cure him now your whole life you'll have an aggravation with him about the money, so hold in your horses if it takes a year. If he's cured it's worth it, ain't it?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Also, begin it and keep it up! No rachmonis on him! And no crying! Be smart! Remember, a German Jew knows how to get up early in the morning. So his wife got to learn how to stay up the night before."

"Irving," began Bessie innocently, seating herself firmly on his lap in the darkest corner of the screened-in porch of their King's Highway, stucco, one-family, detached house. It was September, but warm enough to be comfortable out of doors. "Irving, do your help downtown keep raising you?"

He jerked away his coat and settled her comfortably on his knee. Her head rested just below his collar bone. He was the kind of big man against whom it is easy to be comfortable. Good looking, too, with clear blue-black eyes and a square blue-black chin. His small ears were set close to his head, on top of which rolled wave on wave of smooth black hair.

"I should say!" he answered, patting her arm. "Every minute another!"

"What do you do?"

"What can I do? I got to give it to them."

"Well, Irving, Annie just raised me five dollars and struck for me to give out the flat wash to the laundry, so I'll have to ask you for some extra money."

"Now looka here, Bessie!" An ominous note crept into Irving Apfel's gentle voice. He was like an organ with one stop marked "Money," and when you pulled out that stop the organ took on a special distinct tone—a closed, wary, defensive tone. "I give you a certain amount to run the house on and you got to get along on it."

"But, Irving, forty dollars isn't enough."

"Forty dollars is a lot of money. That's the trouble with you, Bessie. You wasn't brought up to realize the value of money. And besides we can't afford any more."

"But, dear, what do you want me to do? Annie won't stay for that."

"You couldn't expect me to be worried about every little thing round the house, could you? I give you the money and that's your job—to see you come out on it. I don't bother you every time my help downtown gets a roppel."

"No, you just draw a little more money. I won't bother you with details either, Irving, but I must have more money—prices have gone up so."

"You're telling me? Ain't I sweating blood account of it? You couldn't tell me nothing about prices that I couldn't tell you twice as much."

"I just can't get along any more on forty dollars. I'm sure your business throws off much more than that. I'm coming down sometime and take a look at your books. I think a wife has a right to know how much her husband is making."

"Bessie, you better not begin like that. I don't mix in your business and don't you mix in mine. Frankly, I wouldn't let you see my books. Once you let a woman see how much money you got, and pcht! she's got a use for all of it. No, I know how much I can give you. Something we got to save for sickness or trouble."

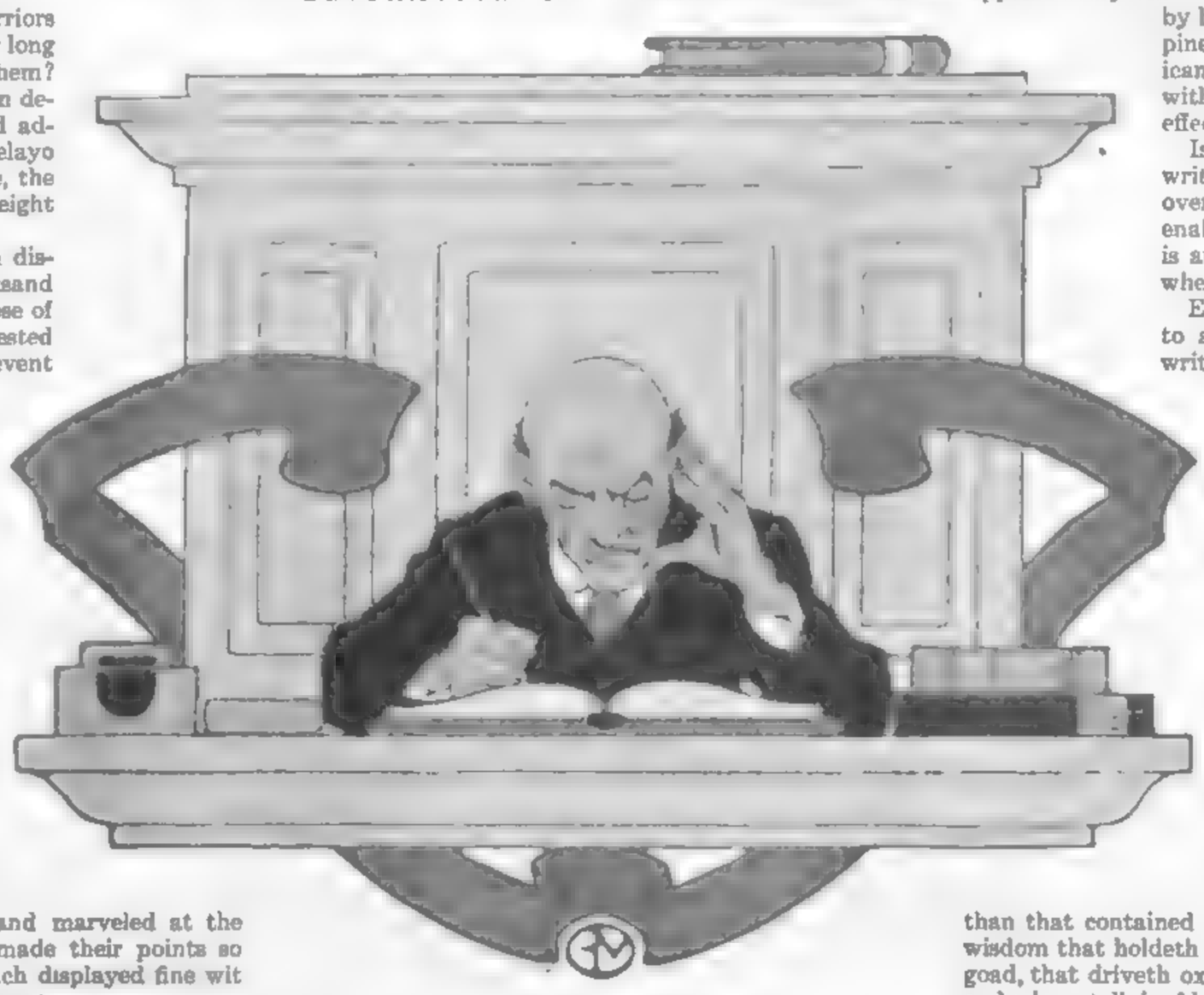
(Continued on Page 61)

"But, Mamma, What Can I Do? I Can't be Always Fighting, Especially Over Money. I'd Rather Do Without Than Keep Nagging for a Thing"

WRITING FOR PRINT

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



IN A WELL-KNOWN history of Spain there is a story to the effect that Pelayo and thirty men once routed, if they did not actually destroy, an entire army of four hundred thousand Moslem besiegers.

If four hundred thousand warriors should quietly lie down in rows, how long would it take thirty men to destroy them? If the story is true that thirty men destroyed four hundred thousand and admitting that each soldier under Pelayo was able to kill an enemy a minute, the carnage lasted nearly thirty days of eight hours each.

At this rate Pelayo's thirty men disposed of only about fourteen thousand of the enemy in a day. At the close of the first day, when Pelayo's men rested from their labors, what was to prevent the enemy, numbering 386,000 armed men, from making off?

I do not know; the books do not say. History is a thing one must have confidence in; to doubt is to be uneducated.

I have lately read books written by first-class men describing a certain period notable in history. One author founded a university; the other taught in one. Both quote authorities in profusion to prove their contentions. And they come to exactly opposite conclusions: One accepts a certain period as the Dark Ages, while the other says that that time was really the Bright Ages—the age of enlightenment and progress. These books were written with great skill. I found them intensely interesting, and marveled at the learning displayed. Both writers made their points so cleverly I was disposed to cheer; each displayed fine wit and sarcasm in referring to his opponent.

There was, in short, genuine literature in both volumes; I was entertained in reading them, but not instructed, for I do not know which author to believe. There are clever writers for print able to riddle anything I accept as history, and plenty of others to prove my beliefs.

Sir Robert Walpole said history must be false. Napoleon Bonaparte asked: "What is history but lies agreed upon?" Frederick the Great confessed he made history to suit himself.

"My plan," he said, "is to first take possession. At a later stage I can always find learned"—writing—"men to prove I was acting within my rights." A noted general of our Civil War refused to write his recollections on the ground that the truth is never believed. "Already," he said, "the history of the war is so full of falsehoods that I give up all hope of telling the truth and being believed."

The Joy of Exaggerating

A FAMOUS artist painted a picture in the dome of a capitol building. In it was shown a man walking and driving a yoke of oxen. Those familiar with real life pointed out that the driver was on the wrong side of the oxen, but the artist refused to change it; he said the picture looked better that way; and being convinced by an expert that the picture looked better because of the error in fact the people accepted it.

If this is not the better way it is the way the world has agreed upon. People will have only the kind of history they want. A gentleman writes of a mistaken belief he entertains and knows millions of others believe as he does. Will he restrain himself? Men write to impress; to impress they must exaggerate.

A New York reformer has established a magazine to advocate that every writer who exaggerates in print be sent to jail. This foolish fellow would destroy literature. We see fact all day in our humdrum lives and want relaxation when the evening paper comes in. We call it "beauty," and find it also at the theater and in the music and lecture hall.

There is not only the joy of exaggerating our favorite doctrine but the joy of exaggerating the defects of the doctrine we oppose. Literature is not a thing like reform, to be worked out, accomplished and put into effect. Writing for print goes on forever, to amuse our leisure hours. Our writing men are virtuoso jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none and must be on every side of every question. The eloquent writer you consider in the wrong does not hesitate to use democracy, human liberty, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and even the blessed Saviour to bolster up his cause. In a monthly publication of some note I lately saw this fine bit of writing:

In the prohibition movement Christianity is facing its most serious menace. Prohibition has such contempt for divine things that it brazenly brands the acts of Christ as criminal. To incorporate such a principle of government in our organic law would be a base betrayal of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Jesus Christ. The fight for true religion and true democracy cannot be won if the battle against prohibition is lost. The outcome of this struggle depends upon whether the American people are worthy of the sacred blood that has been shed, and is still being shed, for their liberties; if we are worthy of the great sacrifices made to establish it.

Noble words well placed, surely; yet it was printed in defense of that famous old rascal, John Barleycorn. I have never read a book or other printed thing wherein the writer did not consider somewhat the prejudices of those who would possibly become his readers.

The gentle art of poetry has also been put to a use which must seem equally strange to a prohibitionist. William Congreve, a poet who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, wrote:

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to Turk or Persian;
Let Mohammedan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damned over teacups and coffee.

Our most vigorous writing for print is supplied by rivals for public favor and the profitable and honorable positions readers have to give out; it is probable that nine of ten discreditable stories told on men originated with rivals and appeared in print. There is good writing about art, the drama, books and music, but the keenest and most enjoyable is found in quarrels over religion, love, politics, business and the real essentials of life. The convictions for witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts, and the vast literature of the affair were almost entirely the result of quarrels between rivals. Gentlemen named Parris and Burroughs were candidates for a position; the position was pastor of a church. Parris was the better writer of the two and secured the conviction and execution of his rival on a charge of witchcraft. Parris was not content with charging Burroughs with witchcraft; he accused him of having killed his first two wives. This charge, say later writing men, was as untrue as the charge that Burroughs rode broomsticks through the air with the weird sisters and read fate in coffee grounds.

The story is often printed that in the days of the Czar of Russia, when an aristocrat saw a pretty peasant girl he carried her off "to a fate worse than death." If her father or brothers objected they were sent to Siberia in chains. The story was told during the French Revolution; it appears every time there is a considerable row and is used by both sides. It was told in the Philippine Islands in the early days of American occupation. It is a favorite theme with novelists; Dickens used it with great effect in A Tale of Two Cities.

Is it true? I do not know, but I know writing men and the people love to shiver over it. And it has its practical uses—it enables us to get out the vote when there is an election and fill the depleted ranks when there is a war.

Eight hundred books have been written to abuse Friedrich Nietzsche, a clever writer who unhappily delighted in meanness. He used to say that when all the fools were abusing him he knew he was right, and wrote more viciously than ever. And when Nietzsche used the word "fools" he meant pretty much everybody. It does not seem actually probable that eight hundred books have been written to reply to this writer, but I have seen the statement in print, and repeat it. Another will quote me, and thus the statement becomes history.

Nietzsche's greatest offending was that he hated the common people; he said they have no sense—an extremely dangerous position for a writing man.

There has never been a meaner reference to the common people than that contained in Ecclesiasticus: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder. . . . They shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation: they shall not sit on the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment: they cannot declare justice and judgment; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken."

Emerson and Ecclesiasticus vs. Nietzsche

EMERSON, possibly our best-loved writer, was as bold in speaking of the common people as was Nietzsche, but Emerson was a gentleman, which Nietzsche was not. Emerson spoke plainly to the people for their own good, but Nietzsche abused them because he hated them and wished them to know it.

Lenine, owner of the present Russian Government, is quoted as saying:

"We are the leaders. We must labor and work for the proletariat, but we are not of them. We cannot live with them. Go and give them what you have to give; deliver your lecture; tell them what to do; direct their movements; and then go away.

"The proletariat cannot understand us, but we must lead them and win their confidence. The proletarian must be gradually introduced to the refinements of the world. His great-grandson may be born with our tastes and with our ambitions."

Emerson and the writer of Ecclesiasticus were nobly trying to do good, hence the world has not the heart to abuse them. Nietzsche was plainly vicious, and hundreds of good men hurried to attack him. Many of these critics were almost as clever as Nietzsche himself and proved by philosophy, history, logic, that Nietzsche was not only wrong but a scoundrel, and crazy. Half these eight hundred books were possibly unnecessary—surely the meanest man could be properly disposed of in four hundred volumes—but millions of worthy people have found comfort in all of them.

As a follower of the true faith I have always believed the Mohammedans the most impudent of all religionists. And I have found comfort in the statement that their Bible was so palpably written by Mohammed, the chief beneficiary of the system, that his revelations concerned the most commonplace gossip. A writer I much admire says it was common gossip in Mecca, the holy city, that one of Mohammed's wives was unfaithful. This distressed Mohammed, as he was becoming old and keenly felt such neglect; so he added a chapter to the Koran declaring to the faithful that his wife was innocent.

(Continued on Page 164)

ON CATCHING COLD

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

TO SPEAK of catching cold is misleading. The fact is, one cannot catch cold if he tries. A cold is the most elusive thing in the world. One may expose himself to all kinds of weather—dry, rainy, freezing, hot—and to several different varieties on the same day, without catching cold.

And then some day when he is totally unaware, when conditions are perhaps not more unfavorable than usual, a cold catches him. Then if he tries to overtake it he will realize how difficult it is to catch. An express train after it has left the station is not harder to overtake than a cold.

Everyone treats a cold with levity—that is, everyone but the victim. He is such a sorry figure that he is an object for the shafts of wit of all his acquaintances. His eyes are watery, his nose is red, he sneezes and blows incessantly and he talks through his nose.

But however humorous his condition may seem to others, the victim is miserable. He has a stuffy, smothered sensation, extreme dryness of the mouth and throat, and extreme moisture of the eyes and nose, which are a complete reversal from the normal conditions. And he has lost his taste for food, his taste for tobacco, even his taste for his friends.

And everyone he meets offers a suggestion as to a cure. If one were to go home at noon and follow all the directions that he has received in a single morning he would be cured—that is, he would never have another cold; nor anything else. But of course he does nothing of the kind. He doesn't even listen to the importunities of officious acquaintances. Indeed he is too miserable to do anything but weep and sneeze and hack and blow; and shiver with the little chills that creep up and down his back; and wonder why he has been so attacked by Fate.

Because everybody, some time or another, has the same experience, and especially because everybody wonders how it all came about, this article is written. It may be of some use to inquire how a cold happens, what it is, and what may be done to avoid it. But of course there is no hope, implied or expressed, that after this article is published people will stop having colds. That would be impossible. If by following the precepts here set down one cold can be made to grow where two grew before, the article's mission will have been fulfilled.

The Different Uses of the Nose

GALEN, whose writings were an authority on medicine for many centuries, said that coryza, or the nasal fluid that always accompanies a cold in the head, was a secretion from the brain. This unique theory was exploded long ago. But the fact is that until a comparatively short time ago, when certain microörganisms that frequent the nose were discovered, very little was known of the causes of the common cold.

Not that bacteria are the only cause. There are other causes, as we shall see, and over some of these we have control. Which, as has been intimated, is the reason for this article.

The nose has three essential functions, which are in brief: Olfactory, respiratory and vocal. It is used to smell with, to breathe through, and, with certain accessory chambers, as a sounding box in speaking or singing.

To begin with the function which is of least importance to our present purpose, if it were not for the nose and the accessory chambers the human voice would be lifeless, dull, without overtones, those vibrant qualities so pleasing to the listening ear—that is, in some voices.

When one has a cold or, rather, when a cold has one, the mucous membrane which lines the nose and the accessory sinuses, as they are called, becomes swollen and the overtones cease. The sound waves, shut off from the sounding boxes, have their exit through the mouth only. Then one talks through his nose, which is exactly what he does not do. One talks without the help of his nose.

A cold, then, changes the quality of the voice. If that were all one could stand it. But another function of the nose is more essential to enjoyment of life. The nose contains the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve, the nerve of smell. All odors, good or bad, are detected there. This nerve enables us to discriminate not only between that which is pleasing and that which is unpleasant, but it guards us against dangers lurking in the air.

What concerns us most at present is that the sense of smell has a great deal to do with taste. All savors are perceived through the nose. The nerve of taste, distributed over the base of the tongue, enables us to distinguish sweet from sour or bitter, but all the finer shades of flavor are dependent upon smell.

When the mucous membrane lining the nose is swollen the olfactory filaments are pinched and deadened. Then if we shut our eyes we cannot tell soup from soap, which is a great loss and adds tremendously to the discomfort.

But the most important function of the nose is that of respiration. Man was not intended to breathe through his mouth. The nose is the front door of the lungs. And the air stream does not pursue a straight course, but winds deviously through passages, over projecting shelves, and when it reaches the lungs it has changed considerably.

To begin with, atmospheric air is usually too dry. It must be moistened in its passage. Whatever the humidity of the respired air the nose either adds to or subtracts from it moisture, so as to make it right for the lungs. The mucous membrane of the nose supplies to inspired air about a quart of water a day.

And the temperature must be raised. Cold air is injurious to the lungs. In its passage through the nose the temperature must be raised approximately to that of the blood.

Also the air must be filtered, freed from irritating particles of dust and from germs. Very little dirt gets into the lungs of a nose breather; and almost no germs. At the openings, the nostrils, there are hairs to catch the grosser particles of dirt. And farther within the mucous membrane has an outer coat of what is called ciliated epithelium, whose minute cilia wave constantly toward the front door, catching the minutest foreign matter in the air streams and waving it gently but insistently back toward the door through which it entered. Then the mucous membrane itself has what is called an inhibitory action upon inimical germs, rendering them harmless. And so, though innumerable germs get into the nose they do not get very far. They crowd in great numbers in the vestibule. And those that push onward any distance are returned, harmless, to the port of entry.

This is why the nose breather has so much better chance, so much greater expectancy of life and happiness, than the mouth breather. One can realize the tremendous task the nose has to perform if one remembers that about twenty-five hundred gallons of air pass through it—or should pass through it—in twenty-four hours. And it has been estimated that at least fourteen thousand organisms enter the front door during an hour's quiet respiration.

One May Expose Himself to All Kinds of Weather—Dry, Rainy, Freezing, Hot—Without Catching Cold

When one takes cold congestion is the first result. That is, the smallest blood vessels, the capillaries in the mucous membrane, become dilated. There is an unnatural dryness and a feeling of heat. About this time the victim begins to sneeze, because the nerves of sensation are being squeezed. Sneezing is an involuntary expulsive effort, just like coughing, intended to free the air passages of a foreign substance. But when the nerves of sensation are pinched they cannot tell the difference.

The same lack of discrimination is shown by the nerves of the eye. Weeping, except from emotion, is merely a flooding for the purpose of washing out irritating matter. And yet when the mucous membrane lining the eyeball or the lids is congested we cry. As a cold so often affects the eyes as well as the nose, the sufferer will soon begin to weep as well as to blow.

Usually the dry stage does not last very long. Through the capillary walls exude the serum, or watery part of the blood, and white corpuscles, or lymphocytes. This discharge is often acrid and irritating, reddening the nostrils as well as the upper lip. But why enter into harrowing details? Everyone who reads this will become reminiscent and supply the sensations to suit himself.

Some Useless Don'ts

THE nasal passages being naturally narrow and confined—more so in some people than in others—the swollen membranes more or less occlude them if the congestion is great. And this occlusion is completed by the secretions, which become thicker as the cold ripens.

The victim by this time has lost his sense of taste, because he has lost his power to smell. And he probably has a frontal headache, because there are two accessory chambers or sinuses in his forehead which are connected with the nose. The lining of these chambers is likely to become much thickened and to press, one surface upon the other, causing great discomfort.

Also the process may extend in other directions. It may affect the middle ears through the Eustachian tubes, which connect them with the throat. Or it may go down into the larynx and bronchial tubes. In his direction there is no limit until it reaches the air cells of the lungs.

But this hypothetical cold affects, we'll say, only the hypothetical eyes and nose. Just an ordinary cold, without extraordinarily vicious tendencies. Gradually, if let alone—that is, if nothing is done to aggravate it—the symptoms will subside, the nose resume business, and the temper diminish in violence.

Before inquiring into the causes of colds and what may be done to prevent them it might be well to start right by puncturing a few popular delusions concerning causes.

"Be careful not to get wet!" How often that has been said by solicitous wives and mothers. Clouds and rain and fog have little to do with it; or those who live among the clouds, in mountain observatories, would not be almost entirely free from colds.

"Don't get chilled!" One could nearly freeze to death a hundred times and not get a cold. Arctic explorers never do—until they come home.

Exposure to sudden changes of weather has no effect in itself. Those who live outdoors and are subject to rapid changes of temperature and humidity almost never catch cold.

Patients in tuberculosis sanitaria rarely do. But damp houses predispose to colds.

"Getting overheated opens the pores. Don't go outdoors with your pores open!" If one's pores were not open—wide open—one would not live long. The more they are clogged the more likely one is to take cold, and other things.

The truth is that heat, moist or dry, causes hyperæmia—that is, more blood in the capillaries of the surface of the body. This causes the sweat glands to work extra time, and the consequent sweat pours out of the pores. From perspiration—the invisible, intangible breathing through of the moisture—it becomes fluid, or sweat. A sudden chilling, especially if prolonged, will drive the blood inward and it may congest elsewhere.

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ANCESTORS

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

She Had to be Present, But She Told Herself There Was Nothing Her Father Could Do to Prevent Her Mind From Stalking Straight Out of the Room Into the Night and Into a Nirvana of Her Own Imagining

THE first time she eversawhim was at a meeting of Pilgrim Descendants at her father's house, and she could very easily have exclaimed, like the little girl before the hippopotamus' cage: "My! ain't he plain!" He was the invited speaker of the evening and he was a young man of considerable local reputation, but after Barbara had once inspected him she wasn't a bit more eager to hear his speech. His subject was "The Jurisprudence of Plymouth Colony," and he looked as though he knew all about it.

The June night seeped reluctantly through the open windows, bringing with it a beckoning message from the garden outside and the freshly cut lawn and the moonlight. In the semicircle with Barbara there were seven members of the local association; in front of them, as a sort of misplaced keystone to the arch, was the sacred table of her great-great-grandfather; and behind that were seated Barbara's father and Mr. Hawksford. By almost half a century Barbara was the youngest Pilgrim Descendant in the room, but she wasn't gloating over the distinction.

Her father had risen and was beaming at his congregation. Barbara, with a despairing glance at Mr. Hawksford, prepared to shut her ears for another hour. Corporeally she had to be present, but she told herself with grim satisfaction there was nothing her father could do to prevent her mind from stalking straight out of the room into the night and into a Nirvana of her own imagining. Subconsciously, however, she caught a phrase or two of the benign introduction. Her father's vocabulary was excellent. He referred to Mr. Hawksford as a gifted pedagogue, a corruscating legal intelligence and a deft interpreter of abstruse Colonial logicians. The seven associates rustled with expectation. Mr. Hawksford continued to look his part and Barbara continued to loathe him for venturing to exist.

His own voice when he began was astonishingly pleasant, but she thought no more humanely of him on that account, nor did she condescend to listen to his discourse. Turning neither to the right, where sat an aged lady with an ear trumpet, nor to the left, where sat a decrepit gentleman with two canes, she concentrated on a portrait of her great-great-aunt—the one who was said to have been kissed by Lafayette—and dreamed her dreams with abandon. They were dreams so youthful and so spirited that they carried her both in point of altitude and point of time far beyond the plane of Mr. Hawksford's learned speech. She forgot the heavy, moist, sweet atmosphere; she forgot the deadly drone of the earlier business session; she forgot that presently she should have to act as hostess to this antiquated gathering, and pour countless glasses of lemonade for those who would still be arguing about their forbears when they went home. Time ceased to be a standard for her; she was adrift.

All at once she came to herself with a start. For three-quarters of an hour she had been immune to the battering of the speaker's voice against her consciousness; she hadn't even known when he stopped. But now her father was shaking hands with Mr. Hawksford and all about her there was a hum of appreciation. Barbara, brought too abruptly back from her revery, struggled for a mental foothold on the present. She was a little confused and baffled, as though from sudden wakening out of heavy sleep. Her father nodded significantly to her, but her sense of stewardship was numb. Automatically she stood up. In another moment Mr. Hawksford was smiling down at her and she was trying to appear intelligent.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for giving me such a charming picture to look at. Your expression itself was an inspiration, Miss Temple—and you're so unusually young to be interested in genealogy."

While he was saying this he was appreciably less plain, but oh, his tailoring and his haberdashery and his haircut! In her detachment of thought Barbara accidentally blurted out the truth.

"Interested!" she said. "Interested in that stuff!"

Her voice was rather high and very clear, and the Reverend Doctor Temple was almost at Mr. Hawksford's elbow.

"What, what, what?" said Doctor Temple rapidly. "What's all this? What were you talking about, Barbara?"

At the sight of Barbara's confusion and of her father's horror Mr. Hawksford displayed some of the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy and some of the generalship of a politician. He put his hand on the clergyman's arm.

"Miss Temple was confirming your statement that she's an expert genealogist, doctor. We were agreeing on some of my—ah—my particular aversions in the matter of—ah—in the matter of evidence."

"Quite so," said Doctor Temple, beaming upon her. "Quite so. Yes, Barbara has been well grounded—very well grounded. I'm glad you approve of her judgment."

Again he reminded her of her duty by a nod and by using her name with a rising inflection—"Barbara?"

"I have to serve things," she said uncertainly to Mr. Hawksford. The realization of her error was acute and evident, and Mr. Hawksford had plenty of humor and not a little curiosity.

"Wait a second," he said. They were on the threshold of the dining room and several of the members were already helping themselves. "Wait a second, Miss Temple. You and I have something to say to each other."

Conscience-stricken, she didn't dare to look at him.

"Well?"

"Can't we go out on the veranda first? It's too good a night to stay indoors."

"I really—I ought to be seeing to things. I ——"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hawksford. "Look at 'em!"

"I know, but—but don't you want something?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hawksford, still smiling. "I want to get out of doors and smoke a cigarette and talk to you. I think you owe it to me."

"I suppose I do," she said wearily.

Mr. Hawksford was holding the side door open for her. After an instant's hesitation she burned her bridges and stepped out on the veranda. The gifted pedagogue followed, inhaled mightily of the fresh air and produced his cigarette case.

"You can guess why I wanted to talk to you, can't you?"

Barbara, going down to the lawn, had no conception of her own attractiveness. She was a dark little girl, black-haired, black-eyed, with the longest lashes in the world and the softest complexion, and she wore the color which best suited her and the material which most appeals to man. It was pink-flowered organdie, with a big sash and a big bow, and it was practically irresistible.

"There's hardly anything I can say, is there? And the way you saved the situation when father heard me! I'm mortified enough to—to cry."

"But you don't need to be. Only, I'm curious. You see, most listeners aren't so frank as you are. And it was rather startling to have you speak your mind like that when your father had just been telling me how passionately devoted you are to genealogical research."

"Sometimes," she said, "I don't know how I can stand it. Oh, it makes me perfectly sick to have to sit there and listen to all that—that ——"

"Stuff?" he suggested.

"Yes, stuff!" In an instant her mood altered and she was penitent. "Oh, Mr. Hawksford, I don't know what makes me talk like this! It's father's one pleasure. I'm glad I can help him. I'll go for weeks without kicking over even once. But to-night—won't you please forget everything I've said? Please? I didn't mean to insult you—honestly. I'm so ashamed of myself."

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I didn't want to come either."

Barbara gasped. "You didn't?"

Mr. Hawksford laughed.

"When I saw you sitting there—well, you really were an inspiration, but I kept wondering and wondering how anybody as nice and normal as you looked could stir up any interest in that sort of thing. So you did startle me afterward and I'm glad you did. I've always felt that in most cases genealogy's the last refuge of a failure. Your father's a notable exception. But in the long run it's for people who've never done anything themselves to be modest about. And I couldn't help thinking how extraordinary it was that on a dance night at the Lake Club ——"

"Oh, don't!" she said with a quick little intake of her breath.

Mr. Hawksford took advantage of the moonlight to survey her. They had arrived at a rustic bench in an angle formed by two huge bushes of bridal wreath and she had sunk down upon it absently.

"You're making me feel," he said, "as though I'm partly responsible for your losing a good time."

She turned to face him.

"Why did you come, then, if you didn't want to?"

Mr. Hawksford blew out a tenuous cloud of smoke.

"A man with any sense," he said seriously, "has got to figure that any special knowledge he may have is a sort of trust fund for the community.

"I happened to know some things that the association thought it wanted to know. They asked me to come here and speak and I'd have felt like a measly snob if I'd said no, and it wouldn't have made the slightest difference who the people were or what they wanted the information for. I had it and they asked for it and I thought it was my job to come and give it to them. But that isn't to say that I shouldn't have had more personal pleasure somewhere else."

"Yet you're willing to accept an invitation and laugh at it afterward!" she flashed.

Her tone was belligerent, but Mr. Hawksford seemed to know the reason for it and the advisability of discount.

"I haven't laughed at all—I couldn't. Tell me, aren't you sincerely proud of being a Pilgrim Descendant?"

"I used to be. That was before father got proud enough to do for the whole family." This time her intonation was tinged with bitterness. "I belong to the association, but I belong to a lot of things I hadn't any choice in. And I'm tired and sick of it and I don't care who knows it—no, I don't mean that either. I wish you'd go away and let me alone."

Mr. Hawksford glanced at his watch.

"It's only ten minutes of ten," he said irrelevantly.

There was a prolonged hiatus. Barbara stared up at him.

"Whatever do you mean?"

Mr. Hawksford threw away his cigarette and motioned toward the road.

"I've got a little tin car over there. The orchestra doesn't go home until twelve."

"Why, Mr. Hawksford!"

His manner was both deferential and encouraging.

"I told you I feel partly responsible. You've had a rotten evening, I know. Well, I think maybe we'd better run out to the lake before it's too late. Don't you? It might cheer both of us up."

Barbara was electrified.

"Go out there now?"

"Certainly! I don't dance myself, but I can deliver you to your friends in fifteen minutes and then you can get the taste of Pilgrims out of your mouth. Personally I just sit under the trees and smoke and look on. I do it rather often. Are you coming?"

"I wish I could."

"Well, why can't you?" He caught the meaning of her glance and promptly rose. "You wait a bit," said Mr. Hawksford. "If your father meant as much as half of what he said about me in his introduction I ought to have some influence with him, and I see a couple of Pilgrims going home now anyway."

According to his covenant and as a result of his eloquence Mr. Hawksford was able within half an hour to deliver Barbara to her friends and especially to a young male symphony in dark blue and white. Then he found a comfortable chair overlooking the lake and made himself uncomfortable in it. Through the French windows of the clubhouse he caught an occasional glimpse of Barbara, and he told himself that the expression on her face was worth a great deal of any man's effort. Simultaneously he was able to build up a reminiscence of Barbara surrounded by gray-haired antiquarians, and the contrast was annoying. He had gathered from all that she had said and from some of the things her father had said that ordinarily she was expected to find her sole diversion in the library. Merely to look at her was to know that she couldn't do it. And he was touched that her father had granted the permission so readily—not because the doctor comprehended why Barbara should want any additional revelry to-night, but because it was a chance for her to sit at the feet of the distinguished preceptor and jurist. Mr. Hawksford felt the pathos of the situation just as much for the doctor as he did for the daughter.

He was flattered that she presently sacrificed a dance in order to sit with him, but her altered manner was bewildering. During the process of what he had been taught to call his education Mr. Hawksford had learned a great deal about actions and reactions, psychology and facts, but he had learned nothing about the one great negative combination of all these things—woman.

He had seen Barbara straighten her father's tie before the meeting and seen that she looked almost maternal. Throughout his speech she had successfully imitated an angel in deep thought.

After that she had acted like a spoiled child, and now she was as well poised as any débutante. He was bewildered, but he liked the variety.

"I wish you wouldn't waste time with me," he protested. "I want you to enjoy yourself in your own way."

She gave him a glance which was both teasing and demure.

"I'm going to let you take me home after two more dances," she said, and he had to translate the answer without assistance.

Few girls had betrayed any pleasure in his society, and he was wondering if this one could actually do it or if she were merely grateful. For the remainder of the evening he felt a little less like a he chaperon, but when he drove her back to town he wasn't nearly so fluent as on the outward journey.

She said good night very prettily, and Mr. Hawksford looked as though he were trying to remember something he had long forgotten.

"I do hope you'll come to see us soon," she said.

"I surely will," said Mr. Hawksford. "Surely."

"And you're the—the tactfulest man and the thoughtfulest I ever met in my life. I can't even begin to thank you. Only you must understand—don't you?"

"I think I do," said Mr. Hawksford, and added after a pause: "I think I did."

She was still standing in the doorway as Mr. Hawksford went down the path. She was still standing there with the radiance of the hall light upon her as he climbed into his car. He looked up and waved his hand adventurously and Barbara waved hers. She was exquisitely lovely and exquisitely young and Mr. Hawksford's heart contracted to think of the deficiencies in his education. If a man is really as old as he feels, Mr. Hawksford starting the engine was approximately ninety. But she waved her hand once more, and the grace of the gesture took away two-thirds of his senility and sent him home in his right mind and at his right age—thirty.

"I've Got a Little Tin Car Over There. The Orchestra Doesn't Go Home Until Twelve"

The Reverend Doctor Temple, who had once been likened to one of the handsomest individuals in the Frieze of the Prophets, nodded his head in affirmation.

"Yes," he said, "I am sorry for myself. I'm sorry for any man who's lost his purpose in life. They've made me pastor emeritus—I can't preach any more. And I've finished my book. It's probably the last I'll ever do. It's Barbara's ancestry."

"It must have taken you a good many years, doctor," said Mr. Hawksford with commiseration.

The clergyman smiled faintly.

"When you remember that the Pilgrims were twelve generations back and that the total number of ancestors in twelve generations is eight thousand one hundred and ninety-two, and my book isn't merely a family tree but a collection of real biographies of those ancestors—yes, it did take me a good many years. And now I'm—I feel cut adrift. Barbara and I have been working on it together for five years. Before that I collected data for eight or nine."

"And there's nothing else you want to take up?"

"There's nothing that interests me," said Doctor Temple wearily. "That's why I'm so distressed—so apprehensive. There's nothing that seems to interest me. It's the only sort of work I like."

Mr. Hawksford was puzzled.

"I shouldn't think you'd be restless; I should think you'd want a rest. Isn't it

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Zerbetta and the Black Arts

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"This Seems to be a Queer Kind of Boy, Joe, and if I Were You I Wouldn't Have Anything to Do With Him"

IT WAS a fair, cool June day and the rank midland heat, after obliging us by closing high school a week early, was gone from the Ohio plain. We were idling in the long grass behind the courthouse, awaiting noon, and Eddie Lowe, his spectacles glittering, was expounding sorcery. Eddie—perhaps by heredity—was our human book of reference. He was Judge Lowe's child and, except for Bill Ross, the oldest lad in the group.

He talked with the rushing sweep of a disordered alarm clock, staring at the blue-brick jail, where was confined a Bohemian woman accused of poisoning her husband. She had served as the springboard for Eddie's eloquence, and we listened, wriggling our toes in the thick clover, deeply thrilled, though Bill Ross, who was nearly sixteen, found it his duty to scoff now and then.

"Times they'd fix up a wax doll like the fellow they wanted to kill, see? Then they'd stick pins in it and wherever they stuck a pin he'd get sick."

"Get out!" Bill yawned in his capacity of scoffer, rolling over.

"They did, though! I mean," said Eddie, "they did stick the pins in the dolls. I don't mean the fellow'd get sick. Then if they wanted to call up the devil they made a kind of a star business on the floor, with magic letters at the points, an' stood inside of it, and then he'd have to come. Only as long as they stood inside of the star he couldn't get at 'em."

I thought this an attractive pastime. My father was the Presbyterian pastor and I had a natural curiosity about damnation.

"What'd he look like?" I asked.

"Well, sometimes he looked like a regular devil with horns and things and sometimes he looked like a black man and sometimes——"

"I don't believe there is any devil," said Ethan Ross.

This caused a considerable silence. In Zerbetta, Ohio, and in the year 1885, the devil was in good standing. Ethan's opinion, however, had its weight. We fell into argument.

"I tell you there is" and "I tell you there isn't" resounded under the horse chestnuts.

"My grandmamma, she saw him," Karl Gruber asserted, "in Germany, up on a mountain near where she was livin'. That's an awful mountain! All the witches come there once a year for a party—Hexen Sabbat, they call it."

"I think all that stuff about hell is rubbidge," Ethan protested. "A fellow just couldn't be so bad they'd stick him in a fiery furnace an' stew the gizzard out'n him f'rever an' ever. An' I don't believe there is any devil. I'd like to see him, just once!"

"Oh, look out!" cried Peter Vanois and, I think, crossed himself.

Eddie tactfully brought us back to wizards and their habits, and resumed his lecture:

"There was an Italian made a mirror for one of those French queens, so she could see what people she wasn't friendly with were doing whenever she looked in it."

"I'd like to have that," Ethan murmured. "I could see what Colly Sims is doing. I s'pose, if we'd been livin' back then I'd of made a wax doll that looked like Colly an' stuck pins in it, huh?"

"You'd of bought one off a witch," Eddie told him.

The front door of the jail clanged and we watched old Martin O'Shea, the jailer, settle his chair on the grass for a noonday nap. Eddie pulled some blades from his shoe laces and got up.

"Getting near dinner time," he mentioned, blinking about the hot, silent square, which was the heart of the flat, tranquil town and of the rich farming county beyond it.

We all rose, instantly attracted by the thought of food, and loitered across the grass to the low iron rail separating the courthouse yard from the square; and I noticed absently a boy in our customary summer uniform—loose shirt, faded overalls—sitting on this barrier, with just the mental annotation that I did not know him. This was a matter of mark, as a strange lad in Zerbetta was rare, but I was scuffling with Bill Ross and gave the creature no heed. We all stumbled over the rail and had drifted into the unpaved, baking square when Ethan spoke:

"What's that fellow doin'—there, on the fence?"

We turned to stare, and the red-haired boy, one knee swung on the other, was certainly doing something odd, though his brown hands obscured it. To me it seemed that he was petting some small white animal in his lap, but the thing did not move, for presently he took his hands away to light a cigarette. In 1885 we saw cigarettes only as the attribute of villains when the opera house enshrined a touring company. Clearly, I perceived, this was a reckless character.

"Let's go see," said Ethan, and sauntered back.

We followed, curious and excited, like a crowd of puppies that behold a new dog in the street. The leaders of adolescent society marched to inspect an invader.

"That's awful red hair," Peter observed.

It was, and at fourteen I had sense enough to know that its fiery texture was wonderfully lovely. The stranger looked up, smiling amiably, and nodded as our blocked shadow touched his bare feet.

"Who's got a knife?" he demanded in a queerly charming voice, rather husky and drawling, shifting his plaything on his lap.

Ethan fumbled in his breeches and produced a jackknife, which the stranger opened. He dug at one end of the object, humming gently what was—I know now—the Il Bacio waltz. His pendent foot swung in time to the music and he swayed his gay head a little.

"There!" he said at last, and held up a tiny figure for our gaze.

It was—rudely realized—a human being, and not unlike life. Its arms and legs were outspread, the face was dented to suggest features, and the head scratched to resemble hair.

"Golly," Ethan said, "that's dandy!" Then he giggled. "I'll buy it off you."

"What's it made of?" Eddie inquired.

"Candle grease," the artist smiled.

Ethan shuffled eagerly, his gray eyes gleaming.

"I'll give you a quarter for it."

"A dollar," the creator stated.

Bill laughed. We all grinned. In 1885 a dollar was still a noble coin, and it really startled me when Ethan began fumbling in his pockets again. Mr. Ross was the most prosperous farmer in the county and he treated his nine sons with what was held to be a doting generosity, but a dollar for this toy was nonsense. We looked at Ethan just as did Cleopatra's guests when she dissolved the pearl.

"Oh, come off, Bud!" Bill snorted. "Give him a dime."

The red-haired boy chuckled and two threads of smoke trickled up from his nostrils across his black, amused eyes. He was, I thought, very handsome both of face and body. His pointed chin and wide scarlet mouth were faintly girlish, but his chest and legs impressed me favorably. Ethan tossed a silver dollar into his lap and took the doll. The money slipped, but the stranger caught it neatly between his feet and flipped it up so that it fell inside the V of his blue shirt. On Bill's request he did it again, and also made smoke ooze from his nostrils singly. We were much entertained and only the clock striking twelve recalled us to our stomachs.

"What's your name?" Eddie demanded.

"Baron," said the red-haired boy, spinning the dollar on his thumb. "Well, who'd like a whisky smash? You can get 'em good over at Zogbaum's in Clarke Street. I'll treat."

Bill and Eddie, as seniors, muttered our regrets and we filed off, all, I think, rather frightened. Peter and Karl drank wine with their families, but in Zerbetta whisky was the vice of matured rakes.

"That's a queer cuss," Bill mused in a tone of some envy. "Wonder where he lives?"

"Works in the freight yard probably," said Eddie. "He's awful good lookin', isn't he?"

"I don't think so," Peter broke out with amazing violence. "I don't think so at all. I think he's nasty. What in the world did you give him a dollar for that thing for, Eth? You don't want it. Well, so long."

Peter trotted off toward his father's bakery and left us puzzled in midsquare. I glanced back, but the Baron boy had disappeared quickly down some alley.

We walked into Poplar Street, leaving Karl at the Gruber jewelry on the corner, where Prince Bismarck frowned in the show window, and Eddie turned into Judge Lowe's front garden, which was considered unworthy of so learned a person, as it held no cast-iron beasts. Ethan fondled the little image, chuckling to himself. He was a fanciful and dreamy lad, an expert liar when necessary, and stubborn as rock. Also he was my dear intimate and my banker as well, so I felt obliged to rebuke this astonishing outlay, with a circus on the fences.

"'Twas silly to give him a dollar, Bud," Bill agreed, "and the baby'll bust it, sure as snakes!"

"I ain't goin' to give it to the baby," Ethan informed us.

We strolled by the Sims' high pickets and Colly Sims whistled at us from the geranium plot he was weeding. Colly was a big, objectionable whelp and something of a bully. Bill had thrashed him once or twice for annoying Ethan, but now he sniffed, secure in the presence of his mother on the veranda.

"Hello, sister!" he said. "Got a new doll?"

"You come up round the corner," Bill invited him gently, "and I'll knock your front teeth loose—hear?"

Colly let this civil offer pass and we crossed the roadway, Ethan chewing his lip. He was very pretty, and it took quantities of mild crime to offset this defect.

"I hate that son-of-a-gun," he snarled. "I never did a thing to him. What's he always pick on me for, huh?"

"Oh, you let him be, Bud!" Bill said. "He's twice your size. I'll look after him."

"I'll do some lookin' too," Ethan muttered.

The Rosses were coming to dinner—it was dinner in 1885—and roving into my front garden just as the bell rang we scrambled up to my room for a hasty wash. I politely waited while my guests combed their black hair, examining Ethan's purchase. Though he was my particular friend his idiocy rankled. The doll was not worth a dollar. It had no humorous attractions. It even seemed to resemble Colly Sims in its facial vacuity.

"But You Can Bet I'm Goin' to Close Both His Eyes for Him Next Time I Catch Him, That's All"

"Funny, ain't it," Bill said, toweling his sunburned neck, "how Eddie knows all those crazy things?"

My mother was very fond of Ethan and talked to him during the meal, but he was distracted and ate only two helpings of strawberry shortcake; and this drowsiness endured all through

the exhibition of the revolver lately left me by a military uncle who had visited us, changing posts. I kept it in a box nailed to the stall of our venerable horse, Ahab. Our little barn, fronting on Poplar Street, was my reception room. But Ethan sat nursing a bare ankle on the seat of the empty buggy, glaring across the road at the Sims' yard.

"Oh, quit fussin' about Colly!" Bill ordered. "It's time to go home, anyway."

Ethan roused from his trance, threw a cushion at Bill, missed him and insisted on my coming out to supper at the Ross farm. I took my fox-terrier pup along for company on the road back. I was naturally sociable and a two-mile tramp in solitude was unthinkable. But I started home early as Ethan reëntered his state of gloom directly after supper, and the clocks were striking nine as we roamed into Poplar Street again, Frisky panting at my heels and the silence perfect under the maples so that the lazy chime of the Lutheran bells came very clearly to me through the leaves. In 1885 we had few gas lamps, but there was one set at the manse gateway, perhaps to light troubled feet to my father's door. I came wearily toward its gnat-clouded glimmer, wondering if a sponge bath in the woodshed would be more refreshing than the dignity of a conventional immersion in the bathroom, when Frisky began to whine uncomfortably.

"What's the matter with you?" I said, and stooped to pat him, then went on into a stench of cigarettes. The red-haired boy was leaning against the lamp-post, smoking, and I halted, a little surprised.

"Hello!" he said serenely.

"I didn't see you," I stuttered.

"I just came along. Looky here, Joe, the railroaders are havin' a dance down at the old roundhouse. Lots of fun. Why don't you come along down with me?"

Now the abandoned roundhouse by the freight yard, roughly floored in, was a public dance hall, and not in very good odor among parents. It was haunted by hired girls and the less respectable farm hands, and if older lads went there they did so carefully. But I was flattered beyond speech by the invitation, which implied that I was a daring blade and the stranger's peer. I hunted an adequate excuse for not going and cuffed Frisky to quiet him. He was cavorting about us, barking quite majestically for a small dog and making little dashes at the red-haired boy's legs.

"Shut up, Frisky," I commanded.

"Why don't you come along down a while?" the red-haired boy urged, laying a hand on my arm.

"Joe!" called my mother from the porch.

"Well, I couldn't," I said over Frisky's wrath. "I—I don't dance, anyhow. Good night."

I went up the walk and the porch steps. Frisky stopped barking and panted again.

"What on earth is the matter with the dog, Joe?"

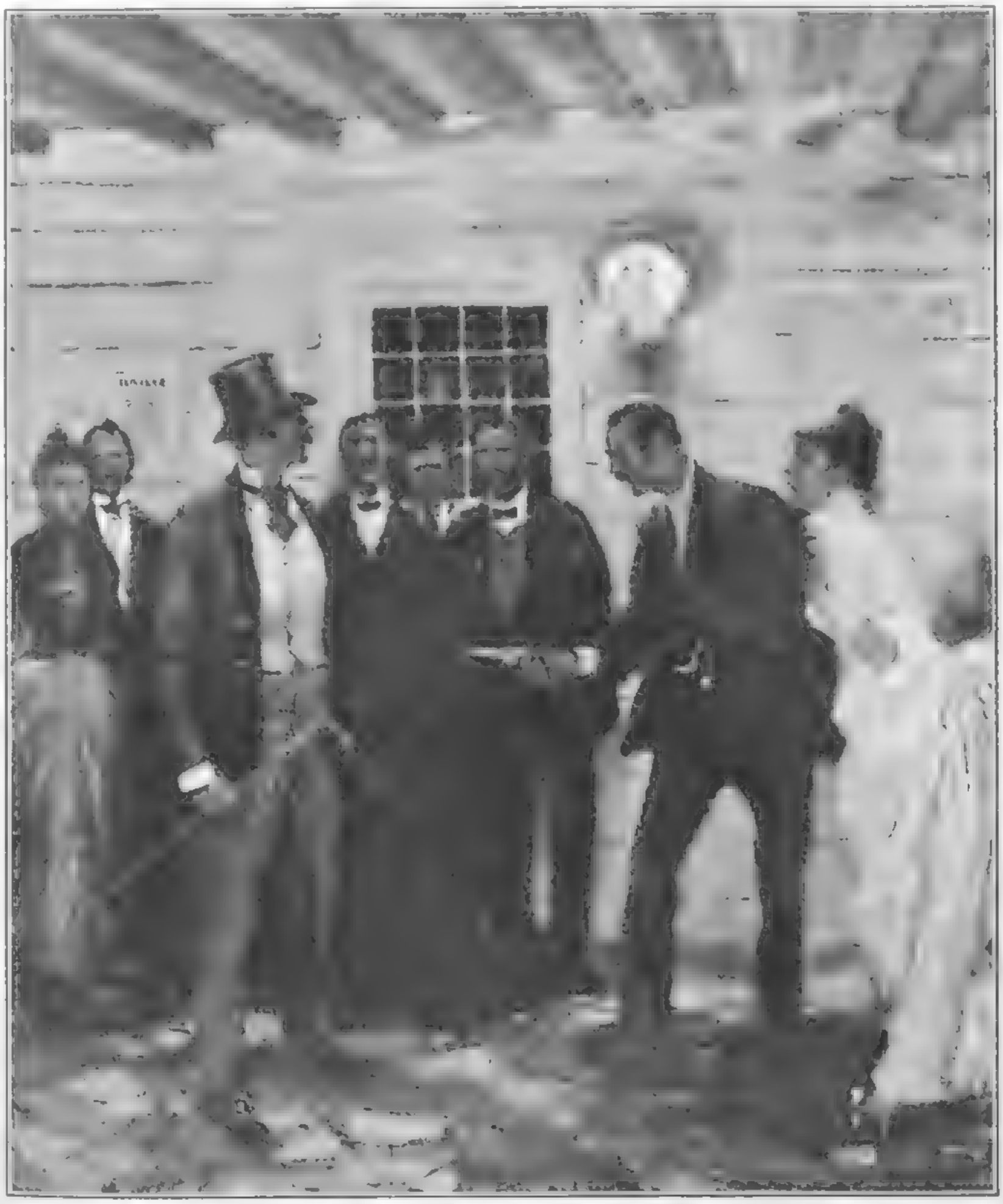
"Oh, he don't like strangers," I answered, gathering him up. "He was barkin' at that fellow."

"What fellow?" said mother. "I didn't see anyone. Joe, your father's gone over to the Sims'. Colly's been taken very badly with some kind of stomach trouble."

"Glad of it!" I snapped, wondering if mother's eyes were failing, though the red-haired boy was gone and nothing showed below the gas lamp save a purple dance of gnats.

"Oh, Joe, you mustn't say that! It's very serious. They have Doctor Lynch and Doctor Blumenthal and—there comes your father now. I hope he's not worse!"

Father hurried over from the Sims' yard and shouted from the gateway, asking if I had come home. As I ran



"It's All Unaccountable. They Were Going Out the Door and This Idiot Began Shooting. He Can't Remember Why Now"

down he pressed a sheet of paper and a dollar bill into my hand.

"Run right down to the telegraph office and send that off, son. It's very important, so rush. They're getting a doctor from Columbus."

I ran, full of importance and pleasantly thrilled, not at all caring whether Colly lived or died, but glad to be mixed in these momentous affairs. The square was almost vacant. There were sounds of lukewarm revelry from some of the lit saloons and several dogs chased Frisky, but nothing stopped my flight to the telegraph office beside Gruber's shop, and the clerk whistled over the message.

"He must be pretty sick. Let's see—you get sixty-five cents back. Say, take a look at Gruber's window if you want to see something."

Gruber's show window was elaborately smashed and I stared at it with the reverence due so complete a ruin. A few angles of jagged glass remained, but the solemn silver candelabra and the trays of gems were covered with a sheet. One of our four policemen, lounging up, bade me be gone.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, recognizing me. "Well, what's got into your friend Karl, cuttin' up this way?"

"What way?"

"Gettin' drunk and bustin' up his pa's window. Pretty goin's on!"

I went home rather dizzy. Karl was the mildest lamb of the male sort in Zerbetta and an outbreak on his part appeared purely miraculous. But, passing the Sims' gate, I heard a woman weeping in a long, shaken note that made my shoulders twitch and I remembered that Colly was, like myself, an only child. Such things work easily on the spirits of fourteen and I was old enough for some general sentiments. I know I slept badly and woke once with the certainty of harassed, excited voices in Poplar Street. In the morning there was a confirmation of more trouble. Father had finished breakfast before I got down, and mother's eyes were red.

"He's at the hospital. Oh, Joe, something so dreadful happened last night!"

"What?" I asked, cheering up on the news of fresh disaster.

"Why—eat your oatmeal before it gets cold—there was a dance at the old roundhouse and a quarrel started about a silly girl who had no business being there and two men were shot and one of them's poor old Mrs. Carter's son, Bob, and he's going to die, I'm afraid."

I rose in my chair like a jumping jack and subsided, my scalp tingling. Mother was examining a sugar lump at the moment and my emotions were ignored. She went on:

"It's horrible, Joe! I'm so glad Ralph didn't leave you any cartridges for that pistol. And Colly Sims is worse. You don't look very well, either."

I assured her that my health was superb, but in the sideboard mirror I could perceive that my freckles seemed unnaturally prominent; so I finished breakfast and trotted down to the square for more talk of the tragic occurrences. Knots of active gossip showed along the hitching rails and before the grocer's I met Karl Gruber, a very pale and bedraggled repentant, who winced when I touched his shoulder.

"Don't you do that!" he hissed. "I can't sit down or lean up 'gainst nothin' or go to the circus next week, either! You ain't got any idea how strong pop is, Joe! He's awful strong!"

We sequestered ourselves behind a vinegar barrel and Karl, almost tearful, struggled through a narrative. Briefly, he had been sitting innocuous and meditative on the shop doorstep after supper and the red-haired boy had joined him.

(Continued on Page 174)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number Eight: In re Misella

"And You Can Insult Anybody You Want, My Dear! I'm Not the Jealous Variety"

IT WAS one of those days when Mr. Tutt was feeling very old. They came much oftener now than they had ten years or so ago, and they brought with them a sense of loneliness that he strove bravely but ineffectually to thrust aside. It was all very well when there were important or difficult cases to try; when excited clients, one after another, compelled his attention with complicated matters so that he had no time to think of himself; or when, like the old war horse that he was, he could snuff the odor of battle and hurl himself into the conflict of the court room; but when the jury terms were over, and the hot, hazy, golden days of midsummer sent all the clients scurrying out of town to the golf greens, to the tennis courts or to the beaches, and there was nothing to do in the office except to prepare cases for trial that might and probably would never be tried, or to study the wretchedly printed advance sheets of the legal reports of the last opinions of the Supreme Court—then indeed Mr. Tutt—except in the evenings, when he buried himself in his library—found very little to give him happiness.

To-day he had been feeling particularly miserable and forgotten. Tutt was off at Nantucket with his wife upon his vacation, though due to return upon the morrow; Scraggs was sojourning at a sanitarium upon one of his periodical cures—paid for by Mr. Tutt out of his privy purse; and as Miss Sondheim had not appeared at the office at all that day there had been nobody left to keep him company but William and Miss Wiggin, who made it her practice never to be away when Mr. Tutt was there.

Mr. Tutt laid down the statement of facts he had been reading in Packinham vs. Packinham, looked at the clock and pressed the bell. It was half past five—a half hour after closing time.

"You need not remain any longer, William," he said. "And please tell Miss Wiggin. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Tutt," answered William. "Sure you don't want anything?"

"Nothing, thank you."

As Mr. Tutt uttered these mendacious words he winced involuntarily. The truth was that he yearned for a great many things that never again would be his, so that at times he felt that his old heart would be torn asunder. No one but himself knew of the existence of this inner shrine or suspected what emotions were harbored there, and it was only when Mr. Tutt was left all alone as he was to-night that he permitted himself the privilege of opening the sanctuary door and going in. Though he had been holding a typewritten document in front of his face for an hour he had not read a single word, for between him and the page a girl's face had interposed itself—a mischievous face, with teasing gray eyes fringed with dark lashes, a saucy pouting mouth, and a low piquant forehead, its temples bordered by waves of dark-brown hair done in the fashion of forty years ago; a proud, self-willed little face in the soft lines of which lurked nevertheless all the tenderness of a woman.

Now having told William to go and assured him that he wanted nothing the face still floated above the desk before him.

Suddenly his grim shaven old lips quivered.

"Florence!" he murmured in a whisper that was almost a sob. "Florence—darling!"

Mr. Tutt stretched out his arms toward the vision, and then buried his face upon them while the tears that gathered in his eyes dropped one by one upon the blotter.

Across the river the sun had hidden itself behind a great mass of leaden clouds bordered with molten gold. Through a thin spot in the arras of the sky a tiny beam worked its way and springing a million miles across infinity rested upon the gray head with a soft caress. Mr. Tutt felt the touch of it and raised his head.

"Florence!" he repeated.

Then he rose slowly to his feet and looked quickly about him as if seeking for something.

Miss Wiggin came quietly from the shadow of the doorway.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

Startled, he turned a drawn face toward her.

"No, my dear!" he answered. "I did not speak." Then he made an effort to pull himself together: "It's been a pretty dull day. What do you say, shall we go somewhere and have dinner and then take in a roof garden?"

Mr. Tompkins the bookseller was just letting down the shutters of his secondhand stall as they went by.

"Good evening, Mr. Tutt!" he called out genially. "I've got a fine first edition of Montaigne in to-day. Would you like to see it?"

"No, thanks," replied the lawyer. "I'm taking a lady out to dinner. If I buy anything it will have to be something very cheap. We shall probably have Montaigne for dessert. What else have you got?"

"Those there are five cents," answered Mr. Tompkins, indicating the shelf in front of Miss Wiggin. "I don't know what they are. I got 'em at a sale in quantity. I took fifty feet at ten cents a foot."

Mr. Tutt was already poking about among the antique leather bindings. Presently he pulled one out and opened it at the flyleaf.

"I'll take this one," said he.

"What on earth have you found?" exclaimed Miss Wiggin. "What do you want of such a dirty old thing?"

It was a small leather volume, half falling to pieces, printed on heavy paper the edges of which were brown with age.

"It will fit my present mood very well," he smiled, and held it up for her inspection.

"'Reflections Upon Death,'" she read. "'By William Dodd, LL.D., Prebendary of Brecon, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty. The Fourth Edition, London. Printed for T. Carvan and F. Newberry at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1772.'

"For heaven's sake!" she laughed. "If you are going to take me out to dinner I hope you won't need that!" And snatching it out of his hand she thrust it into his pocket and pulled him away.

Mr. Tutt never did things by halves, and the prodigality with which he distributed unexpected bills of large denominations from the pocket of his baggy trousers among ushers and head waiters inevitably assured him the attention which prior to the war was accorded only to Russian princes upon the jazz. After the best dinner that a celebrated Broadway artist could execute Miss Wiggin found herself being bowed out of the restaurant and into a taxicab with all the ceremony usually attendant upon the departure of royalty, and not long after she ascended to what seemed to her the height of extravagance and frivolity—a table in the front row of New York's most riotous revue. After her first feeling of embarrassment had worn off she began to enjoy everything very much, especially as Mr. Tutt appeared to be hugely pleased. Flanked by two large tumblers containing a nonalcoholic amber fluid which Miss Wiggin found exceedingly refreshing, they sat and watched a galaxy of genuinely pretty girls costumed to represent the various drinks which the innocent taxpayer might imbibe after the first of July. There were Cider and Sarsaparilla, Orangeade and Birch Beer, Grape Juice and Horse's Neck.

"But I didn't know there really was any such thing as Horse's Neck!" whispered Miss Wiggin delightedly, her mind reverting to the celebrated Horse's Neck-Lallipaloosa reorganization case. "I thought it was a joke!"

"It is," grunted Mr. Tutt from behind his stogy as he gazed at an invertebrate maiden who wiggled her shapely shoulders and declared loudly that so long as she could shimmy she was entirely satisfied.

Then two solemn but convulsing idiots tried to play a game of pool with flexible cues and tennis balls, four convincing scrubwomen from Tipperary danced like native colleens, and a truly delightful young lady impersonated what she described as a Yiddisha Wampire, muttering impressively that oh, she was really terrible! Then after the cowboy humorist with dexterous ease and a running fire of up-to-date quips had lassoed and thrown Miss Wiggin's susceptible heart the curtain fell for the intermission and dancing from the floor began.

It seemed to her as if she and Mr. Tutt were the only ones there who were not tripping along to the crash and hesitation of the jazz. The open space in front of the stage was crowded with dancers, many of whom, it must be confessed, would have been clad more appropriately for the bathing beach than the city—had it not been for the humidity. Even the waiters seemed to slide along in time to the chorus. There was an atmosphere of self-conscious refined restraint and decorum; of what Mr. Tutt called "demurity."

Miss Wiggin was rather surprised, for she had frequently heard such places described as Babylonian slave markets and halls of abandoned revelry. Indeed she did not see a single person who seemed the worse off for liquor, except possibly one cheerful gentleman who insisted on dancing with the Tipperary scrubladies—and she half suspected that he was part of the show. But here and there among the throng she glimpsed women the thin lines of whose lips looked hard as flint and in whose eyes shone the desire to forget. There were others, too, whose faces were not yet hard but whose hectic anxiety to enjoy themselves bespoke a willingness to pay any price for it.

One girl especially, at a near-by table with a group of elderly jaded men, focused her attention. She was clad in a

daring gown of scarlet matched by her cheeks. Her eyes were large, brown and luminous. With a touch of obvious deviltry she had done her hair after the sedate old-fashioned manner of nearly half a century ago, and from the tiny ear lobes that peeped out below dangled long pendants of milky amethysts. She was a fascinating young creature, little more than a child. What was she doing there? Who were her companions? What motive had induced her to don clothes that picked her out among the throng like an odalisque at an Oriental feast? No sooner was she surrendered by one partner than she was claimed by another, but occasionally she seized a moment to snatch a puff from a cigarette or drain a glass of champagne, and her voice as it floated across the tables was harsh and excited.

"Poor child!" thought Miss Wiggin, her eyes fastened upon the girl as laughing she threw her arm round the neck of one of her companions and dragged him from his seat. "What can her mother be thinking of! She's hardly out of her teens! And with those horrid-looking men! Yet there's something sweet about her! Perhaps she's only wild—not really bad!"

Then she observed that Mr. Tutt was also watching the girl, with even more than his usual intentness, and that his eyes were sad. Presently the girl whirled by, caught the old lawyer's glance and said something to her partner. Again they passed, circled the floor and brought up at their table. Another of the men rose, but the girl shook her head, threw herself into a chair and took a cigarette from one of several cases offered her. Then leaning toward the others she made some remark evidently regarding Mr. Tutt, for the group with one accord looked across at him significantly. Miss Wiggin fancied that she heard the words "old geezer."

Suddenly with a reckless laugh the girl poured out a glass of wine, raised it toward Mr. Tutt, smiled and touched it to her lips. One or two of the men did the same. Mr. Tutt's wizened cheeks flushed and a pained look came into his face as he turned his eyes hastily away.

Miss Wiggin no longer felt any pity for the creature—she hated her. She could have gone over and pulled the milky amethysts from the wretched hussy's ears at this insolence offered to her dear old preceptor. Her own cheeks burned as she tried to close her ears to the laughter from the other table. Then the lights went down and the curtain shot up, disclosing a group of beautiful young women in abbreviated garments, who with a great deal of pediatric gesticulation informed everybody that they loved to raise the dickens.

In the semidarkness she felt a hand upon hers.

"Do you mind if we go now?" Mr. Tutt asked her. "I've—some work to do."

Together they rose and threaded their way among the tables to the door, descended in the elevator and walked in silence to the Subway, where Mr. Tutt bought her a ticket and bade her good night.

"I've had a perfectly splendid time," she insisted. "Really wonderful!"

"So have I, my dear!" he assured her. "We must have another party soon."

"I Didn't Come Down Here to be Lectured. I Want a Divorce and I'm Willing to Pay for It!"

Then he raised his hat and turned west through Twenty-third Street.

"Poor child!" he muttered, using Miss Wiggin's exact words.

He let himself in with his latchkey, fastened the door by means of the chain and locked it, hung his hat on the black-walnut tree at the foot of the stairs and climbed heavily up to his library. The momentary exhilaration caused by giving Miss Wiggin a pleasant evening had subsided. He felt a thousand years old again—a million years! Like the ancient of days! A strange almost uncanny conviction possessed him that he had lived over and over again; and that sometime—that very night perhaps—he would wriggle out of his old frock coat and baggy pantaloons as a moth sheds its chrysalis, and float away into some other form of existence. The spirit world seemed very near somehow—all about him, in fact. There had been something in those brown eyes of the scarlet girl that—— No, he was crazy to think of such a thing! He looked about the library curiously and once he swept the air about him with his hand. Then he sighed and threw himself into his low leather armchair with the sagging seat that nearly touched the floor. In doing so he sat most uncomfortably upon the book he had purchased from Mr. Tompkins—the Reflections Upon Death, by the Rev. William Dodd.

With an ejaculation of annoyance he dragged it forth. What a funny old book it was! Not more than four inches by seven—and utterly disreputable. To whom had it belonged? He looked inside the cover. There was no name; only the place where the owner had dwelt—Lebanon Springs. Mr. Tutt smiled, took out his glasses and wiped them. He loved dearly an old book, particularly now that most of his old friends were gone. Then he rested the little volume on his knee and let it open where it would, which happened to be at Page 59. Mr. Tutt began to read. He had some slight difficulty, for every "s" was printed like an "f," which occasionally made the words seem different from what he expected.

"'Misella was blest, by the great giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance ——'"

Mr. Tutt felt upon the table beside him for a stogy, lit it and settled down snugly in his chair. Misella interested him. He would know more of Misella. Perhaps she would drive the girl in scarlet out of his foolish old mind. And as he read once more he felt as if he had lived many times before, that just as the old world—indeed the whole universe—goes ever whirling round and round upon its axis, so human experience repeats itself over and over again, and that truly there is nothing new under the sun.

It was about eleven o'clock the next morning that William announced Lieutenant Wheelock to see Mr. Tutt—or, if Mr. Tutt was out, anybody of authority who happened to be in.

"Are you Mr. Tutt—the divorce lawyer?" he inquired as William waved him across the threshold.

Mr. Tutt glanced at him through his shaggy eyebrows. "I am Mr. Tutt," he replied with some severity.

Lieutenant Wheelock folded his arms and shifted his position uneasily. He was obviously in that stage of the metamorphosis of the soldier into the civilian when an officer who has applied for discharge finds difficulty in disposing of his extremities in such a way as to indicate both modesty and authority. He was blond, blue-eyed, youthful and worried.

"Er—well—do you—er—handle divorce cases?"

"When we have to," returned Mr. Tutt, slightly relenting. "Will you sit down?"

He indicated the chair for paying clients.

Lieutenant Wheelock subsided obediently and fumbled for a package of cigarettes.

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With a Reckless Laugh the Girl Raised a Glass Toward Mr. Tutt, Smiled and Touched it to Her Lips

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

VII

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ROGER LINGARD slipped furtively down the hill from the Tudd farm, his guilty back and his parcel concealed by a hedge of hawthorn from the distant but penetrating eyes of this mysterious and now butterless girl; and presently he was close to the cottages. From the open window of one a pair of fiery eyes flamed and glared, disappeared, then came again, roving from side to side, as though some savage, imprisoned tiger were moving a restless head to and fro. He slipped nearer and peered through openings, but found himself too far on one side to see more than the end of the field glasses, which were steady now and held higher, and no doubt were focused on the girl. But butter melts as time flies, so he went off reluctantly across fields, stopping to question an aged laborer who was weeding mangolds. He learned that a Mrs. Williams had lived in that cottage of the two gleaming eyes, that she had a husband in the South Wales Borderers, that she had some children for whom she could not get cheese, and a dozen fowls for which she could not buy poultry food; and that she had suddenly left the day before.

In the village street he saw the gypsy-eyed woman with the nose like a scimitar.

Mrs. Garbutt was drawing a pail of water from a stand-pipe for her cottage twenty yards away. He carried it for her while she talked. Her monthly allotment from the owners of her husband's ship had stopped, she said, and she had not heard for three months. That looked a certainty for torpedoing, but in peacetimes Bill had once been away eleven months and never so much as a letter, let alone a farden. If he really was drownded—three hundred pounds—that was the compensation for a widow. Only the judge wouldn't give no lump sum, never no lump sum, as one might do a bit of good for oneself with—a shop or the like. Dribbles, ten pun praps at a time. The pore 'ad no chancet.

"You wait till you're sure Bill is drowned before you worry about compensation money," said the practical Roger.

"And that's sense too, Mr. Hill," said the sailor's wife or widow, as the case might be. "And it ain't as if I wouldn't rather see Bill than compensation any day."

"I'm sure of that," said Roger, whose long service in the British Army had taught him that frank reference to death and money by the British poor does not necessarily mean heartlessness or avarice. He asked about Mrs. Williams, up the hill, and learned that she had been paid a lot of money to move to her sister "Stelling way" by a man with beautiful hands; Mrs. Williams' own words, Mrs. Garbutt explained; and she sniffed contemptuously as she repeated the unique identification of a newcomer.

Roger went on, thinking that soft white hands suggested a secret-service man. Was this girl on the hilltop a spy, after all? Mysterious, alone, surrounded by evidences of squandered, newly acquired money, she had spy so conspicuously labeled across her crocodile bag that she could not possibly be a spy; but her eager interest in the neighborhood, her indifference to everything else, her cold aloofness were against her. It was raw work, he thought, and yet suspicious because so crude. A spoiled, pampered girl might do dangerous things and pick up valuable knowledge if she was so badly spoilt that no one could take her seriously.

Against that was her fine, natural manner. She was no bought adventuress. If her things were all staring new she was not new to such things. She had lived with gold-stoppered bottles all her life. He tried to place her by her utterance and her accent, and he now saw that there was something vaguely unfamiliar about her speech. In hospital, with his eyes shut, he could definitely assign her social rank to any Englishwoman after hearing twenty words from her. He shook his head. This girl was a gentlewoman, but was she English?

He stopped before a cottage where climbing roses in full bloom gave the final touch of charm to sagging crossbeams and thatched roof. He stepped through the open door and entered the kitchen.

A fragile child of ten, pale, excited, stared at him from eyes that looked enormous. He produced his little pat of butter with a flourish. The child cried "Oh!" and clapped her hands. The mother came in from the scullery, her feet clattering on the uneven floor. She was a tiny woman, with coarse gray hair which curled so tightly that it seemed kinky. She moved with a fierce, repressed energy and was the kind whom you expect always to explode with a loud bang.

"She'll be took to-morrow," she said, jerking a thumb at her daughter.

"Fine!" Roger said. "She'll come back fat and well."

She opened a cupboard door and took out some dark war bread. Roger pointed accusingly at a big sweet lump of apparent butter.

"I don't hold with margarine, nor yet with sanatoriums," the mother said sharply.

Roger laughed. "Here I've been and stolen butter for you," he said, "and you had that all the time. You're a bundle of silly, old-fashioned prejudices, Mrs. Jenkins."

"I likes my ways," she answered.

"You are a bit set," he agreed. "Have you seen Mrs. Williams pass to-day—Mrs. Williams, up along, I mean?"

"She's gone away; gone away sudden. Some do say as ——" A long string of suppositions and theories and speculations followed as she cut bread and spread it for her consumptive daughter.

Mrs. Jenkins had no knowledge of a new tenant, "one of them officers' wives," she was sure. "They would pig in anywhere these days. We can't say as we're safe in our own homes. They comes 'ere every day and they says 'ow beautiful the roses is, and would I 'ave a lodger as would give no trouble or would I go away and let the 'ouse furnished, and 'ow they wanted to be with their 'usbands; and I tell 'em as I wanted to be with my man too, and he was fightin' in France as theirs wasn't, and he was coming 'ome, if so be he was to come 'ome at all, to the 'ome he went away from."

Mrs. Jenkins tossed her head. "And me," she cried indignantly, "as wouldn't turn out for the sanitary inspector, is it likely I'd turn out for they? Not me! And if the overseer and the county council couldn't get me out, will they? Not them! My man," she repeated shrilly, "is coming 'ome to the 'ome as he left."

The soldier turned to the little girl.

"They will take you to a great big beautiful house on a hilltop and you will have plenty of milk and cream and beef and fresh air. You will get well and have red cheeks for daddy when he comes. So you mustn't mind leaving mother."

The child nodded and smiled, and gobbled the bread and butter.

He went to his midday meal, leaving sunshine behind. Afterward he slept, wearied out. When he woke he eyed the worn tunic on the floor, the parade jacket hanging on the hook, the trunk in which were folded the civvies made by a London tailor celebrated in two hemispheres. To wear those London civilian clothes was to forfeit the familiar friendship of the village and the gracious condescension of Dorothy. Yet worn they must be, and soon; he craved equality with her, not affable patronage from her. He did not pause to ask why her attitude had suddenly become, if not galling, at least vexatious; nor did it occur to him that suggestion is subtle and powerful. When that suggestion comes from every side it is bound to have results.

When everybody says that an heir ought to marry a girl that heir must think about it. Roger's thought was as yet subconscious, but this indecision about clothes shows that it was working to the surface. He did not know that it colored all his impressions of her, worked a high curiosity about her, and established a sense of secret, intimate relationship very pleasant to feel without analyzing or understanding.

From the Open Window a Pair of Fiery Eyes Flamed and Glared, Disappeared, Then Came Again

The village, the schoolmaster, the girl on the hill, Charity—all had been unconsciously tilling the field. The soil was ready. Roger, unknowing, was thinking what clothes to wear that he might plant the seed of love in his own heart; and he believed meanwhile that his sole concern was to learn what to do for the estate and all the people on it.

He laughed and jumped up. He was thinking of Charity. There was one person in the world who would be just the same, whatever clothes he wore. He sang as he put on the old tunic. Charity was always a cheerful thought. He should see her soon here in the cottage and he had prepared a surprise for her, and a test. And he would see Dorothy too; for the two girls were meeting for a talk about estate matters. He had business with Dorothy too; that was why he had decided on the old tunic. That business must be settled before he introduced complications. He went downstairs, still singing, lighted the fire in the kitchen and put on the kettle.

Dorothy came first. He was instantly aware of a change in her. She glanced and smiled and nodded, no more; then, preoccupied, she sat at a table and began to open letters. Roger got cups and saucers, only two of each, and watched her side face as he had on the day of his arrival. She looked a little tired, he thought, and she did not sit quite so erect as usual. That was it, then—weariness. That made her seem so much less detached and far away no doubt. That was probably the reason why he had instantly felt a greater kindness in her curt nod, and why she had seemed for the first time to look at him from the level.

He was all wrong. Each of her shoulders was ignobly dyed by a livid bruise. A soldier in reckless anger had gripped her with hands of iron and shaken her till her hair had come down and had shaken still till she had sobbed and cried. Bickley Ryker had understated in his confession to Charity. He had not known, did not know, what brutal strength he had unleashed in that mad moment. He had shaken her into hysterics; but he had shaken pride out of her.

That was why Roger immediately sensed a change in her. She had been rudely hurled from a pedestal. She had been tumbled from a platform into the crowd. She was one of them now. The bruises, seen morning, afternoon and night, were always reminding her of this. The high-necked dress on the warm summer day was a reminder too. Profound humiliation brought humility. She looked at women in the village whose husbands had been drinkers or cruel, and she asked herself if they had ever had, ever worn such marks of shame as hers, and she thought that they could see her bruises through her bodice; or that they were wondering about her dress; or that they had heard rumors perhaps. It had all happened in the hospital. Did they know that the man had followed her to that linen room, where he had no right to come? Had she cried aloud? Had she been met in the corridors, going away? Shrinking inwardly she gazed into eyes to divine what their owners thought or suspected or knew; and there was a novel questing appeal in her glance which brought its inevitable response of human sympathy.

She started when Roger asked her if she could spare a moment. He was by her side and it seemed to her that he was staring right down at her livid shoulders.

"Oh, yes." Her voice almost faltered. She was afraid to look up lest she flushed red. "Please sit down, sergeant."

He drew a chair to the table close by, wondering, pleased at her altered manner.

"I'd like to be some good to somebody," he said, gazing into her eyes. "I can't work in the fields. I can work at a table. Can't I help here?"

Dorothy glanced up at him, appraising, considering.

"We've been trying to get somebody." She hesitated, then added, almost apologetically: "I've tried two girls. They made more work than they saved."

"I can read and write," he said smiling. "I can add and subtract. I can even multiply. I can write a letter that would pass. I'm sure I'd get on with the farmers. They're too busy to come here. Could I see them for you? I should like that."

His engaging, boyish ardor brought a faint smile to Dorothy's lips.

"You seem frightfully keen on it," she said, brightening a little. She glanced at the littered table, then at the wine cooler in the corner stuffed full of neglected papers. "We are in a hideous muddle; there's no getting away from that."

"I know about farming accounts," he cried eagerly. "I'm sure I can fix things up." He bent forward, touched by her lassitude, by her unaccustomed indecision, by her helplessness. "You need me," he added in a low voice; "you know you do." He had forgotten his part for an instant.

She was her old self at this presuming comment from a strange soldier. The invisible barrier was instantly raised. "It's rather confidential," she said coldly.

"My only reference is my army record," he said. That hit the mark.

"I'll try you, sergeant." She spoke as she had heard her father speak when engaging clerks and other underlings. "I paid the girls thirty shillings a week. I will give you two pounds."

"Oh, no. This is volunteer work."

Her back became so stiff that her dress hurt her shoulders. Her supercilious eyes drooped under stress of memories and her intended sharp rejection was softened.

"It is private work," she said. "I could not allow you to do it for nothing."

"It leaves you free for the Red Cross."

Dorothy's strained nerves, on tension from sleepless nights and a great humiliation, snapped at this persistence. She flamed into one of the old-time sudden rages. She looked at him just as she had looked at their first meeting when she had held a threatening tennis racket over his defenseless head.

"I don't want anybody to work for me without payment," she said contemptuously. "Why should I place myself under obligation to a stranger? Any English person would understand that. But you Canadians ——" She stopped short.

"Well, we Canadians?" he questioned calmly.

She only glared at him.

She had no reserves of will to recover and become, as Roger had once written to his father, "a beautiful stone image."

"We Canadians," he said quietly, "are just simple, ordinary human beings. I dare say there are lots of things we don't understand. Perhaps it's just as well. Perhaps some things are not worth understanding."

She had bent forward as he spoke, and was staring into his face. "I've seen you before!" she burst out. "I've ——"

"Yes. In the summer—just before the war."

"The gazebo on the wall!"

He nodded.

She saw the scene. He could read her thought—her father, her two brothers. She burst into wild weeping. Her head fell forward in her hands, her shoulders heaved. Roger jumped to her side, stretched out an arm, drew it back, turned and hastened for Charity. He met her on the doorstep, just entering the house.

"She's recognized me," he stammered. "She's thought of her father and she's crying in there."

Charity looked with calm scrutiny into his troubled eyes. "It will do her good," she said. "Go away and stay away."

(Continued on Page 108)

"He Understands," Charity Murmured. "He's a Thorough Gentleman—for All He's a Common Soldier"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1919

Practical Profit-Sharing

ALMOST all profit-sharing plans assume that profits are made by two factors—capital and labor. There is, however, a third—the consuming public—and it is even more important than the others.

Good will is the vital asset of every business. In many cases it is practically the whole business. That is the reason why the public cannot long be ignored in any distribution of profits, though just now many men are not only ignoring it but are jeopardizing their future by antagonizing the public, and so dissipating the most important of all their assets. That goes for both capital and labor. Farmer, manufacturer, jobber, retailer and laborer—none can long survive the loss of good will and prosper. Intangible things—character and the confidence it begets; good will and the trade that it brings—are the only solid assets of a business. Good will is created by good treatment, but the public can always take it back.

In almost every profit-sharing scheme it is assumed that if capital gets "theirs" and labor gets "theirs" everyone will be satisfied. But the farmers and the consuming public must also get "theirs" before we can have equitable profit sharing and general satisfaction. Though in a sense they are both capitalists and laborers, it is useless to look for the profiteer among the farmers. They will be found with the public, between the upper and the nether millstones. The really coarse work with their crops begins after they leave their hands. The big profits in foodstuffs have always been made after they left the farms.

Many plans are being proposed to give the public all the profits—plans that run from Marxian Socialism and Bolshevist Communism on down through a hundred variations of these parent theories. Common sense has, however, ventured to doubt—and Russia and Hungary have turned that doubt into certainty—whether under these schemes there would be any profits to divide. The best that these systems can assure is a bread card and a soup kitchen for everyone, but that is not just the American idea of a good thing. We gather from the recent election returns that Massachusetts did not care for its little dose of Bolshevism.

Some of these plans read so beautifully that we are almost persuaded, until the author fits them to live men and actual conditions. Then, like Socialism and Bolshevism, we find that they are in the surf and sending up rockets. For all schemes of world saving are predicated on the existence somewhere of an individualistic state from which practical men, trained and rewarded under the old plan of society, can be called in to make Utopia work. They have had to do this in Russia, and the more of these selfish managers they get and the faster they scrap the new notions and approximate to the old American ideas the better it will work. Extracting gold from sea water, making precious stones synthetically, and Bolshevism are all perfectly feasible in a pamphlet. An inventor's model of a fool idea will often work. It will get up steam on a pint of water and the little wheels will go round and round. Bolshevism—in the brain—is like that. The little wheels go round and round.

Capital and labor have both learned that to get "theirs" they must be possessed of a certain amount of intelligent selfishness; that they must insist on their rights and fight for them if need be; that they cannot exist if they take without question what the other fellow wants to give them, and pay what he asks them. The public, however, has been doing both.

There are three factors in making money as well as in sharing it—earning it in the form of dividends and wages; investing it; and, most important of all, spending it. There is plenty of money-making ability, a fair amount of investment shrewdness, but a widespread lack of intelligence in spending. Otherwise there would be more real profit sharing with the public. Many people are buying only thirty cents' worth with their fifty-cent dollars.

Practical profit sharing demands that capital, after paying fair dividends and good wages, share some of its surplus earnings with the public in the shape of lower prices. That would be equivalent to a level raise in wages for all classes. But after government has done everything that it can do with just laws to insure equitable conditions the adoption and enforcement of this policy must rest with the individual, for it depends finally on personal character and restraint. No matter how good government is, no matter how wise its care of its citizens, there is a fairly definite place and time at which they must be weaned and fend for themselves.

Even the best-intentioned plan or law may back-fire under the test of actual operation, as in the case of the excess-profits section of the revenue act. Intended to take from corporations by taxation a certain portion of their earnings it has in actual operation done nothing of the sort. It has taken the money from the public. Corporations regard the tax as an extra expense incident to their business, add it to their overhead, and the final effect is a consumption tax that raises the cost of living.

Instances of back-firing could be multiplied endlessly. It is recognized as a mistake to encourage people, by giving them a low interest rate, to carry their Liberty Bonds any longer at the bank. As fast as possible they should be forced into the full ownership of those who subscribed for them, in order to hasten the process of deflation.

These campaigns by get-rich-quick concerns, by merchants and even by charities to persuade people to part with their bonds for doubtful and worthless stocks, for expensive luxuries or to help some worthy cause should all be ruthlessly discouraged. They are teaching inexperienced investors to hold the best security in the world lightly, to feel that it can be traded, exchanged or given when one would hesitate to part with cash. If appeals must be made for securities instead of money they should be for Steel preferred, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific and Standard Oil. Liberty Bonds are actually the last stronghold of safe investment and the last security that an investor should let go. Anyone who does anything to weaken this idea in the minds of the public is doing it a great disservice, and also doing his foolish little bit to push up the cost of living.

Big profits and high wages, distributed among people who have heretofore enjoyed small incomes, are prime causes that have increased the cost of living. Despite occasional spectacular exceptions people who have long had good incomes are not reckless spenders. A dollar must bring home a dollar's worth to them or it stays at home. Being used to money means knowing how to use it wisely, and that means intelligent spending.

Foolish spending is largely done by those who are newly rich from dividends or wages. These are the people who do not ask for value or question values. Easy come, easy marks.

A man who has saved and invested over a period of years knows that there are constantly recurring times when it is hard to make money and even harder to keep what he has. In good times he does not spend more, but he saves more. New money is constantly seeking new owners. Old money is kept in circulation too, but in productive industry.

Many manufacturers, middlemen and retailers; certain branches of labor—organized and unorganized—are taking advantage of the world situation, not only to raise prices and wages, but in the quality of their goods and services. Capital that has assumed the leadership in industry must accept the full responsibilities and duties of leadership. It must set an example as a preliminary to demanding that labor too live up to its obligations and responsibilities. It must not deceive itself into believing that because the public has set its face against strikes and demands that imperil American institutions it will permit reactionaries and profiteers to dominate business, once these vital issues are settled. Capital must not think that because many unions have broken their contracts and some union men have been slacking the public will permit unfair methods and unjust treatment of labor, once it has come to its senses. After these bogus strikes are settled and capital is getting a square deal from labor the public will be more insistent than ever on a square deal for labor by capital, and on a decent regard for the rights of the consumer by everyone who serves him in any capacity.

Some of capital's price lists, as well as some of its methods, are also coming up for revision. Let no bonehead imagine that because the public will not permit the radicals to hold him up it is going to permit him to hold up labor and the consumer; that because it is against the reds it is for the profiteers.

We have no inside knowledge of the present methods of big business, but we believe that the public should have. The corporations must satisfy the people that their great and undoubted powers in their own and allied fields of industry are being used wisely and that they are not taking down unfair profits. Every business that is under suspicion must come clean or be cleaned up.

No one doubts that the great corporations dealing in basic materials and the necessities of life—including Brother Rockefeller's gasoline—are wonderfully organized to do business efficiently and economically, but the public as well as labor must share fully in that efficiency and economy. They owe it to themselves, but even more to the public, on whose good will they are finally dependent for their very existence, to prove up and set at rest these periodically recurring attacks on their methods and good faith. Size is not sin, but it may be sinful.

A great public responsibility is resting on the shoulders of the men who are at the head of the great corporations that dominate basic industries. They cannot evade it; they must measure up to it. By their moderation, their fairness, their honesty of purpose, they can confound their critics and rout the reds. Lower prices on the necessities of life will set in motion the processes that will inexorably force down prices all along the line. It takes big men, farsighted men, intelligently selfish men to sacrifice large immediate gains for continuing profit and stability, but there are many such men in American business. Bourbons and other boneheads have always kept right on tricking, gouging, grabbing and oppressing until the tumbrel called to take them to the guillotine.

Meanwhile, the people can coöperate with intelligent business, can strengthen clean progressive business men in their policy of decency by spending prudently, by buying wisely, by insisting on full value. Only the fool buys lavishly, and without asking prices or looking round. Cash, carry and cut out the profiteer. Pass the word along when you find a man who is selling close, as volume will help him to sell even closer. Pass the word along when you find a man who is overcharging, as lack of volume will put him out of business. Even if you are a profiteer yourself do not let anyone profiteer on you. That will help some, and the public will attend to your case in due time. It can always take back good will.

No corporation is so big and so powerful that it can refuse an accounting of its stewardship to a united public or stand against its just wrath. Enforce practical profit sharing. Let the buyer beware and the seller be careful. Something has got to break, and that thing is prices. Deflated currency and inflated production will bring them down. Hard work, steady saving and close buying is the individual's part. Close buying, steady saving and hard work, plus some simple fundamental laws that will regulate and control the activities of organized labor and organized capital, is government's part. Only more foolish than the divine-right-of-kings delusion is the one that government is above the rules of conduct that bind the individual; or that it can succeed except by conforming to the principles that bring success in private business.

Nietzsche says that "a strong man can digest his sins." The German may, though we have reason to doubt it, but the American stomach is peculiarly susceptible to indigestion. Will Congress please pass the pepsin—and help itself first?

Guineapigging

CONSIDER the guineapig. He is cared for tenderly. All his demands are met, all his wishes are gratified. He has no need either to toil or to spin. It is true that the guineapig has more spots on him than any other creature of like size; it is true that he increases and multiplies with great rapidity. But at that point the guineapig's claims to distinction cease.

He cuts no lasting figure in events. Set him down in the wilderness and something gets him. He appears to have been devised expressly to prove that there is no safety in numbers and no cinch in loving care.

No one takes care of the lion. He lives on his enemies, and for that reason he is the king of beasts. Take away the lion's enemies, feed him from a spoon—and in time your lion will become a guineapig. No species thrives through having things fixed soft for it.

A gentleman with a large estate several times introduced numbers of English pheasants, which he surrounded with all modern appliances for comfort. But his pheasants walked into swamp cover, where the skunks smilingly awaited them. They roosted low in naked trees, and the owls joyously fell upon them. Something got them. Yet in the near-by fields the hardy native bobwhite more than held his own, though not provided with any cafeteria route. He had learned that it was wise to roost in the open, in a circle, eyes out all round; and when he went to roost, he did not walk, but he flew, breaking his trail so that no scent was left behind him. He worked out all these things unpampered, among his enemies, under the law of hardship, danger and survival.

A well-meaning fish commissioner charters a professional fisherman to catch the whitefish out of a Western river, in order to remove an enemy of the grayling. The two species had lived together for thousands of years, till man began to monkey with Nature. Result, a river almost barren of both whitefish and grayling.

The human species, in Nature's eyes, is no different from any other species. It survives through contest—continual, unceasing contest. The enemies of a species are its best friends. Give a young man a million dollars and nothing else, and you do not purchase success or survival for him. He begins to roost low. Something gets him.

For no species has Nature ever established any golden age free of responsibility and free of work. Neither does she ever contemplate any lump sums in easy survival. No combination of men, whether of one class or of another, can succeed en masse, merely because they are a mass; neither can the one or the other find safety in numbers, except in numbers of the right sort. A half dozen lions, casually joined in a game-stalking trust for one night, will pull down more meat than a million guineapigs, raised under glass, all collectively clamoring that they are downtrod.

Guineapig our oppressed laboring classes; give them all they want and all they will want to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, and the day after that; lap them in silk and feed them soft and tenderly entreat them; remove all their hardships and all their enemies; solve all their problems for them and encourage them to strike and strike again; teach them scorn of labor for more than five days in a week or five hours in a day or five minutes in an hour—and where does it all come out? Have you one whit bettered them? Not in the least. Upon the contrary you have ruined them and have wiped them out. Something gets them.

The imported laboring man, like the imported pheasant, is having it pretty soft for a time. Something will get him.

The Orator—"He is in Our Path. Let Us Brush Him Aside"

The wise laboring man and the wise labor leader is the one who knows the one safe way into the future. For every troubled laboring man of every class and we all are laboring men if we ever got anywhere or held anything we got, and we all are troubled to-day—there lies open and at hand the one remedy that has been proved by the centuries. Don't guineapig it. Be a man. Go to work.

We'll soon pay our war debt and we'll soon be happy again; business will soon be sound again—if everyone will go to work. This country needs labor. Also, labor needs this country. It is a good country. It was designed for men, not guineapigs. Signs do not lack that the men of this country are beginning to feel a trifle impatient.

OO, LÀ, LÀ!

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"Come on, Boys! Git Up! Come to Life There! To-Night's the Night, You Know, Professor. It's Your Treat"

A WONDERFUL thing, m'sieu, is the average American's love for his home town. It is all very well for the outside world to sneer, but the trait is the base upon which many sturdy virtues rest as upon a rock foundation. For what does Thoreau say?—"I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mold under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world."

Which recalls to mind a gentleman from Rhode Island, whom I encountered in Paris, resting his foot sadly on a brass rail.

"Yes," he conceded grudgingly, "it's a right pretty place. But gimme dear ol' Woonsocket every time." His eyes filled with tears; I pressed his hand.

And take the case of M'sieu Will Stuffle, or The Professor, as he came to be called.

His was not so much a love as a passion—but I will tell it all from the beginning.

We were sitting at a table in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens—a couple of American ladies whom we had met in Germany while they were giving entertainments for the Army of Occupation, M'sieu Joe Hicks and myself—basking in the soft sunshine as we idly watched the world go by. It was a mellow July day and our spirits responded jubilantly to Nature's mood and an ingeniously contrived cocktail whose official designation was Crawl-Out-on-Your-Knees. You know it, m'sieu? Next to the Machine-Gun Barrage, I consider this drink the most delectable to be had in France. Moreover, as my partner frequently took occasion to point out, there was no delayed fuse about it, but the action was immediate and satisfying.

"Well," exclaimed Guinevere suddenly, "just look what the cat's brought in! *Oo, là, là!*"

A gentleman was seating himself at the adjoining table—a medium-sized man of comfortable girth and complacent appearance; dressed in dark plain clothes and wearing broad flat shoes, a black-felt hat and a white satin four-in-hand tie.

"Oklahoma," declared my partner. But he was wrong. Hardly had he got oriented when our fellow countryman espied our uniforms and approached.

"Anybody here from Pansyville?" he inquired.

"What sector's that in?" demanded M'sieu Joe.

"It is back in Indiana—in God's country. Ever been there? The garden spot of America and the world, men."

We confessed that this Eden had escaped our notice up to date.

"Stuffle's my name, sir—Will Stuffle—Stuffle's Hardware Emporium. Everybody in Pansyville knows Will Stuffle. If any of you folks should ever drop by that way just ask for Will Stuffle and I'll be pleased to show you round."

There being no alternative we accepted the situation and introduced M'sieu Stuffle to our friends.

"Allow me to present you to Miss Guinevere Hallahan, star of the original Black Crook company, and our dimpled darling on the other side of the table—Miss Ernestine La Rue, who was featured in East Lynne when that production played six consecutive nights in Madison, Wisconsin. Professor Stuffle, ladies!

"And this is my side-kick, Henree Giraud, the champeen cat-heads mixer of the A. E. F. And now what'll it be? Pull up a chair, professor. How about a touch of high explosive?"

"I do not drink, sir."

"Then have a cigar—one of these here side-car smokes."

"Neither do I smoke, sir."

"Oh, I see! None of the smaller vices, hey?"

"Nor the larger, sir," added our new acquaintance sternly.

"Oh, gee! The party's on the blink now," murmured Mademoiselle Guinevere despairingly.

But my partner remained undaunted.

"Well, me and Henree ain't perfect yet, in spite of all Patsy and Jane've done, so if you have no objections we'll just try a li'l snort. Hey, *Kellner*—I mean *garçon*—four more of the same! Say, professor, if you've a mind for a nice soft drink I'd advise you to go up ag'in one of them Machine-Gun Barrages."

The other waved this invitation aside.

"Are you boys on leave?" he queried.

"I'll say so! Ain't we got all the symptoms? And what might your outfit be, professor? You belong to one of the congressional shock divisions?"

"No, sir, I am over here on a special mission to report on conditions in the Army with special reference to our boys' needs in the direction of uplift. As such ——"

"Zowie!" cried M'sieu Joe. "Another joy rider!" The ladies giggled.

"I must protest," the professor said sonorously, "against the obvious disparagement you intend to convey, sir. When you speak with levity of the unselfish labors of so many high-minded——"

"Oh, shucks! Tell that to a guy from Chicago. What's your poison?"

Thus urged, after some hesitation and thought, M'sieu Stuffle named a chocolate éclair as his poison.

"May I ask, sir," he inquired in a deep resonant voice, "if you are a married man?"

"What do you want to talk like that for?" retorted Mademoiselle La Rue with some heat. "Tryin' to crab the party! Yes, you are too! Don't you know there's been a moratorium declared on husbands?"

"Are you in earnest? Is that official?" I asked eagerly.

"It sure is!" she replied, patting her hair.

"Besides, all bets are off beyond the 3000-mile zone, professor," explained my partner. M'sieu Stuffle said nothing, but it was patent that he disapproved of us.

My partner went on, "You never can tell what a man'll do away from home. Can you, Henree?"

"And you never know how a man'll act with a woman," supplemented Mademoiselle Guinevere.

"Nor a woman with a man."

"Well, that's true too," she admitted reluctantly.

"I'm ag'in lettin' the women folk come over here to Europe for at least a year," continued my partner with emphasis. "Yes, sir! The Gover'ment shouldn't ought to give 'em passports. It ain't fair to the gallant men who've fought so hard for the liberty of mankind and Czechoslovakia. I shudder to think of what'd happen if all the wives and sweethearts should blow into Paree. *Oo, là, là!* The brain reels at the thought."

"You said a mouthful then," remarked Mademoiselle La Rue.

"*Ah, oui!* Us married men've got to stick together, professor. Yes, sir-ree. Think of the ruckus that'd be raised if one bird couldn't depend on another to keep his mouth shut like a gen'l'man. What I aim to do when I find the time is organize a League of Silence.

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

"Good as Campbell's Soups!"

This is the verdict of the American housewife. To her, Campbell's spells Quality. She expects and gets in Campbell's Beans the same standard of excellence that for half a century has made Campbell's a household word for good food. The beans are the finest that nature produces. Slow-cooked, digestible, nutritious. And flavored with Campbell's famous tomato sauce!

One size 15c a Can One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"Boy howdy! Often of nights, when I fall to thinkin' about what'd happen to some of my friends if they was to walk five blocks in Paree by the side of their loved ones, I just naturally break out into a cold sweat and wake up in the mornin' with a ragin' fever. It's the obsolete truth."

Of course he was joking, m'sieu. For there are many quiet streets in Paris where one could walk five blocks without meeting a soul.

"Just picture it!" cried Mademoiselle Guinevere, stirred to animation by the idea. "A staid couple walking placidly along the boulevard. Friend wife stops to stare into a shop window; hubby waits for her near the curb with that sublime patience which you've got to be close to him to hear. Suddenly a figure darts from the passing throngs—get this, Henree!—a slight, winsome, girlish form it is.

"She seizes the unsuspecting husband's arm. She squeezes it—like this, Joe. And she proclaims her joy at meeting him again with all the adorable bubbling enthusiasm of her fresh innocent young nature. *Ah, oui!* She grabs his arm and cries—'Oo, my baby boy! When you come to Paris, Henree? Hein? Why you not write to me? Bad, bad, naughty Henree! You buy me a drink now. Yes? No?'

"At this supreme moment the perfect-forty-two partner of his sorrows and mourner at his joys turns from a blameless study of some bead bags in a window. She is sore at a boost in the prices, but she forgets all that in two shakes. For there, right in front of her very eyes a vamp is trying to run off with her man. Oh, wouldn't I love to see it?"

M'sieu Hicks leaned back and laughed uproariously. As for me, I could not find the heart to join in the merriment. For reflect, my friend: How could the unfortunate gentleman explain it? I ask you. What explanation of this deplorable mistake of identity could he offer with any hope of success?

You will agree with me, I know, that such a situation would be embarrassing to a degree.

Would she believe him? I regret to say that I fear she would not. His every passionate denial—all his detailed explanations trailing off to muttered incoherencies—would avail him naught. *Mais non;* he would be done for—cooked—*fini.*

Do you wonder then that I am in sympathy with my partner's suggestion? For I would fain save our wives the pain of such misunderstandings.

"What's the matter, Henree?" demanded my partner. "You look like you smell gas and couldn't locate it."

"Nothing, nothing! I was merely thinking."

"Well, don't let it occur ag'in. Paree is no place for that. It was meant for somethin' different. I tell you, I don't know a place in the whole world where you could ruin your health so agreeable as right here."

"You rung the bell that time, buddy," observed Mademoiselle La Rue.

Meanwhile Professor Stuffle was eating chocolate éclairs. He ate them with prodigious zest and enjoyment. Never have I seen a man so intrigued with confections.

"That's his ninth," whispered Mademoiselle Guinevere in alarm. "For the love of Pete! Say, professor, I don't want to spoil your day, but speaking as man to man, don't you reckon you've had about enough of them things? I had a cousin who et twelve once—and they found he'd let his insurance lapse."

"I suffer no inconvenience," was the placid reply, and he helped himself to another.

Up to now The Professor had been too preoccupied with his appetite to take much part in the conversation, but the edge having been taken off he proceeded to regale us with an account of the attractions of his home town. It might not possess the architectural beauties of more cosmopolitan centers such as Paris and Rome possibly, but as for him, give him the simpler, truer, nobler life. He had been in France only three days, but he wished he was back there right now in dear old Pansyville—he was that lonely.

"Maybe so," agreed M'sieu Joe. "But you don't see nothin' like that in your burg. *Regardez!*"

Indeed they were delicious. Though it is my wont to be carefully unobservant of such things, because Madame Giraud is inclined to be a trifle alert, still I could not but perceive that my partner's judgment was sound. None but a blind man could have been indifferent to such charms in fact, yet this Stuffle person discerned nothing more in the spectacle than an opportunity for a diatribe against the short skirt and other snares of our age. *Mon dieu,* it was irritating, for from that he digressed to the pitfalls that Paris held for incautious feet, and the terrible ways of women in general.

What wickedness he found in everything, did this M'sieu Stuffle! Evils we had never suspected he unearthed! I verily believe he would have draped the Venus de Milo in the Louvre could he have had his way. In vain did we try to steer the conversation into other channels. The Professor had his mind set on vice and could not be diverted into a cheerier vein. He plunged into a recital of things he had heard about French morals, which it certainly did us no good to hear, nor benefited him in the telling.

"Oh, you wicked old thing!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Guinevere. "I wouldn't have a mind like yours for anything."

"Dad gum! You're a sin killer sure enough, ain't you?" cried my partner. "Did you ever notice, Henree, how professional reformers think more about naughty gals than us birds who ain't got any morals a-tall, you might say? 'Pears like they got 'em on the brain. What do you let 'em worry you for, ol'-timer? It ain't healthy."

This unexpected view of his attitude gave M'sieu Stuffle pause.

He betrayed some confusion, and to cover it ordered more chocolate éclairs.

"Here's where we git rid of this bird," suggested my partner in an aside.

"But how?"

"Leave it to me! Well, boys and girls, what's it going to be? The professor wants to buy a drink," he abruptly announced.

M'sieu Stuffle's emotion was painful to witness. He turned red and started to protest; then thought better of it and consulted his watch. Finally he blurted out that he would just have time to get to the bank before it closed, and fairly bolted down the street.

As for us, we drove the young ladies to their hotel, for they had a performance on that night, and then debated what to do next.

"First," said M'sieu Hicks as we went along, "we've got to git shet of these uniforms. We're at a disadvantage. Any guy can place us with one look; any guy seems to think he's got the right to come up and brace you when you're nothin' but a buck private. Besides, what'd happen if we tried to bust into one of these here gilded gin palaces? They'd call the bouncer or a gold brick. Officers Only! It's got my goat, I tell you! *Ah, oui!*"

"True! And to have more freedom of action we ought to change our lodgings."

My partner assented.

"Let's send for the burgermeister of this burg and tell him we want a good billet toot sweet," he suggested. "And if he don't come across we'll clap a fine on him."

I hastily pointed out that dealing with the governor of Paris was quite a different matter from dealing with the mayor of a German village, and M'sieu Hicks admitted that my contention seemed reasonable. We repaired to a

(Continued on Page 67)

Ah, M'sieu, What a City is Paris! Unbridled Gayety, Laughter, Never a Thought of To-Morrow's Reckoning. Adventures Everywhere; They Come to You Unsought

Lackawanna Railroad Bridge
Hudson River, New York

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Evidently, people regarded the wonderful records of Republic Tires literally as a pledge of Grande Cord performance.

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

THE CROSS PULL

XIII

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

MORAN sat on a ledge of the rim rocks above the cañon viewing the country with his glasses. Flash appeared suddenly, coming up through a break in the rims. He lingered near Moran for a few minutes, then started back as suddenly as he had come. With his forefeet over the edge he paused and looked back over his shoulder at Moran.

"This trying to keep in touch with both of us will wear you to a shadow," laughed Moran. In less than an hour Flash had made four trips between the cabin and the rims. "Bring her back with you this trip," said Moran. "She promised to join us up here, Flash."

Half an hour later Flash reappeared, this time followed by the girl.

Moran led the way to a little projection of the cliff, a tiny promontory jutting out over the void of the cañon. A rolling jumble of hills and valleys spread out before them; dense spruce slopes and sidehill parks, bald ridges and wind-swept peaks. Far down in the stream beds each tiny meadow was framed as a picture by the fringe of trees that ringed it in, the pale-green aspens shimmering through the deeper green of the pines. A few hundred yards behind them mighty cliffs towered up above the timber line at the base of the Wapiti Divide.

Flash was satisfied at last. These two were once more together. He lay flat, his head between his paws, and peered off into the distance. Each movement that caught his eye roused his immediate interest and he raised his head, regarding it intently.

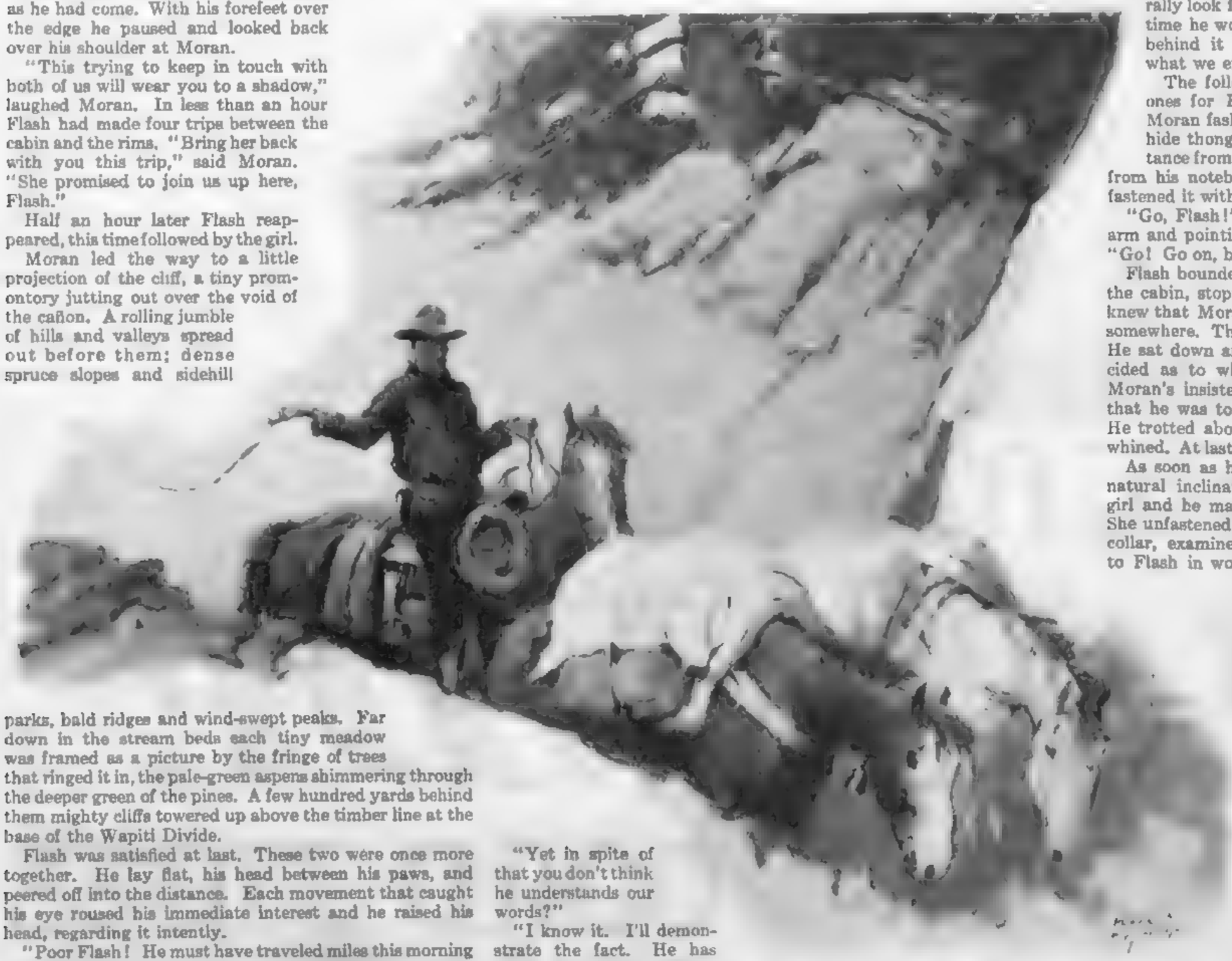
"Poor Flash! He must have traveled miles this morning trying to keep in touch with both of us at the same time," said Betty, leaning to run her fingers through his hair. "Look at his eyes! They're positively human in their intelligence. I believe he knows every word we say. Don't you, Flash?" When she spoke his name Flash wagged his tail. "See!" she cried. "That proves it."

Moran smiled and shook his head.

"You make the common error of going to extremes," he said. "Men either consider that animals have no intelligence at all or credit them with too much. Flash does not understand one word except those sounds which from repetition he has come to associate with certain things. You probably do not understand Siwash or Chinese, yet that is no slur on your intelligence. By the same token it doesn't mean that Flash lacks intelligence because he has only the most limited understanding of what we say. On the contrary I believe him to be the very smartest animal I have ever known."

"So do I," she said. "But you have such an analytical mind that you probably know the cause as well as the fact. Tell me."

"His coyote brain," said Moran. "The coyote is the smartest animal alive, but men have not yet fully wakened to that fact. Men usually get their facts reversed, so it's not strange that they speak knowingly of the cowardly coyote while in reality he's one of the nerviest little rascals that ever breathed. Men can't exterminate them. There are more now than there were ten years ago. They're adaptable. The coyote was once strictly a prairie dweller, but he has increased his range to cover all these Western hills, north to British Columbia and east to Michigan. In a few years' time we'll hear of him ranging in the New England States and beyond the Arctic Circle. Remember that and see how my prophecy works out. Brains have enabled him to increase in the face of conditions which have put a value on his pelt and a price on his head. Flash has that brain."



There Sounded the Thud of Hoofs and the Jangle of Equipment as Dad Kinney's Pack Train Came Swinging Up the Trail

"Yet in spite of that you don't think he understands our words?"

"I know it. I'll demonstrate the fact. He has heard me call you Betty a dozen times to-day, yet the repetition has been insufficient to cause him to connect that sound with you any more than any other word which I use frequently in speaking to you. On the other hand he does associate the word Moran with me. I'll show you."

He spoke to the dog and Flash looked up at him. Moran spoke the girl's name over and over again. Flash gazed at him, puzzled by this reiteration of the same sound. He inclined his head from side to side, his ears tipped forward alertly as he tried to understand. His attention was entirely centered on Moran and he never once looked at the girl.

"Now you try it," Moran instructed.

She spoke to Flash and as she talked he accorded her the same close attention with which he had favored Moran. Then she spoke Moran's name twice and Flash turned instantly and looked at him.

"It's true!" she cried. "You know so many queer things like that."

"He is physically incapable of speaking the words of men, and that renders him mentally incapable of understanding man's vocabulary except from repetition and association; but he can read tone inflection and know the spirit behind the words. However, he is intelligent enough to learn any trick or work within his physical limitations. Each lesson would have to start from some basic fact which he already knows and be gradually developed from that. For example, we could easily train him to be a liaison courier and to carry messages between us."

"How?" she asked. "Please show me."

"Starting from these few facts: He knows the word 'go' coupled with this motion—the outward swing of my arm. I taught him that in handling horses and cows. His present natural inclination is to travel back and forth between us. We would make use of that. At first he would not know where to go, but he would know that I was sending him away. From habit he would return to you. You could send him back to me by coupling the same words and motions with my name. Aside from the fact that he knows my name, he would naturally look for me anyhow. In a short time he would see a definite purpose behind it all and soon understand what we expected of him."

The following few days were busy ones for Flash. The next morning Moran fashioned a collar from an elk-hide thong and took Flash some distance from the cabin. He rolled a leaf from his notebook round the thong and fastened it with a pin.

"Go, Flash!" he ordered, swinging his arm and pointing back toward the cabin. "Go! Go on, boy! Take it back to her!"

Flash bounded away in the direction of the cabin, stopped and looked back. He knew that Moran was ordering him to go somewhere. There were no horses or cows. He sat down and watched Moran, undecided as to what was expected of him. Moran's insistent command assured him that he was to go. He knew that word. He trotted about in eccentric circles and whined. At last he started off.

As soon as he lost sight of Moran his natural inclination was to return to the girl and he made straight for the cabin. She unfastened the slip of paper from the collar, examined it at length and spoke to Flash in words of praise, according to Moran's instructions. Then she once more fastened the paper to his collar and pointed off in the general direction taken by Moran.

"Go, boy!" she urged. "Go! Moran! Moran! Take it to Moran, Flash! Go!"

Flash knew that she was sending him away. He knew that she spoke of Moran, but his mind was still hazy as to just what was wanted of him. Once more he merely followed his natural inclination and returned to Moran.

Each time this was repeated they unfastened the paper the instant he arrived at either end, examining it and praising Flash, at the same time holding the note out for him to inspect. After a few trips he knew what was expected of him—traveled between them with the certain knowledge that this was what was meant by their commands. However, the reason for this was not so clear to him as the mere fact itself. At last the light began to dawn—slowly at first, then with a sudden full realization of the truth. This from constant repetition of one thing! The paper was each time held out for him to sniff. At first it meant nothing to him. Then in a vague way he came to know that it concerned these trips. When either Betty or Moran picked up a slip of paper Flash was instantly alert, knowing he was soon to be started out. He sensed that men had means of communication which were beyond his comprehension. This paper was a message—an understanding between these two delivered through him as a medium.

He had no conception whatever of the written word. When the paper was held out to him he invariably tested with nose instead of eyes. His most dependable sense was that of smell. There must be some scent to this paper by which these two read its significance. For a time he sniffed longingly at each paper, but its scent told him nothing and at last he gave it up. His was not the mind of man—the mind which ever strives to fathom the very things that smack of mystery. There was no particle of use to excite himself over what he knew to be beyond his understanding. He was content to carry this thing because they willed it so.

The little nose of the cañon wall, which Moran had picked that first morning, afforded a wonderful outlook over a wide expanse of country and the girl spent much time there with him.

(Continued on Page 36)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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Make a hit not only with regular Styleplus wearers, but with men who have been buying quality, regardless of price.

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The label proves the quality and the sleeve ticket tells the price. Buy liberally. Conditions will send all clothing prices higher next season.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
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The big name in clothes

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$35-$40-$45-$50

And a limited assortment at $30

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 34)

Flash knew that a change had come into the relations of these two. That first strangeness had been swept away. He sensed a new sweet current in its place, felt its growth from day to day. He read it in their voices; caught vibrations of which they themselves were unaware.

Life was now bright for Flash. The two extremes in him were satisfied. These two whom he worshiped were together and he could revel in the combined love of both. When that other urge came, when the wolf strain rose rampant and uppermost, he ran with the phantom pack and killed—killed joyously and with no fear of hard-running horses on his trail.

Moran partially understood the conflict of inherited instincts which swayed Flash's every move. As nearly as possible he explained all this to the girl.

"Every action has two sides for him," he told her. "There's a cross pull exerted on every act of his life—the opposite longings of dog and wolf. He has struck the strangest compromise I've ever known. Instead of being a mixture at all times like most crosses of his kind he swings like a pendulum from wild to tame. It is as if the warring strains in Flash had never fused; that he is two distinct animals in one—two spirits that alternate in their rule over the same flesh—one gentle and loving, the other ruthless and savage in the extreme. Do you get what I mean?"

"Yes, it's true," she said. "He's the most loving, most faithful dog I ever knew. That lobo howl he gives when he goes off alone and reverts to the wolf—it's the most savage sound in the world—it fairly drips with death. Those two strains you speak of—instead of flowing in a dull blend each has been strengthened, sharpened by the clash until each extreme has built up a powerful individuality of its own."

"There!" said Moran. "You've analyzed it. Those words are a complete summing up of the soul of Flash—at least as far as mortal mind is capable of understanding the soul of a dog."

Moran handed his glasses to the girl.

"I won't be gone long," he said. "I'm going after something I want you to see. I've had my eye on it for days."

Flash followed him down the game trail into the cañon. Moran stooped occasionally and picked up something which he dropped into his hat. He had long since killed an elk for meat and brought the slender store of canned goods from his cache, but she had craved something fresh—and he was gathering the first of the delicious wild strawberries of the season. Flash scoured the adjacent slopes.

An hour later Moran stopped at the cabin. He washed the tiny red berries in the icy spring and placed them in a tin dish. A can of condensed cream, the one chief treasure of his cache, he slipped into his pocket as he started for the rims. Halfway up Flash joined him, a small striped animal dangling limply from his jaws. He carried it to the point of rocks and deposited it gravely beside the girl.

"Flash, you old sweetheart!" she laughed. "How like a man you are! You woo me with delicacies from the hills as a man would with chocolates, dinners and wine. It's the male instinct to feed the she he loves."

She glanced up and saw Moran. He too had brought her food, and for one brief instant she could not meet his eyes, but looked off across the hills, wondering if he had heard. Then she turned and stretched forth her hand.

"Oh! Give them to me!" she said. "I'm starved for something fresh."

She ate them slowly, lingeringly, and thanked him with each bite. Moran had heard! That note which Flash had so long since detected in his voice was no longer an undertone, but was now so apparent in each word he spoke that the girl could read it and know what it held out to her. She thrilled to it, craved its full expression—and knew that it could never be fulfilled.

They spoke but little. Dusk settled down round them. A soft violet haze drifted across the hills, shaded to purple, and the deeper valleys swam in obscurity below them while the sun still glinted brilliantly from the snow caps of far-off divides. The girl's heart was touched with the shadows, while Moran's was alight with the sparkling reflection from the peaks. At last all was night except one gleaming spot—the blaze of snow on the most lofty point in the Sunlight Peaks.

Then Moran turned and held her close in his arms. She stayed there, clung to him for a long minute. As the last light faded from the distant point she drew away.

"Maybe it was wrong," she said. "But I'm only human. Right or wrong—I had to have my one minute with you. Besides, I wanted you to know. You would rather know it that way—once—even though we can't go on with it. I've made one big unutterable mistake—the worst a girl can make."

Moran attempted to speak, but she shook her head.

"It meant everything at the time. It means a great deal now; enough so that I'd do almost anything—but not the thing I did. I couldn't since this has come to me. Some day I'll tell you what it is—sometime soon, before you go. You're so understanding with animals, so tolerant of their faults, that you may find some extenuation for me."

"Whatever you have done won't matter a straw," he said. "I don't even care to know what it is. You're mine by every natural law. And I want you—now!"

"Not now," she said. "Sometime perhaps. I can't tell—only hope. But if that time ever comes I promise to send for you. Will you be satisfied with that?"

"For now," he assented, "but not for long. The one big outstanding fact is that we belong. Nothing, absolutely not one thing that I can think of can stand for long against that fact. It's a natural law—the most compelling law of Nature. If there is any man-made convention which says it is wrong we'll shatter it."

He swept her to him, held her close, and kissed her again. The lobo cry rolled up out of the valley below, swept past them and clanged against the cliff face behind—savage, powerful, exultant.

Moran released her and stepped back.

"I won't do that again, but I wanted you to be sure. You heard that cry. I've never had a mate. I've waited long years for the right one. You've given me your love. That's all that matters to me. I've lived so long alone among wild things that perhaps I've absorbed some of their philosophy of life. I'll keep that love you've given me. Not one drop shall go to another man until you will it. If there's no other way to keep it for ourselves I'll keep it as the beast that made that cry would keep it—as Flash would keep his mate!"

XIV

A MAN may learn to stalk and study one animal and then hopelessly bungle the matter when he tries to approach the next, because he is prone to attribute the

(Continued on Page 38)

Flash Stood Bristling, Backing Inch by Inch, Impelled Against His Will by the Stern Insistence of His Master's Voice

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

NOTHING but neglect can impair the beautiful riding quality of the Cadillac.

In principle and in manufacturing practice, it is too certain, too positive, too well established, to develop eccentricities of performance.

The vast majority of owners enjoy the same unvarying comfort every day of their ownership.

How true this is, is strikingly evidenced at the great resorts visited by tourists from all parts of America.

Cadillac after Cadillac rolls in, day after day—each one conspicuous by reason of its splendid performance, and yet each one like every other.

Where there is even a slight variation, it is through lack of care, and usually a few moments' attention corrects it.

Hundreds, and even thousands, of miles they come, these Cadillacs—each owner with the same story of continuous and unalloyed comfort and satisfaction.

That story is repeated wherever the Cadillac is sold, and that is the secret of its wonderful and ever growing popularity.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICH

(Continued from Page 36)

same qualities to all. Nature has endowed each species with some peculiarity of its own—some method of protection for itself and young. Both Moran and Flash had learned these things and Moran had told Betty many strange problems which Nature has worked out—things about which few men know the truth.

She lay flat on her favorite point of rocks thinking of what had transpired there the night before. She frequently rested her elbows on the ledge and swept the far hills with Moran's glasses, examining each slope and open park for signs of game. From all those things Moran had told her she now had a keener, more intelligent interest in the animal world. Little ways and habits of each species, formerly meaningless, now carried a greater significance in the light of this new knowledge.

She saw a bunch of cow elk feeding along the edge of an opening in the spruce. She no longer wondered why there was not a single calf with so large a band of cows. She knew that the calves were lying motionless far back in the timber. This was one of the curious things Moran had told her.

For a calf elk gives off no scent. The coyote, the keenest-nosed animal of all the wild, will pass a few feet down wind from a newborn calf and never know; and a coyote can scent a mouse for a hundred yards down wind!

When moving, the lamb of the mountain sheep looms up whitely against the green meadows of his lofty home above timber line, but when the old ewe leaves her offspring she caches him with an eye for details. Even the piercing eye of the circling eagle cannot pick the motionless sleeping lamb from among the white rocks of a bowlder field.

The sun dapples down spottedly through the leaves of the trees and mingles with the spotted coat of the blacktail fawn. In later life this changes with the deer.

Bucks travel much during that season which white men have named Indian Summer and which the Indians know as the season of the Short Blue Moon. A bluish haze hangs in the hills; the sagebrush on the open slopes between the trees takes on a blue-gray tinge—and the new fall coat of the blacktail blends in with the color scheme.

Each animal has some one sense more highly developed than the rest and on this one supersense he mainly relies.

The antelope of the open plains has only fair nose and ears, but wonderful all-seeing eyes. The white hairs on an antelope's rump are stiff and this white patch bristles, each hair standing out, when the animal is alarmed. The sun flashes on this sparkling white field and in a few brief moments every antelope within many miles is made aware that there is danger abroad on the plains from these signals flashed from band to band.

Elk, whose range is both in the timber and on broken slopes which seldom afford a clear field of view, find less use for their eyes. Their vision is very good, but not exceptional. It is an even break whether nose or ears first warn them of approaching enemies.

The bear lives more in the down-timbered gorges and gloomy pockets of the hills. He has nearsighted eyes. If a man stands motionless it is difficult for a bear to distinguish man from stump. He may hear a sound which warns him—but if he catches one least whiff of scent he knows!

Out above the timber line the mountain sheep heds down upon some dizzy pinnacle, sweeps the hills with his telescopic eye and defies his enemies to approach unseen. Scent seems to mean little to him, and sound evidently means nothing at all. Some men claim that the constant falling of storm-loosened rocks among his native peaks has rendered him careless of sound, that each noise is attributed to the clatter of a rolling stone. Others assert that the battering, smashing fights between ram and ram in the running moon shatter the ear-drums and deafen them. Either may be true. The fact remains that the hearing of ewes is better than that of rams.

The girl thought of these things as she located each new kind with the glasses. She saw Flash staring steadily at the face of the cliff behind. Three rams were moving along the sheer wall. It seemed impossible that even a lizard could cling to it. Not even a wolf, lithe and active as he is, can follow the bighorn sheep and it is a question whether even the mountain lion can keep in sight of him at all times. A ram's hind feet are sharp, his front feet larger, each forefoot fitted with two oval, non-skid pads. He can jump ten feet along the sheer face of a cliff and land safely on a projecting nose of rock no larger than a foot across. In this way he tacks fearlessly from ledge to ledge along the dizzy wall of any precipice.

Betty studied these three rams with even more interest than any other animals she had seen. Moran had told her that they were his favorites of all horned game.

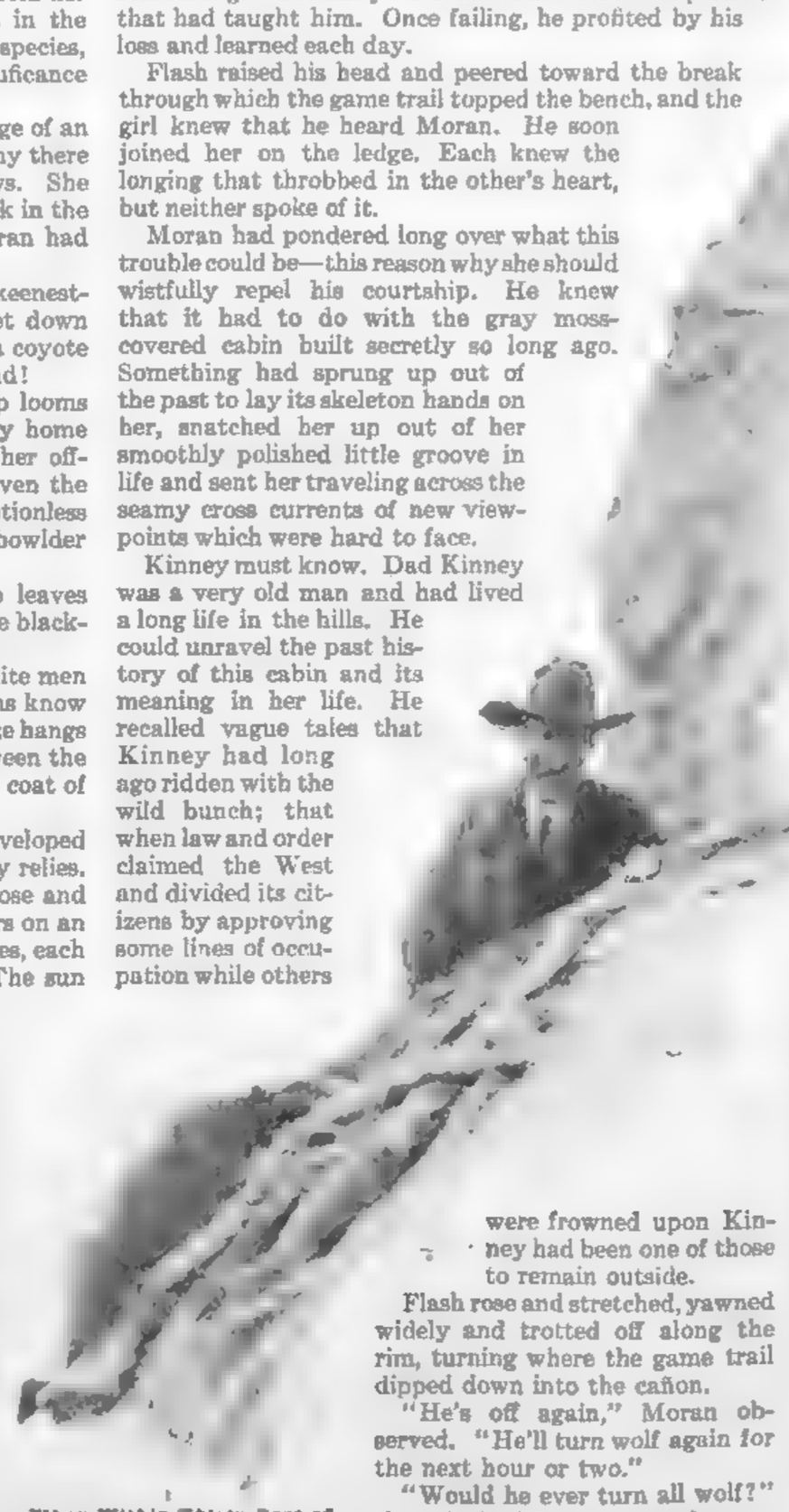
Flash knew all these things; knew that those rams were safe from him—temporarily safe at least. When he stalked his meat he was well aware of the individual abilities of his prey. He would move upwind on an elk, crouching motionless when it looked his way, knowing he might escape its sight, but that he could never remain undetected for one instant if the wind carried his scent to it. When he stalked a sheep he paid less heed to the wind, crossed rock slides without care for the stones his feet dislodged, but centered his attention wholly upon avoiding those never-failing eyes until he could come between his prey and some impossible cliff.

These things he knew from observation, from stern experience, not from that broad term instinct under which men are so likely to lump all animal knowledge and dismiss it as a settled fact. True, he had instinctive knowledge of some things—not many—but in the main it was experience that had taught him. Once failing, he profited by his loss and learned each day.

Flash raised his head and peered toward the break through which the game trail topped the bench, and the girl knew that he heard Moran. He soon joined her on the ledge. Each knew the longing that throbbed in the other's heart, but neither spoke of it.

Moran had pondered long over what this trouble could be—this reason why she should wistfully repel his courtship. He knew that it had to do with the gray moss-covered cabin built secretly so long ago. Something had sprung up out of the past to lay its skeleton hands on her, snatched her up out of her smoothly polished little groove in life and sent her traveling across the seamy cross currents of new viewpoints which were hard to face.

Kinney must know. Dad Kinney was a very old man and had lived a long life in the hills. He could unravel the past history of this cabin and its meaning in her life. He recalled vague tales that Kinney had long ago ridden with the wild bunch; that when law and order claimed the West and divided its citizens by approving some lines of occupation while others were frowned upon Kinney had been one of those to remain outside.



When Within Thirty Feet of the Girl the Man Knelt Behind a Waist-High Mass of Fallen Lodge-Pole Trunks

Flash rose and stretched, yawned widely and trotted off along the rim, turning where the game trail dipped down into the cañon.

"He's off again," Moran observed. "He'll turn wolf again for the next hour or two."

"Would he ever turn all wolf?" she asked. "Leave us and never come back?"

"Not unless he lost us," said Moran. "Then he would. The hold most men have on him is small. He might even leave us for a while in midwinter, the mating time of wolves. It's hard to say."

She turned the glasses on the lower country to search for Flash. Through an opening of the trees she could see the sheen of water, a beaver pond where a colony of them had dammed a stream until the water backed up and flooded a thicket of willows and birch. She saw the ripple as one moved across the pond and she watched him climb out upon the dam. A porcupine waddled across an open park. Then Flash came into the field of her glasses, creeping stealthily across a meadow, his belly close to the grass. He made a sudden mighty leap, then clawed frantically at the ground. Several times he repeated this maneuver.

"Look! Can you see him?" she asked. "What in the world is he doing now?"

"Trying to catch a picket-pin for you," said Moran.

"Picket-pin?" she inquired. "And who is he—this pin?"

"You've seen them," Moran explained. "Those slender little ground squirrels. They balance on their hind feet, standing motionless until they look like a stake an inch through and six inches long. It's hard to distinguish them from the stakes men drive to picket their night horses, then move on and leave them behind, sticking up out of the grass. They're called picket-pin gophers out here, from the fact that each newcomer finds it hard to relinquish the notion that he can walk up and tie his horse to one."

"You tell me so many strange things that I sometimes wonder," she accused.

"It's gospel," he assured her. "There are so many queer truths in Nature that I couldn't begin to think up fabrications to compete with them. Besides, I want you to know things as they really are."

Flash came back without his prey. These little squirrels were hard to catch; had an exasperating way of vanishing in their holes at the very instant his jaws were but a foot from them, then chattering and scolding from beneath his very nose. He sprawled contentedly on the rock and dozed. Even in his sleep the significance of each sound penetrated his consciousness. The hum of their conversation did not disturb him. A red squirrel broke into a voluble chatter in a tree below the rim. One eye flickered open for an instant; closed again. A wheeling hawk screamed harshly overhead and drew only a twitching of one ear. Then he was suddenly alert, standing erect on the edge of the cañon wall, his hair bristling, a low snarl in his throat as he looked off across the hills. From far away there had sounded the faint report of a rifle. He knew that this meant the presence of men. His thoughts were whirled back to those who lived at Two Ocean Pass; those who had only once appeared near here, and who once had tried to harm the girl.

"I wonder who that could have been?" said Moran. "Evidently someone killing meat. I hardly think Kinney could cross through Rampart Pass with horses for a few more days. Besides, that was too far down the country for him. He'd have camped almost even with us. Harmon expected to come in from the other way. They have delegated him to pick the most feasible route for a forest-service pack trail from the gap straight through to the lake and blaze a string of game trails that link up clear through. Sunlight Gap should be nearly free of snow by now, so perhaps he has come in. To-morrow I'll go down that way and see."

"You mustn't go," she said. "What do we care who it is?"

She had not told him of the men she had stumbled across that night, the men who would have taken her but for Flash. She had feared that if Moran knew of this he would insist on taking her out of these hills at once. She had thought of what awaited her back there—and decided to stay in the hills. She had thought that those men had gone, unable to find her hiding place, and that they were probably hundreds of miles away. This shot indicated that they might still be in the hills. She could not risk a meeting between them and Moran.

"Don't try to find out who it was," she urged. "It might turn out to be some stranger—not Harmon or Kinney at all."

"It wouldn't matter," he said. "Any man in the hills would be glad to give me a part of his food supply. A little variety wouldn't be a bad thing for us."

"I have a perfectly good reason to think that shot came from someone I don't want you to meet," she insisted. "Let's go back to the cabin and I'll tell you what it is."

Flash did not follow them down the trail. He stayed on the rim, trotting from one point of vantage to the next, peering across the hills for some sign of the man who had fired the shot.

XV

WHEN Flash returned to the cabin he did not go in and sprawl before the fire as was his custom. Instead he remained outside, watchful and alert. He tilted his ears to catch all sounds and his nose quivered eagerly as he sampled each shift of wind under the trees. Twice he trotted down to the game trail and followed it a few hundred yards downstream. He wanted to know the meaning of that shot; to be sure of the exact location of the man who had fired it. He was well aware that as long as daylight lasted he was handicapped. He could, of course, view a party at long range; sometimes in favorable cover he could approach unseen, but such observations were highly unsatisfactory. Besides, there was always an element of danger in this daylight scouting, the odds heavily against him, and he was far too smart to take such chances often.

"Flash knows that some man is within a few miles of us," said Moran. "That shot has worried him. He'll start off to investigate before long." He called Flash inside and closed the door. "Just to keep him out of trouble," he explained.

Flash read his purpose and whined uneasily, scratching at the door. He prowled along the wall, shoving his nose against the cracks where the chinking had dropped from between the logs as he tried to scent the outside world.

Moran had made use of a convenient arrangement of windfall logs some fifty yards from the cabin, thatching

(Continued on Page 40)

These Five:

La Tosca (Puccini) "E lucevan le stelle" (The Stars Were Shining) — Size 12 — 54032

TITO SCHIPA

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the sloping top with spruce bows and spreading over them the hide of the elk he had killed. An hour after dark he unrolled his blankets in this retreat and lay smoking his pipe and pondering over what the girl had told him. The fact of the men having been in this high country so early in the spring indicated that they might have wintered here. If this was the case they might even now be lingering in the hills—some band of hunted fugitives.

Inside the cabin Flash was waiting. At last the regular breathing of the girl announced to him that she slept. He reared up, placing his forepaws against the wall beside the door. The latch was but a beam, one end working on a wooden pivot and the other fitting down into a slot notched in the wall. Flash lifted the bar with his teeth and gave a backward wrench. The door gave toward him and the clatter of the heavy beam roused the girl.

"Flash!" she called.

But Flash was gone. He was gliding down the slope, a gray shadow slipping through the trees. Without a pause he made straight for the spot where the men had camped on that other night. The vivid memory of the fight in the dripping fog was fresh in his mind and led him to that place as a starting point because he associated it with men.

He circled it swiftly. There was no taint of man. He rambled on, nose uplifted to catch the side currents of air that blew in from each opening gulch. Tiny streams trickled from the larger of these draws; a second creek forged in and the two plunged on together to the Thoroughfare. Still he held to the bottoms until he knew that he was too far west.

A creek flowed in from the south and he turned and followed it upstream. It forked and he chose the eastern branch and eventually came out upon a ridge.

Below him lay another valley, a feather-veined network of streams. The ridge on which he stood swept away, stretching up to the parent divide, myriad cañon heads dropping away from it. Five miles along it, one among hundreds, the cañon which sheltered the cabin headed against this same ridge.

Flash knew the habits of men. They would be camped in the valley below along some one of the stream beds. It was not their custom to camp on ridges or away from water. He stopped, undecided whether to drop down and continue his hunt or to follow the ridge back to the cabin. His was not the mind of man, the mind which reasons out a plan of action and follows it tenaciously to the end; therefore he did not have the continuity of purpose that is solely the heritage of man. Only along certain lines, the few great natural laws that sway the flesh, was he capable of long-sustained concentration. When hunger pressed him he hunted tirelessly for food. When in danger his mind was wholly concerned with escaping it. In the mating moon of his tribe he would listen to its call, the urge of the season keeping ever uppermost in his mind as he searched for a she-wolf with whom to mate; and always there was running like a guiding thread through all other thoughts his great love for Betty and Moran. Every animal act hinges directly upon the first three fundamentals—food to maintain life, caution to retain life, and mating of the sexes to reproduce and perpetuate life. Analysis of any one move will prove it to be actuated by one of these dominating three—that the animal mind does not soar above these primary elements. Added to these, the dog alone of all beasts is given a fourth—his faithful, unwavering allegiance to man.

In all other things Flash was one with all animals—and the majority of men—in that only those things of immediate concern could hold his undivided interest for long: other issues would creep in to detract from the first, to share or overshadow the importance of the original design.

So it was with this. His desire to be near Betty and Moran now seemed paramount. He set off along the ridge toward the cabin, the idea that had urged him from it was still in his mind, but was now relegated to a place of minor importance.

If the men were camped in the opposite valley they were too distant to mean harm to-night. To-morrow could invariably be taken care of when it came. He wanted to be with Moran and the girl right now!

Nevertheless, in following out this latest impulse he achieved the first. He found the trail. Five horses had angled from a cañon and topped the ridge, turning up the country along its crest. Flash followed this trail swiftly. It was warm scarce an hour old.

When within half a mile of the game trail that led down to his own destination he caught a faint trace of man scent and knew that the men had dismounted. He knew, too, that they had moved on. Any dog can tell the trail scent or the odor left behind by men from the actual body scent itself. Flash sped to the spot, using no caution in his approach.

The two men had lingered for some time, one of them leaning against a single gnarled tree which stood on the ridge Flash bristled and snarled as he neared it Old half-dormant hates welled up within him. Flash had lately found all men to be his enemies, and he hated and feared them as a whole without singling out each latest individual who sought his life. That was the wolf in him—the attitude of all wolves toward all men. These hates that now bubbled up in him came from back beyond the days of his running wild in the hills; from the days when he had been more dog than wolf and had formed an individual estimate of each man as he met him.

In those days of his impressionable puppyhood only one man had continuously mistreated him. That man had come to typify all that was mean in the human race and upon him was concentrated the hate roused by the deeds of the many. This had long been passive, but it was there and it flamed with the old intensity at this trace of his old enemy.

The scent came strong and it was clearly, unmistakably that of Brent.

The two men had separated and there was no continuation of Brent's trail. The horses had turned down a cañon that was next to the one which sheltered the cabin and Flash knew that Brent had remounted and gone that way; that where he found the horses he would find Brent.

The other man had gone on along the ridge on foot. If Brent had continued on foot the hate would have urged Flash to follow his trail instead of that of the stranger. Animals deal more with actualities than with probabilities. Flash's brain told him the trail of the horses would lead him to Brent, but the other's trail was actual, warm and fresh under his very nose. Also the stranger's way led nearer to the cabin and so coincided with his wish to return to it—and he chose that way.

If Flash had overtaken him it is possible that from associating him with Brent he might have torn him down without added incentive. However, he did not overtake him, for the man he followed had reached the end of his trail.

Flash reached the game trail which crossed the saddle in the ridge and dipped down the cañon. The man had followed it. Flash increased his speed. When he reached the last break in the rims the man's tracks still led down toward the cabin.

A sound reached Flash, a far faint sound too muffled and indistinct to have reached the ears of man, but which told him many things. He could not catch the words, but he knew the voice. It was her voice and the vibrations were those of deadly fear.

For the first time in his life Flash answered a human voice with the lobo howl.

XVI

THE man had slipped cautiously to the cabin, his feet making no sound on the soft pine-straw carpet and leaf mold on the slope. The door stood open and he peered inside. The last rays of the dying fire threw a fitful illumination across the bunk where the girl lay rolled in her blanket. She was alone and he stepped inside.

At the first footfall she opened her eyes, thinking that for some reason Moran had come to waken her. It might be that Dad Kinney had come at last.

Then she saw that he was neither of these. The man wore Western apparel which was so new as to seem out of place. The broad brim of his hat was stiff and straight, announcing only a few days of wear. Unversed as she was in such matters, she still knew that this was an Eastern man garbed out in new regalia which he deemed suitable for the West. The hat shaded his face, but his presence in the cabin was like a contagion of evil and she knew him—and screamed.

"Clark!" she cried. "Clark Moran! Flash! Flash!"

Then he was beside her, sitting on the edge of the bunk and reaching out to take her in his arms.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," he said. "No one can hear you. A long hunt has ended. We'll have our honeymoon after all—a trifle belated, perhaps, but all the sweeter for that."

She noted the gun swinging at his hip and feared for Moran should she call again. She braced her hands against his chest. The blanket fell back and the man's arms gripped her more convulsively.

He sprang suddenly erect, his face paling as a sudden awful cry rang out in the cañon.

At the first note from the girl Moran had leaped from his blankets, snatching his belt from beneath his rolled coat, which answered for a pillow.

He jerked the heavy automatic from the holster and dropped the belt as he ran. Before the man had recovered from the shock of the lobo howl Moran had him covered from the door.

Dim as the light was, Moran still recognized the handsome, dissipated face of Luther Nash. A cold apprehension clutched him a sudden thought that Nash was at the bottom of this reason why Betty could not give herself to him; that she might have come under his influence as so many others had before. However, when he spoke there was no sign of these thoughts reflected in his voice.

"All right, Nash, you can start explaining now," he said.

Before Nash could reply a gray shape landed on the sill and made one twelve-foot leap straight for his throat. The man shrank back a step, both arms upflung to protect his face. This backward step and the length of the spring caused Flash to fall short and his teeth only tore one leather sleeve. Before he could spring again, even before his feet were on the floor, Moran's warning command thundered in his ears. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his tone.

"Flash! You Flash! Down!" he roared

Flash stood bristling in front of Nash, backing from him inch by inch, impelled against his will by the stern insistence of his master's voice. He knew that Betty was unhurt, that Moran did not wish him to kill this man, yet he knew, too, that the stranger was an enemy to them all. Then he noticed that Moran's gun menaced Nash. Moran must intend to kill this man himself. Flash backed close to where the girl sat upright on the bunk, her blanket held close about her. He stood guard there, his hair bristling and his lips drawn back from the dripping fangs. For the first time the girl really knew the absolute savagery that was part of Flash.

Moran spoke again, his voice as flat as before.

"All right, Nash, you can go on now and state your case," he said.

Nash's nerves were twitching from the nearness of the beast, who seemed eager to try for his throat again, but he sensed that he had an implacable judge in Moran and strove for self-control.

"Watch that hound," he said hoarsely. "I'm on lawful business. She's mine and I've come to take my own."

"She may have been yours once," Moran returned. "Whatever she may have been to you is past. Your claim is smashed. She's mine from now on out."

The girl knew then that he had spoken the truth when he had held her in his arms and told her that he wanted her, regardless of what had gone before. In that instant all reservations were swept aside.

"How did you guess that you could find her here?" Moran inquired.

"That article in the papers," said Nash. "About the girl who turned up in a little town at the foot of the hills and bought a blanket, a few articles of underwear and a walking suit. She caught the Shoshone stage, left it ten miles below the upper ranger station and disappeared. The Eastern papers took it up—and I knew it was my charming runaway wife."

Moran turned, and the girl's white face confirmed the truth of this assertion, but her eyes looked unflinchingly into his.

It was this name, now hers, that she had so disliked. A wave of nausea swept him at the thought of her being the wife of a beast like Nash.

Nash sought to take advantage of this long look between them and his hand stole nearer to the gun at his hip. Flash tensed his muscles for a spring and his snarl warned Moran. His gun steadied as his eyes came back to Nash.

"Very well, Nash. I've heard you out," he said. "You can be going now."

"Going! Me?" Nash exclaimed. "Do you mean that you're going to keep my wife here with you?"

"Just that," said Moran. "Your ideas of propriety seem to have undergone a change since last we met. I'll take charge of your gun and you can start."

He pulled Nash's gun from its holster and stepped back. He knew that Nash could not have found his way so far into the hills alone.

"Who is with you?" he asked.

"I came alone."

His eyes slipped away from Moran's as he answered.

"Then you fired that shot I heard this afternoon. I notice considerable elk hair on your clothes. You killed an elk for meat?"

Nash nodded assent and Moran flipped out the cylinder of the gun and squinted through the barrel toward the fire, snapped it shut and looked at Nash.

"You can trot along back to the men who killed that elk," he said, motioning to the door.

Nash felt safe since he had been deprived of his gun—more secure than while he had worn it. He shook his finger at Moran.

"I'll break you for this, Moran!" he threatened. "Don't you know there is such a thing as law? You can't come between man and wife."

He turned to the girl.

"You think you tricked me! Remember what this means when I go! The pretty little story of this cabin given to the world."

He waited for her answer, but it did not come and he turned back to Moran.

"A fine case you'll have! She lied to me—married me to get a few proofs that won't matter in the end. She left me—walked to the door with her arm round the preacher, damn him, and ran! What do you think the courts will have in store for a pair like you?"

"We'll take a chance," said Moran.

A load seemed lifted from his heart. She had tricked Nash; by his own admission she had beaten him at his own game, whatever that game had been; she had been forced to marry him to gain her purpose, then fled instantly and defeated his.

"Nash, there are no courts within a hundred miles," he said. "Some day in our own good time we'll come out and

(Continued on Page 169)

There is no mistaking the distinction that attaches to the Liberty in the minds of discriminating people. It is being bought, everywhere, by those whose taste and means incline them to the better things.

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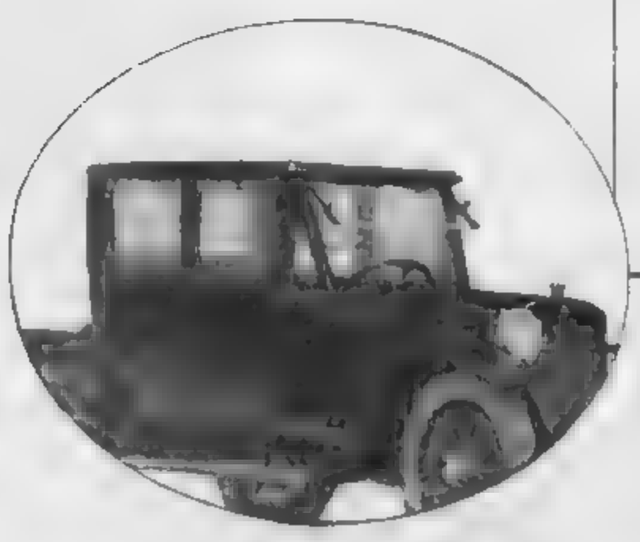

LIBERTY SIX

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Wood for Fuel

IN RECENT years wood has supplied about 15 per cent of the fuel used in the United States. Wherever this common material can be obtained without resort to uneconomical methods of handling and careless methods of cutting the use of wood is most desirable as a means not only of saving coal but of saving railroad cars at a rather critical time. The use of wood, of course, is advocated on the assumption that consumers will do nothing to endanger our future supply of timber.

Especially in rural districts much wood is produced that is unfit for any use other than as fuel. In many woodlands thinnings and improvement cuttings not only do no injury but often act as a stimulus to increased production and improved quality of timber. The preparation of wood for fuel in most localities does not increase the demands on labor, for winter time on our farms is a season when both men and horses are usually idle. Furthermore, it is true that even in this day of supposed conservation there is amazing wood waste at many plants engaged in the manufacture of wood products. A near-by market for wood as fuel would be a decided benefit to all concerned, especially if it is possible to substitute team-hauled wood for rail-hauled coal.

One authority estimates that in seventeen of our Eastern and Central states there is a rural population of twenty million people who use eighteen million tons of coal each year. This investigator believes that the coal consumption referred to can be cut down not less than 3,000,000 tons by using wood. This would release 75,000 railroad cars for other use.

The most reliable estimates appear to indicate the consumption of about 100,000,000 cords of wood for fuel annually in this country. The total value of this wood at present is approximately $350,000,000. The best figures available show more than three billion cords of firewood standing in the United States. The rate of consumption on an average farm is about twelve cords a year. At this rate a majority of our Eastern farms have enough wood available to last them fifty years, during which time there should be ample opportunity for considerable replacement.

Woodcutters are paid from $2.50 to $4 a cord, and a skilled workman should cut two cords of hardwood or from three to four cords of softwood a day. These figures cover the cost of preparing the timber in four-foot lengths. If it is cut sled length more wood can be produced. Ordinary sawing outfits cost from $300 to $600, depending on the horse power and the size of the saw. Many farmers have gasoline or kerosene engines or tractors, and the adding of a small portable saw to their present outfit would not add largely to their initial outlay. As to the expense of hauling wood, the average cost is about 70 cents a cord per mile. Dry wood weighs about 3650 pounds a cord; green wood, 5200 pounds.

Nothing is of greater importance in preparing wood fuel than a proper seasoning of the product. The best time for seasoning is in the late spring and summer. Most kinds of wood require nine or ten months to season thoroughly, but the moisture content of the more common species of woods can be reduced to 30 or 35 per cent in 90 days. Green wood has a heating value of about 80 per cent of that of dry wood. Wood that has been seasoned three months has a fuel value of about 90 per cent of the thoroughly seasoned product.

As to burning wood, the matter of adjusting drafts and arranging the grates is not insurmountable. The chief difficulty is likely to rise from the deficient size of the fire box, which trouble can be overcome by cutting the wood into small sticks or blocks. Contrary to popular belief, there are very few coal-burning stoves and furnaces in which wood cannot be burned. The simplest and most effective way to use wood in a coal furnace is to combine it with coal. The wood should be put in first and the coal used to fill the crevices. A coal saving of 30 to 40 per cent can thus be effected. Such a fire needs frequent attention, as it is consumed more rapidly than an all-coal fire.

The composition of dry wood is about as follows: Carbon, 49 per cent; oxygen, 44 per cent; hydrogen, 6 per cent; ash, 1 per cent. A pound of dry wood will give the consumer from 7000 to 9000 British thermal units; a pound of good coal will furnish from 12,000 to 15,000 units. It is therefore evident that dry wood is about 59 per cent as efficient as coal. The heating power of seasoned wood varies in direct ratio to its specific gravity. Water weighs about 62 pounds a cubic foot; dry wood weighs 31 pounds; hence the specific gravity of wood when thoroughly seasoned is about 0.50. The presence of rosin in wood will sometimes increase its fuel value 10 to 12 per cent. A short ton of wood contains about 500 pounds of water, 1480 pounds of wood substance and 20 pounds of ash. Every pound of water combined in wood requires 1108 units of heat to evaporate it. However, the heating power of a given quantity of green wood is not so far below that of the same wood after it has been dried.

Only about 5 per cent of all the wood used as fuel is consumed in the industries, the remaining 95 per cent being burned for domestic purposes. It would be silly to suggest that wood fuel can be utilized fully to remedy the troubles that rise from our periodic coal shortages, but it is no exaggeration to say that the more universal burning of wood would afford untold relief.

There is no certainty that the coal industry will be wholly free of labor troubles in coming months; in fact, the reverse situation appears more likely. Many an industrial plant and many a community could tide over an emergency for a couple of weeks if there were only a neat pile of wood stacked in the back yard. Under good conditions two cords of wood will furnish the heat equivalent of about one ton of coal. This indicates, of course, that coal is far cheaper than wood in most localities. However, there are times when the cost of a substitute is a minor consideration, and one of those times may happen in the not distant future.

With a shortage of railroad cars and locomotives facing the nation and with the miners demanding a six-hour day and a five-day week, there are a lot of things more unlikely than that cutting bees will be the popular game in many wooded sections of the country this winter and next spring.

Docks Illuminated by Floodlighting Projectors

New Searchlights

THOUGH artificial light is necessary in dye manufacturing, cotton grading, color printing, paper manufacture, dentistry and many other industries where close matching is necessary, the greatest recent advance in the art of illumination is in the development of the modern searchlight. This wonderful new device has come to us as a war necessity. It is, of course, true that we had searchlights before the recent world struggle commenced, but the demands of war rushed the perfecting of the present light as years of peace would not have done. The question is: How can we adapt this new machine to our peacetime pursuits?

The manager of one great searchlight plant states that during the intensive manufacture of these lights in his shop for war purposes his output totaled 2475 searchlights, representing a total candle power of one hundred and seventy-five billion. If all these lights were rolled into a single projector of high-intensity type the one machine would have a mirror of 870 inches diameter; it would require a current of 87,500 amperes; the beam would give full sunlight at a distance of one and one-tenth miles; it would give ordinary outdoor daylight at five and five-tenths miles; comfortable illumination at thirty-five miles; and sufficient light for rough work at seventy-eight miles. If full moonlight is all that is desired the beam would give this degree of illumination at three hundred and fifty miles. With these astonishing figures in mind, who can tell what the range of the coming searchlight will actually be?

When the war commenced the standard searchlight was a sixty-inch affair of no small power. Owing to the efforts brought about by war emergency we now have a sixty-inch searchlight that weighs only one-tenth as much as the prewar light. It costs only one-third as much, is thirteen per cent more powerful, and consists of one hundred parts as against several thousand parts for the old design. It is much stronger and can be produced in less than one-fourth the time required to produce the earlier model. Its fabrication has been so simplified that no special tools are needed in its manufacture.

Outside the source of light the important feature of the modern searchlight is the mirror, or reflecting surface, which must have a consistent curve, no part of its surface departing perceptibly from the optical conditions required. When we remember that the light source at the focus is only a few inches from the mirror, whereas the reach of the light beam projected may be miles away, it is readily seen that we are working on a very short arm of a very long lever. It follows that when any light rays are inaccurately reflected this error is certain to lead to a highly

(Continued on Page 44)

Even to the Hundredth Basting Thread

"MOTHER has an X-Ray eye; she seems to see through the warp and woof of any garment. Sometimes I think she has a personal acquaintance with every basting thread, even to the hundredth," said Constance Ward to the saleswoman who was pointing out the attractions of a wood brown tricotine.

"Your mother, being a judge of good tailoring, will be enthusiastic over this model," replied the saleswoman.

"Constance exaggerates my ability to judge," said her mother, "but I *do* insist upon something more than texture and style. A garment should retain its lines 'after the dew is rubbed off.'"

"Good pressing sells many a suit," agreed the saleswoman. "Then after the look of freshness departs, the collar begins to 'hike' in the back; the lapels lose their shape; the lining sags below the edge of the coat; the sleeves twist every which way."

"I've often had that experience before I learned to look beyond the 'outer skin' of a garment and to think about the workmanship and materials beneath," commented Mrs. Ward.

Turning back the collar of the coat to show the Printzess label, the saleswoman said:

"The great thing in a Printzess garment—the thing that distinguishes it from all others—is the wonderful foundation. It would surprise you to know the hundreds of basting threads and careful shaping necessary to produce the beautiful curve of the bust and the set of the collar. A Printzess always looks well and keeps its shape even after months of wear. I get real joy in recommending them."

Isn't it comforting, when purchasing a coat or suit, to have the assurance that "the hidden things" are as they should be—the material all-wool and scientifically tested, the foundation carefully designed, deftly shaped, stitched and skillfully taped?

You cannot trust your eyes alone for all these things. *But you can trust the Printzess label.* It is a pledge of a great artistic institution that the garment meets the highest standards of quality and of "distinction in dress."

Let us send you the name of the Printzess dealer in your town.

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Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

You'll brave damp days with new courage, knowing your revers are taped and shaped until they just can't go askew. Plio canvas hasn't a chance to pucker in a Printzess—the quality of the canvas and the stitching make sure of that.

One glories in that snug-fitting collar which, because of its deft shaping, never "hikes." In a Printzess garment, row after row of tiny stitching hold the material and shape-retaining Plio canvas together firmly.

Just "being sure" that the bust line will keep its good-looking curve adds half the joy to a tailored garment. Only in a Printzess will you find Plio canvas—a perfect shape-retaining fabric—and it is taped without stint, to make sure the shape endures.

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OUR SPRING STYLE FORECAST WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY THIRD ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION.

(Continued from Page 42)

magnified error at the distant point. The new method of making highly finished metallic mirrors instead of the glass reflectors formerly used is one of the biggest advances in this branch of illumination.

I will not touch on the splendid services rendered by our newly designed war searchlights on the battlefields of France. Let us hope they will never again have to be applied to this type of duty. What we are interested in to-day is just how we can use this perfected device in our various industries. Perhaps the most interesting use to which the wartime searchlight is being put at present is in the effective illumination of airplane landing fields for the Post Office Department's flyers at night as well as for other commercial airmen. The use of high-intensity searchlights for penetrating fog and as guiding beacons for airplanes lost above the clouds is being given considerable attention. Engineers are confident that as a result of their wartime experiences they can develop a searchlight powerful enough to penetrate thick fog, a feat which at present writing has not been wholly successful.

Many plans are under way for a standard method of landing-field illumination in which the searchlight is to be a necessary part. When this is accomplished night flying will be made as safe as flying in the daytime. In addition small searchlights are being produced for installation on the planes themselves.

Among the new peacetime commercial developments of the searchlight is the tower searchlight—a device mounted over an inclosed structure and operated from a point within, the direction being indicated by telephonic communication from patrols outside of different places. In this light the beam follows the movement of a handle in the hands of the operator. This is valuable in protecting large manufacturing plants, railroad yards, and so on, where a powerful light rather than a number of smaller projectors is desirable.

Floodlighting is but another name for searchlighting on a smaller scale. The lessons of the war have taught a wider use of floodlighting for commercial and industrial purposes, especially during the period of strikes and riots through which we now are passing. Industrial plants and workmen must be protected through the night from those who under the cover of darkness seek to destroy. The surrounding fences, the approaching roads and the dark places in the yards must be illuminated to increase the visual distance of the policing force. Well-lighted yards also prevent accidents and tend to increase the speed of transportation.

Contractors are now being called upon to do a large amount of construction work at night, which requires a low-priced and durable floodlighting unit. Floodlighting projectors with their convenient mounting and capability of illuminating large areas are particularly well adapted for this class of work. Many thousands of these projectors are used where night work is being carried on.

Several clubs have already adopted the floodlighting projector for use in night trap shooting, and sportsmen who have participated in meets where this light was used claimed that they made as good scores as they did in the daytime, if not better. For instance, at the Hoosier Classic of the Peru Gun Club, Peru, Indiana, where floodlighting projectors are used for night trap shooting, a new record was made for this nocturnal sport; ninety-nine out of a possible one hundred clay targets were broken.

For lighting winter carnivals, pageants, outdoor expositions, toboggan slides, skating ponds, hockey, curling and skating rinks, the floodlighting projector is particularly useful, because it provides a powerful light and obviates the necessity of numerous poles, which act as dangerous obstructions. As colored gelatin screens can be used in conjunction with the floodlighting projectors spectacular effects can also be obtained.

The recent history of searchlight development teaches forcibly one great truth which I will attempt to interpret by asking a question: What would be the marvelous advancements in present-day methods and arts if all our industries were now subjected to the same concentrated thought that was directed to a few things under the stress of war necessity? The answer to this question will provide hope for those who fear that we have recorded our maximum of progress in most industrial lines.

Moisture and Comfort

OF ALL prodigal things Nature is perhaps the most wasteful. People who forever say "Leave it to Nature" are no better than the ones who travel as side partners to a test tube. There are as many nature fakers as there are drug cheats. Fifty years ago we could go out in our back yard, dig a well and get pure water. We can't do that in big towns to-day. Now it is often necessary to lay our pipes forty or fifty miles back into the mountains in order to get an uncontaminated water supply.

Thousands of schools, factories and offices do not need an artificial ventilating system because they contain rooms where the space per occupant is ample, the window area is adequate, there are no excessive noises outside and the surrounding air is sufficiently clean to breathe. Then there are other buildings where the opposite conditions exist. Windows occur only on one side of the rooms, partitions divide the space into small areas where air circulation is impossible, disturbing noises surround the building and the outside air is contaminated by the fumes from near-by industrial plants. In this latter case window ventilation becomes impossible and mechanical means must be adopted.

Air conditions are controlled by the following factors: Dust, bacteria, carbon dioxide, odors, air motion and—last and most important—temperature and humidity. Mechanical ventilation becomes desirable when the space per occupant is less than 800 cubic feet and when the window area is less than 12 per cent of the floor area. The mere act of providing an adequate air supply is only a small part of the ventilating problem. The real job is to get proper distribution of the air, to maintain correct wet-bulb temperatures and eliminate dust, bacteria and odors. To judge air by using a dry-bulb thermometer is wrong, for the dry-bulb temperature does not determine comfort. Furthermore, it is ridiculous to assume that a fan and heater connected with a system of ducts provides a proper ventilating equipment. Such an installation is simply a crude arrangement for blowing heated air into a closed room.

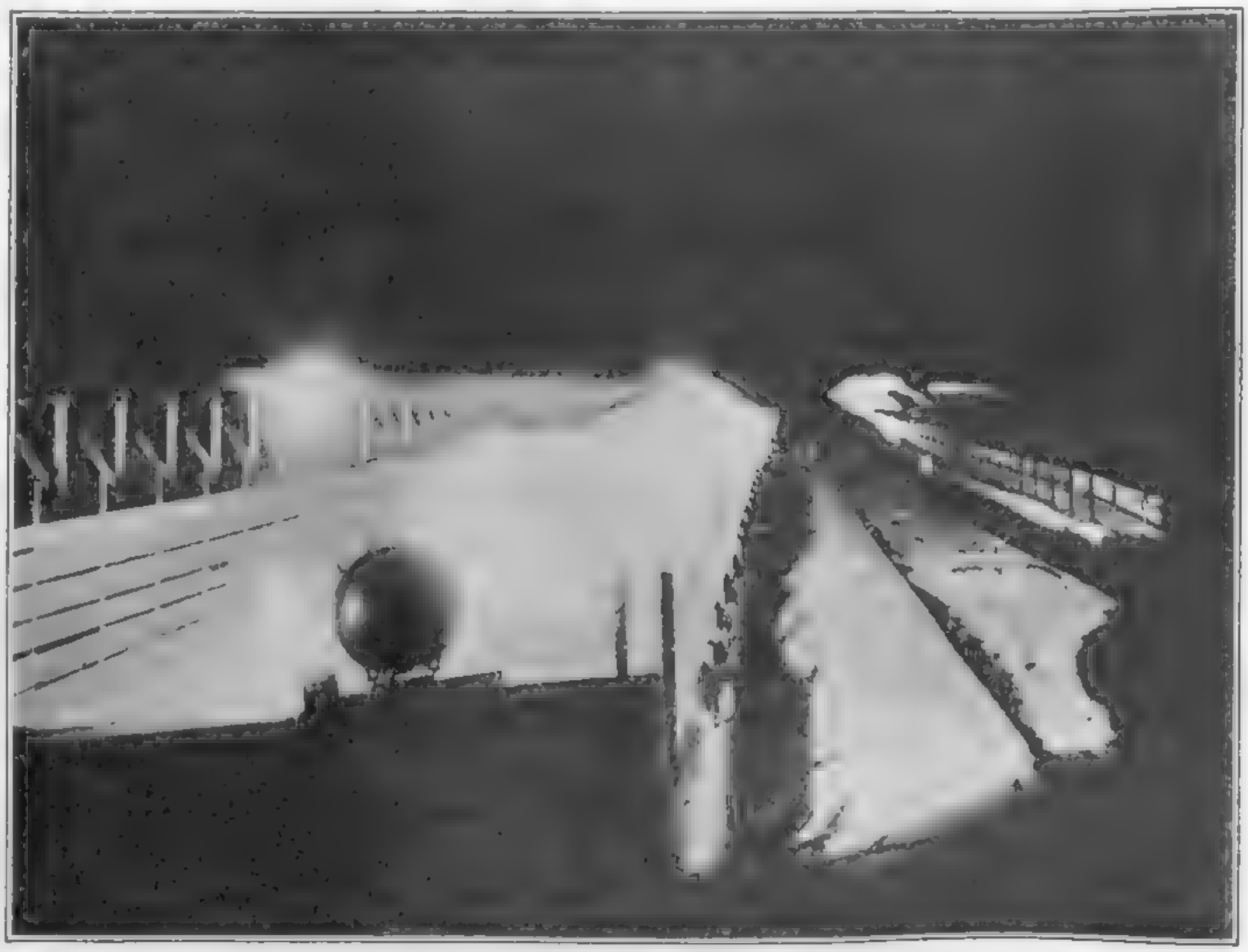
The average person has not yet grasped the vital importance of humidity in the air we breathe. For every degree of temperature and velocity of air motion there is a proper degree of relative humidity. If the air contains too little humidity—moisture—then the rate of heat loss from the body by evaporation becomes too rapid and a sensation of chilliness is produced. When there is an excess of humidity there is retarded evaporation, which produces a feeling of nervous irritation and enervation. Authorities differ slightly in their opinions as to the proper atmospheric conditions for schools, offices and factories, but the popular belief favors a temperature of about 68 degrees with a relative humidity of 52 per cent. One experienced observer advocates the maintenance of a wet-bulb temperature of not less than 57 degrees. In this connection it should be remembered that as the temperature advances above 68 degrees the humidity should be decreased, and vice versa. In other words, we should keep the heat balance stable.

One state commission on ventilation found that in the winter months by reducing the temperature in the school classroom from 78 degrees to 68 degrees the capacity of the children for work was increased 35 per cent. In effecting this large temperature reduction the investigators increased the humidity in proper proportion and the children were no less comfortable. During the war, when we had to conserve coal, it was brought home to us forcibly that we should feel warmer at a temperature of 64 or 68 degrees with a 50 per cent humidity than we would at a much higher temperature with a very low humidity. Even now, when the war is over, we can still save dollars in our fuel bills by paying attention to this same idea.

Let us see what happens when we attempt to heat air to the point of comfort in the winter months. If the outside atmosphere is zero and the humidity 50 per cent the air contains one-quarter grain of moisture a cubic foot and would have to be heated to a temperature of from 80 to 90 degrees to be made comfortable. After being heated to such a temperature the air would have left a humidity of only two per cent, which condition of great dryness would be responsible for the high temperature necessary to comfort. The average winter temperature in our Eastern States is about 35 degrees and the humidity about 60 per cent. To make this air comfortable we must heat it to 80 degrees, for in warming it up we decrease the humidity to about 22 per cent. These examples indicate plainly how necessary it is to add moisture to our heated indoor air in the winter time if we would avoid the high temperatures that are necessary to comfort but are at the same time so enervating.

Physicians agree that a lack of humidity in our living and working rooms is the one important thing that makes the air in these rooms weakening and unhealthful. One series of tests in the schools of a large city showed that during January and February the percentages of humidity in the classrooms varied from 8 to 20 per cent, which result is quite interesting in view of the fact that the humidity of the Desert of Sahara is 30 per cent. The series of ills that accompany such air conditions are too numerous to mention. These rooms had mechanical ventilation without humidification. Window ventilation could not have been worse and might have been better.

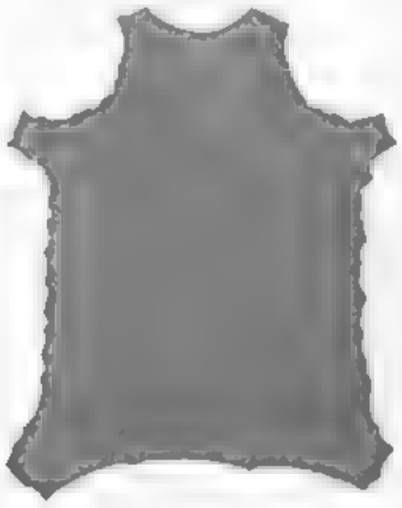
(Concluded on Page 173)



Illumination of a Freight Yard by Floodlighting

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes



Painted by R. K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

The LEATHER *for* FASHION *and* EASE

WOMEN used to think that no leather combined fashion and ease in shoes. An ever-increasing number are now learning that Vode Kid is a leather which gives modish comfort to fine footwear.

Vode Kid is found in all the more correct shades. It is a leather suitable for the fashionable lasts. It is light in weight and permits the foot to breathe properly. It is so pliable that it fits snugly over the instep and ankle, making the foot look small and dainty.

There are shoes of Vode Kid suitable for every foot for every occasion. The fashionable comfort of Vode Kid is one of the Vode Goodnesses. Subsequent advertisements will tell you of other Vode Goodnesses. Knowledge of these Vode Goodnesses will give you finer appreciation of the leather necessary to good shoes.

Shoes of Vode Kid may be purchased in Field Mouse and other fashionable colors—Havana Brown, Gray, Tan, Blue, and Black. There is an appropriate shade of Vode Kid for every costume.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

Factories Wilmington, Delaware *Agencies in all Shoe Centers*

THE DOWNFALL OF AN UPLIFT

By BOICE DU BOIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT IS to be regretted that the combination title of the Nick Carter period of American belles-lettres is not still in vogue, because it would then be permissible to caption this story as follows: The Downfall of an Uplift; or, Why Diamond Daisy Married Baltus the Bell Hop. Not that she had ever been called by that name, but just to create essential atmosphere and blend in a few colorful hues—and all that.

Of course we have to admit that certain pages relating to the lady's life are missing—the known facts being that she came to New York with a penchant for diamonds and that the ravishing flame of a pure-white stone had the same effect upon her that the sparkle of old wine has upon the bibulous connoisseur. Just once had she tasted the joy of a bejeweled heaven. That was when an infatuated Spaniard—said to be of royal blood—had implored her to marry him and had lavished that which might well have been the half of his kingdom upon her in the form of precious stones.

Nevertheless, somewhere in Spain there resides a Spanish grandee who left the lobe of his right ear in New York and carried away a bit of decoration over his left eye—an adorning slash that Daisy herself had hastily carved in defense of certain well-defined principles she entertained concerning the conduct of any man who might call himself a gentleman.

Daisy's modus operandi in acquiring precious stones was often made the subject of speculative debate by the habitués of Elkanah's wine cellar—a musty brick-vaulted chamber tucked away under a broad stretch of Second Avenue sidewalk.

Even so, not one of the number had ever reduced her method to blue or silver print terms. University Louie—the silk-bearded æsthetic of Second Avenue—had ventured the assertion that her success rested upon her ability to synchronize the psychological moment with the velvet touch. Louie also being musical contended that one's aptitude in any of the fine arts was largely a matter of being able to improvise. A deduction which implied that the nimble fingers capable of drawing harmony from the chromatic scale might with an equal degree of artistry draw a gentleman's stick pin without creating undue discord.

In passing, it should be recorded that Louie himself had been a suitor for Daisy's hand—an ardent, pressing suitor.

Now, upon a given night, as Louie was discoursing with the shady elect at his special table near the monster wine tun in Elkanah's wine cellar, there came one Nathan—straight from Broadway—with an astounding piece of news.

Daisy had married Baltus Van Keuren.

"Isn't He the Stupid Darling?" She Gurgled. "What a Boeful Nose Him Has, and Such Silky Ears! Really He is Superb! Where Did You Get Him?"

Ye gods—Baltus the bell hop! So named because of his early career as bell boy in a gone-but-not-forgotten hotel of lower Manhattan.

Could anything have been more shocking? Why, he was the last of the gold-brick gentry—a species that had crawled into the textbooks along with the Aztecs and the dodo birds! True, in his day Baltus had sold enough of these golden units to pave the Bowery. But alas, there were fewer fatted kine roaming the wildwood! In later years he had turned his attention to those exciting contests wherein the horse lends his noble legs in the interest of speculative speed. But of many called few were chosen, and Baltus generally saw his fondest hopes linger in the byways and the hedges. All this might have been winked at, but it was Daisy's sacrifice that got them at Elkanah's. She was twenty-eight. Baltus was forty-seven. She was cherubic, chic, divine. He was rotund, pusillanimous and approaching the sear and yellow.

Still, after the first shock was over, the consensus of opinion was that she might have married Baltus because of his splendid good nature, for the smile of Baltus was wholesome and benign.

It usually commenced at a point near his baby dimples. From thence it flirted with the corners of his mouth, after which it twinkled for a moment in his brown eyes and finally drifted in witching waves toward the hairless stretches of a bald zone.

During the early hours of the evening at Elkanah's speculation concerning the marriage was rife, but with each departing guest the conversation waned, until Louie the philosophic was alone with his gloom, for the hours of darkness were those in which the sun shone for the denizens of the place and the oil wells of Texas were spouting in the neighborhood of Longacre Square.

At eleven-thirty Louie was preparing to depart when he was saluted by a laughing voice which said, "Louie, congratulate us."

It was Mrs. Baltus Van Keuren, with the happy bridegroom just behind her.

"Were you surprised?" she asked, sinking into a chair.

"Very much so, I can assure you," replied Louie, flecking the tiniest bit of ashes from his cigarette with the grace of a Russian prince.

"We have another surprise for you, haven't we, Baltus dear?"

"We sure have," replied Baltus, releasing a witching wave.

"What is it?" asked Louie, nervously searching for more ashes with which to maintain his nonchalant pose.

"We are going to the country."

"The devil!" exclaimed Louie.

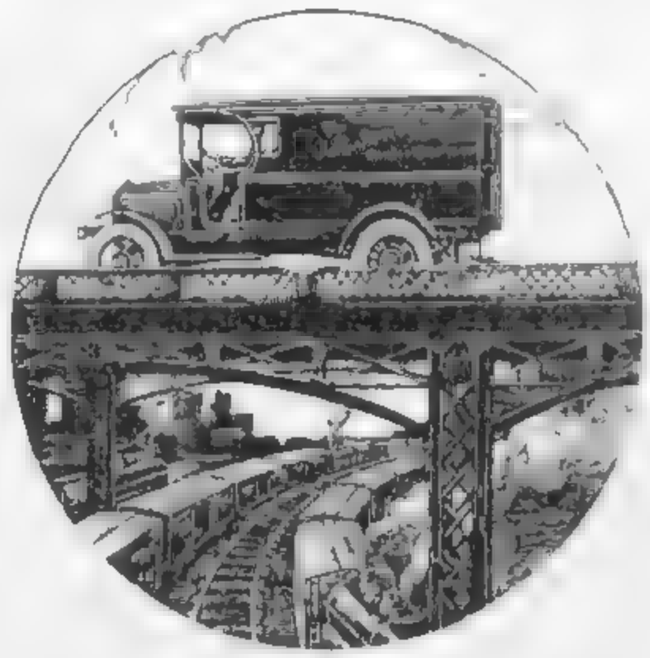
"No—the chickens and Lima beans! You know—the cottage stuff. Do you get it, Louie? We are through with the gum shoes and the finger prints. Honest! Am I right, Baltus?"

"You said it! Us for the sunsets!"

Louie simply stared in astonishment. What did it all mean? What was the compelling motive behind this change of heart? What strange force had been playing upon the mind of the woman? Even as a mathematician might have sharpened his pencil over a new theorem, so Louie sharpened his wits over the psychological problem he knew was lurking behind this reformation, for Louie's

(Continued on Page 49)

GARFORD



—*Low Cost Ton-Mile* is the basis upon which the efficiency of Garford performance is proven.

Garford

Lima, Ohio

That the United States Army has made Garford a Class A standard is another proof of Garford serviceability

TRUCKS

Calarab
FRUIT CONFECTIONS

CALARAB provides an easy way and the best way to handle the gift problem. Just what you want—something out-of-the-ordinary and above the average. FIGBUDS are the newest Calarab Confection. They are so dainty, delicious and unusual they afford an ideal way to send a Christmas remembrance. The flat compact package can easily be mailed anywhere.

FIFTY FIGBUDS FIFTY CENTS

You'll want Calarab dainties on your own table. The four kinds, Calarab Figs, Figbuds, Calapricot, Calorange, give you a most pleasing variety. Made from refreshing California fruits, a wholesome food as well as a confection, good for children and a treat to everyone.

Buy Early From Your Dealer—Fifty Cents Per Package

Below is a list of merchants who handle Calarab Confections. If you do not find "Calarab" at your dealer's, mail one dollar with your own and your dealer's name and address to Louise K. Meining, 2848 Woolworth Bldg., New York, or to Bishop & Company, Los Angeles, Calif. You will receive by mail, postpaid, two boxes—one of Figbuds and one of assorted Calarab Confections.

ALA.—Ward & McGowan Groc. Co., Birmingham
R. O. Harris Groc. Co., Mobile
Van Antwerp Drug Co., Mobile
Schloss & Kahn Groc. Co., Montgomery

ARK.—Scott Mayer Commission Co., Hot Springs
Veatman Gray Groc. Co., Batesville
Palace Drug Store, Fayetteville
Chas. C. Pentil Groc. Co., Little Rock
Snodgrass & Bracy, Little Rock
[illegible] Co., Mena
[illegible] & Son, Pine Bluff

COLO.—Sommers Market Co., Colorado Springs
Pyramid Merc. Co., [illegible]
Bourk-Donaldson Tayl[illegible] Co., Denver
[illegible]
A. J. B[illegible]
Manitou Bottling Co., [illegible]
Graden Merc. Co., [illegible]
Sweitzer Merc. Co., [illegible]
C. O. Bourk Groc. Co., Sterling

CONN.—E. S. Kibbe Co., Hartford
Fowler Hunting Co., Hartford
[illegible]ston Robertson Co., Hartford
[illegible]
A. [illegible]
H. C. [illegible]
John [illegible]
City Hall Pharmacy, [illegible]
Edw. R. Hall & Son Co., New Haven
Cager-Crawford Co., New London
Hewitt Groc. Co., Waterbury

DEL.—James Morrow & Son, Wilmington

FLA.—Bettes Pharm., Inc., [illegible]
Levy & Hallmark, [illegible]
D. Kugelman Co., Pensacola
[illegible] St. Petersburg
[illegible] Co., Tampa

GA.—H. H. [illegible] Inc., Atlanta
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Culbert, Brunswick
[illegible] & Riley Drug Co., Macon
[illegible] Savannah
[illegible]
[illegible] Savannah

IDAHO—Boise Ice & Produce Co., Boise
Mason, Ehrman Co., Lewiston
Ryan Fruit Co., Wallace
White & Bender Co., Wallace

ILL.—Campbell-Holton Co., Bloomington
J. A. Talcott Co., [illegible]
[illegible]
Sheppard & Strassheim Co., Chicago
McNeil & Higgins Co., Chicago
Skelly & Chapman Co., Chicago
Durand & Kaiser Co., Chicago
Hillman's, Inc., Chicago
[illegible] Shop, Chicago
[illegible]
Tebbets & Gurland, [illegible]
Bredenhoft & Bull, [illegible]
Feldkamp Candy Co., Danville
[illegible] Moline
Black & Kuhl Co., Peoria
P. A. Berguet & Co., Peoria
Burr Bros., Rockford
Lawton Bros., Rockford
Henry Darte & Sons, Rock Island

IND.—Geo. Hitz & Co., Indianapolis
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis
[illegible]
The S. A. Smith Co., Gary
Geo. Leusch, Michigan City
Kramer & Sons, La Porte
John Line, La Porte
Root Dry Goods Co., Terre Haute

IOWA—Churchill Drug Co., Cedar Rapids
Logomaccino Crape Co., Davenport
Griffin's Confec. Co., Davenport
Geo. L. Johannsen, Dubuque
M. M. Walker Co., Dubuque
Todd Kraft Co., Des Moines
Grocer's Wholesale Co., Des Moines
C. C. Taft & Co., Des Moines
Younker's Dept. Store, Des Moines
H. S. Chase & Co., Des Moines
[illegible]cy & Sons Co., Mason City
[illegible]chty & Hillman Co., Waterloo
[illegible]ry Goods Co., Waterloo
[illegible]nal Cigar Stores, Waterloo

KY.—S. M. Seitz Co., Paducah
KANS.—D. R. Alford, Leavenworth

LA.—Palace Grocery Co., Ltd., Lake Charles
Kelly, Weber Co., Lake Charles
A. M. & J. Solari, Ltd., New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Co., [illegible] Orleans
R. L. Heard, Shreveport
Wiener Loeb Groc. Co., Ltd., Shreveport

ME.—F. O. Davis & Co., Lewiston
A. [illegible] Lewiston
Milliken & Tomlinson, Portland
Geo. C. Shaw & Co., Portland
[illegible] Portland
Geo. E. Sawyer Co., Portland

MASS.—Gustin & Saunders Co., Boston
[illegible] Boston
[illegible]
[illegible]
John Gilbert, Jr., Co., Boston
Brockton Public Market, Brockton
Walter A. Poore, Brockton
Holden & Stone, Pittsfield
Forbes & Wallace Ass'n, Springfield
W. H. Blodgett Co., Worcester

MD.—Palmer-Harvey Co., Baltimore
Hopper McGraw Co., Baltimore
Jordan Stabler Co., Baltimore
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co., Baltimore
B. S. Jaffe, Baltimore
Evan W. Hook & Co., Baltimore
C. H. Eyerly, Hagerstown

MICH.—Lamb & Spencer's Store, Ann Arbor
Kidd, Dater & Price Co., Benton Harbor
National Grocery Co., Detroit
MacDiarmid Candy Co., Detroit
Peter Smith & Sons Co., Detroit
Edw. [illegible]
[illegible] & Sons, Detroit
[illegible]
Worden Grocer Co., Grand Rapids
West's Drug Store, Inc., Grand Rapids
Lee & Cady, Kalamazoo
A. P. Scheid, Kalamazoo
F. M. Loftus, Lansing
T. Schillaci & Co., Muskegon
The Walker Candy Co., Muskegon
Torbeson Drug Co., Muskegon

MINN.—Stacy Merrill Fruit Co., Duluth
The Dayton Co., [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Golden Rule Co., Inc., St. Paul
Michaud Brothers, St. Paul
Hartman Bros. Fruit Co., St. Paul
Maneur Drug Co., St. Paul
J. W. Hilliard Co., Pipestone

MISS.—Greenwood Groc. Co., Greenwood
Percy Lemly, Jackson
Stein-Pierce Co., Vicksburg

MO.—Jones Store Co., Kansas City
Weber Meat & Prov. Co., Kansas City
G. D. Milligan Groc. Co., Springfield
Stewart Produce Co., Springfield
Kennedy Groc. Co., St. Joseph
Geo. W. Jones, Drugs, St. Joseph
Spengler Pharmacy, St. Joseph
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wolff Wilson Drug Co., St. Louis
A. Moll Grocer Co., St. Louis
David Nicholson Grocer Co., St. Louis

MONT.—Ryan Fruit Co., Butte
Virden-Carrie Co., Butte
Capital Com. Co., Butte
T. C. Power & Bro., Ltd., Fort Benton

N. CAR.—Baer Prod. & Mere. Co., Wilmington
Cromer Bros. Co., Winston
I. Atnkon & Co., Asheville
Miller Van Ness Co., Charlotte
Patterson Bros., Inc., Greensboro
Woodard Bros. & Co., Wilson

NEB.—Paxton-Gallagher Co., Omaha
Horn Candy Co., Omaha
Sherman McConnell Drug Co., Omaha
G. S. Cobb, Thos. Kilpatrick & Co., Omaha
Brandeis Store, Omaha
Courtney & Company, Omaha
R. C. Phelps, Omaha
Stacy Bros. Fruit Co., Lincoln

N. HAMP.—R. G. Elliott, Dover
Holbrook Groc. Co., Keene

N. JER.—Anton Ward & Sons, Inc., Newark
M. [illegible]
[illegible]
John W. Bord, Trenton

N. MEX.—Rat[illegible]
Gross, Kelly Co., East Las Vegas

N. Y.—W. E. Drislane Co., Albany
Rich & Eventsen, Albany
John McClumphn Groc. Co., Amsterdam
Ecklebe & Gayer, Brooklyn
Baker & Smith, Buffalo
National Fruit & Prod. Co., Buffalo
J. N. Adams Co., Buffalo
Henry Zemmer & Co., Buffalo
J. W. Hook, Ithaca
Jacob Zaller Co., Little Falls
Charles & Co., New York City
Sherman Bros., New York City
A. [illegible] Co., New York City
H. [illegible] New York City
A. A. [illegible] New York City
R. H. Macy Co., New York City
John R. Buchanan, N. Y. Cent. Ry. Terminal, New York City
C. S. Cash, New York City
Penna. Ry. Terminal, J. Jacobs, New York City
South & Central Com'l Co., New York City
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester
E. W. Edwards & Son, Rochester
Wm. T. Reynolds & Co., Inc., Poughkeepsie
E. H. Thompson Co., Watertown

N. DAK.—Beiseker & Co., Fessenden

OHIO—Mabley Carew Co., Cincinnati
Dow's Pharmacy, Cincinnati
[illegible]
MacDiarmid Candy Co., Cleveland
[illegible]
Andrews Bros. Co., Columbus
Chas. C. Higgins Co., Columbus
Heddleston Bros. Co., East Liverpool
Kike Kumlet Co., [illegible]
Jenkins Drug Co., [illegible]
Ketcher & Co., Dayton
La Salle, Koch Co., Toledo
[illegible]
Jackson Lee Co., [illegible]
Diethelm Drug Store, Toledo
W. H. Hardesty, Zanesville
De Voe Grocery Co., Warren
David Kirk Sons & Co., Ltd., Findlay
The Shaeffer-Weaver Co., Akron
Wiener-Boone Co., Akron
Averbeck Drug Co., Youngstown

OKLA.—Praynnie Bros., Tulsa

ORE.—Bell & Co., Portland
Allen Lewis Co., Portland
W. B. Glafke Co., Portland
L. Mayer & Co., Portland
Wadhams & Company, Portland
W. C. Allen Candy Co., Portland
Page & Son, Portland
[illegible] & Company, Portland
Mason, Ehrman & Co., Portland
Lang Jones & Co., Portland

PA.—Peters & Jacoby Co., Allentown
D. McClain Miller, Chambersburg
Detley Bros. Co., Easton
Stephenson Drug Co., Greensburg
R. C. Schlomridge, Lancaster
Hager & Bros., Lancaster
Mitchell Fletcher Co., Philadelphia
Finley Acker & Co., Philadelphia
Wm. T. Mullikin Co., Inc., [illegible]
Geo. B. Evans, Philadelphia
G. Perlein, Philadelphia
Crutchfield Woolfolk Co., Pittsburg
John A. Renshaw Co., [illegible]
Geo. C. Stevenson Co., [illegible]
McCullough Drug Co., Pittsburg
James A. McAteer & Sons, Inc., Pittsburg
Percy A. Brown Co., Wilkes-Barre
Diehl Candy Co., York

S. CAR.—Young & Germany Co., Columbia
Murray Drug Co., Columbia
Young & Germany Co., Spartanburg
McColl Grocery Co., McColl

TENN.—J. C. Edenton Co., Jackson
Dick, McMillan Co., Knoxville
Kaiser Bros., Knoxville
M. E. Derryberry Co., Nashville
Scott's Candy Co., Memphis

TEXAS.—[illegible], Dallas
[illegible]
[illegible] Houston
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] San Antonio
[illegible], Tyler
[illegible]
Smith Grocery Co., Lockhart

UTAH—Ogden Com'l Co., Ogden
Ogden Commission Co., Ogden
Wm. Roylance Co., Provo
Kalbs, Pratt & Richardson, Salt Lake City
Ryan Fruit Co., Salt Lake City
United Groc. Co., Salt Lake City
Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City

VT.—C. A. Barber & Co., Burlington

VA.—Mumie & Logn, Inc., Lynchburg
[illegible]
A. S. White & Co., Lynchburg
Southern Dist. Co., Norfolk
Russell Drug Co., Inc., Petersburg
R. T. Matteson Co., Petersburg
R. L. Christian & Co., [illegible]
Grant Drug Co., [illegible]
[illegible]
Shepherd-[illegible]
W. C. Crenshaw Co., Richmond
Roanoke Gro. & Mill Co., Roanoke
Barrows Penn. Co., Roanoke

WASH.—Ryan Fruit Co., Bellingham
Bellingham Candy Co., Bellingham
[illegible]
[illegible] & Produce Co., Everett
[illegible]
Ryan Fruit Co., Everett
Kennewick Whol. Groc. Co., Kennewick
Ryan Fruit Co., Seattle
Rhodes Bros. Co., Seattle
Augustine & Kyer Co., Seattle
Stewart Holmes Drug Co., Seattle
C. W. Chamberlain Co., Seattle
F. C. [illegible]
[illegible] & Blossom, Seattle
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co., Seattle
Smith & Blossom, Seattle
Spring Cigar Co., Inc., Seattle
Powell-Sanders Co., Spokane
[illegible] Spokane
Chas. Uhden, Spokane
D. H. [illegible] Spokane
Rasbet Kingman-Herrin Co., Spokane
Ryan Fruit Co., Spokane
Walla Walla Candy Co., Walla Walla
The Book Nook, Walla Walla
Pacific Fruit & Pro. Co., Yakima
Ryan Fruit Co., Yakima
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co., Tacoma
Ryan Fruit Co., Tacoma
Tacoma Grocery Co., Tacoma
John Rothschild & Co., Bremerton

WASH., D. C.—Fruit & Nut Shop, Inc., Washington
[illegible]
[illegible] & Son, Washington
John H. McGruder, Washington
California [illegible] Washington
[illegible]
R. J. Lan[illegible]

W. VA.—Star Produce & Candy Co., Martinsburg
Baer's Pharmacy, Wheeling
Alex. Durst Sons, Wheeling
Thos. P. Hayes Co., Wheeling

WIS.—The H. T. Lange Co., Eau Claire
[illegible] Zinke Co., Fond du Lac
Hurd Drug Co., Kenosha
Roundy, Peckham, Dexter Co., Milwaukee
E. R. Godfrey Sons Co., Milwaukee
Home Bros. Co., Milwaukee
Herfeld Phillipson Co., Milwaukee
[illegible]
[illegible]

WYO.—Wyoming Groc. Co., Casper
Geo. T. Gibson, Gillette

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BISHOP & COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 46)

mind played with human motives as a cat might toy with a mouse. Hence the rapidity with which he eliminated Baltus as a factor. The weak, good-natured Baltus was classified as an effect—not a cause. His admiration for Daisy would have led him to the portals of perdition as readily as he was now willing to venture the imaginary delights of a rural paradise. No, it was not Baltus who had wrought this change. Whatever the cause, Baltus was simply her anchorage. He had become her isle of safety.

Louie knew the folly of putting any direct question. Such a thing would have been contrary to the ethics of the world to which they belonged. As he turned the problem over in his mind it came to him that the only possible clew might revolve about some strong incident that had roused the woman to vital memories of a peaceful past. Her face confirmed this opinion. She had never looked quite so handsome. The harsh lines of her face had softened and her eyes had lost their furtive, haunted expression. There was also a musical note to her laugh; it was no longer shrill and daring.

"Who brought you the news?" he suddenly asked, leaning across the table.

"What news?"

"The news from home," replied Louie quietly.

"How did you know?" she asked, her startled tones giving evidence of her surprise.

"Because it is the only thing that would effect this change. It always brings one of two things—happiness or desperation."

"You *are* clever!" she whispered.

Louie merely shrugged his shoulders and tapped a fresh cigarette against the table before lighting it.

"But you have not asked me to tell you about it," she continued.

Louie lifted his hands with a deprecating gesture.

"It is none of my business," said he, tilting his chair backward and exhaling duplicate streams of smoke from his delicate nostrils.

"And yet you are the only man who would understand—you and Baltus," she observed.

Louie merely inclined his head in approval.

"This is no sob film," she began, "and you won't have to slip me the salts. I had my cry last Sunday and it was as good as a trip back home."

Here she glanced at Baltus.

"Go ahead—tell him," he said.

"Not the whole story," she answered, shaking her head. "Some of it stays right here."

She tapped her forehead significantly.

"Start with Ernst," suggested Baltus.

"He means my brother. The boy had been hunting for me ever since he came to New York—two years ago. He found me last Sunday. Heavens, what a shock! He looks like my mother. Once I had it all fixed to go back and see her, but those small towns get you—when anybody comes back like that. So I waited too long—just a few days too long. But honest—I meant to go."

She paused, but neither Baltus nor Louie spoke.

"Nobody gives you credit for remembering, here in New York, but I can see that they were right back there. It all comes back, and I know that I've done the things I should not have done—and all that. But thank the Lord, there are lots of things I have not done, because if I had there wouldn't be any cottage for Baltus or nothing like that! Good old Baltus!"

She reached over and patted his hand.

"But listen, Louie!" she continued. "It wasn't seeing Ernst that did it. There's more than that. He's straight. Living clean and honest—thank heaven for that! It was the news he brought when he told me that dad was gone too. I sure thought that some day I'd go back and see him. Honest I did, Louie. I was going—some day."

Again she paused and the diligent tick of Elkanah's Swiss clock but intensified the silence—a silence that seemed to be in keeping with the wooden smile of the bacchante carved on the head of the big wine tun.

"Now you know why I married Baltus," she concluded. "He's got a heart, Baltus has, and I hope I may die if I ever go back to the old game."

Long after Baltus and his bride had climbed the stone steps leading to the street Louie remained seated at his table. Occasionally his fingers would slip through his black oily locks. Then he would twirl the tips of his silken mustache into points as sharp as a shoemaker's awl. Even as an artist might crowd his pallet with color for the sheer delight of contrast, so Louie was dallying with the impulses of a human soul. For him it was an intellectual feast which the gods had offered for his refreshment. One by one the woman's motives were incised by his cold logic until each had been spitted and grilled. Strange to relate, the analytical mind of Louie found naught but danger for the bride of Baltus. To him the woman's reformation stood for weakness instead of strength. From his point of view she had revealed her vulnerable side. It was sentiment that had broken her will. By sentiment she had reformed—and by sentiment she would return to her former estate. It was inevitable.

The next day Louie received an invitation from Baltus and his bride to dine with them that evening. One other guest had been included—Daisy's brother Ernst.

Louie scrutinized the youth with more than passing interest—a loose-jointed, long-armed boy of nineteen, who wore heavy shell-rimmed glasses through which he examined the world with infantile sobriety. Louie found that he was accepting Ernst at his sister's valuation—inexperienced, unsophisticated and probably honest.

Not until the meal was nearly finished did Louie find the boy of sufficient interest to subject him to the dissecting process he was so fond of performing. His sister had taken advantage of every opportunity to review the incidents of their early life, and like one returning from a far country she roamed familiar paths.

"Do you remember the time you built the coaster?" she asked the youth.

The boy's face lit up with a broad responsive grin as he answered in the affirmative.

Then Daisy turned to Louie.

"It had two seats," she explained, "and I asked Ernst how he came to build it that way. 'So I could have a seat for my friend Willie,' he answered. 'Are you going to let him ride?' I asked. 'Sure,' said Ernst, 'If I let him ride he'll be glad to push me back up hill—I ain't going to do nothing but ride, I ain't!'"

The gleeful boisterous laugh of Ernst at the recollection of Willie's gullibility sent him to Louie's operating table. Here was a subject worthy of his skill. At a more convenient season Ernst was due for the ether.

During the remainder of the evening Louie watched the boy closely, especially when his sister spoke of his business prospects and told of the employer who had been abroad for three months and of Ernst's responsibilities during his absence. Perhaps it was modesty that caused the youth to remain so strangely silent, or, as Louie speculated, it might be due to rural diffidence.

Beyond these minor reflections Louie saw no occasion to venture, and therefore dismissed Ernst and his affairs the moment he took his departure, for Louie seldom cluttered his workshop. The nonessentials were quickly dumped into his mental ash can. Efficiency was no new principle with him. He planned and others ventured.

Ah, But She Was the Naughty Dame—So Exacting and Proud! Nothing Seemed Good Enough for Her

Like an expert fire underwriter he tabulated risks and skillfully compiled his rates and commissions—a specialist who selected territories and prospects for a waiting clientèle; in fact, a counselor who advised the criminal-minded and devised avenues of retreat for those who would speed to parts unknown.

During the week which followed, Louie spent three days out of town and upon his return was informed by Elkanah that Baltus was painfully anxious to see him; in fact, had called three times.

This information had scarcely been received when Baltus slouched to Louie's table, threw himself into a chair and said: "Ernst is crooked."

Louie's thin lips received the soft caress of his moist tongue and his nostrils twitched with houndlike responsiveness.

"The coaster game," he commented. "Who's pushing him uphill now?"

"He's trimmed his boss for five thousand."

"And you want my advice about framing his get-away, is that the idea?"

"No, Daisy and I are standing by him—we are going to make the amount good."

Louie's lip curled in scorn and his dark face reflected cold indifference.

"Then why do you come to me?" he snarled. "What is it you want?"

"You have staked me before. I want you to do it now."

"Why not sacrifice the cottage—the love-dream cottage that goes with the country stuff?"

"We have. It wasn't much—two thousand dollars. That was all we had. Ernst's boss drew on him from Europe for that amount and he didn't have it, so we covered the draft."

"Fine! Then your trouble is over?"

"No, we need three thousand more, and we've got to have it by next Tuesday. The boy trimmed the office accounts for five thousand. The rest of it has got to be there when his boss lands next week."

"You want me to advance three thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"You have as much chance as a snowball in the Sahara—no!"

Baltus listened in silence and now Louie leaned across the table and beat out the words to the tap of his fountain pen:

"Tell Daisy for me, I'm glad the kid went crooked. It will show you fly-by-night reformers that you can't cut with the old game just because you have had a good cry. And as for you—this will be a chance to show what good you are. Your bride will appreciate it, or perhaps"—Louie indulged in a wicked shrug of his thin shoulders—"Daisy herself will decide to rustle for the coin."

Good nature alone might not have restrained Baltus from making just one effort to mar Louie's Oriental beauty, but the rejected suitor's spite pleased him. It took away the sting of his refusal, and tickling mirth was furnishing medicine for Baltus.

"Not a cent!" continued Louie. "You have gone soft—both of you. A fine chance I'd be taking to get anything back. Where do you expect to raise it? From the chickens or the lima beans? Good-by—one of my men is waiting to talk business."

Baltus knew that the interview was over. He might have renewed his appeal, but the man in waiting was one of Louie's agents—a runner who carried Louie's instructions to what was ostensibly a respectable establishment on Fifth Avenue. It was owned by the secretive Louie, though he never went there, and through it he disposed of certain wares and merchandise—especially furs—that came to him through underground channels.

As Baltus climbed from Elkanah's wine cellar to the Second Avenue sidewalk his sketchy grin expanded to a finished smile. He was thinking of the lie he had told Louie—the statement that two thousand dollars was all they had. Thank heaven, there was a Fifth Avenue bank in which five hundred dollars rested to the credit of Baltus Van Keuren! This account to Baltus was a white spirit of respectability—his one clean touch with legitimate finance, and so far as the bank officials knew he might be as honest as an alderman.

"I'll draw three hundred and play the ponies," said Baltus to himself upon reaching the corner. "Something tells me that I'll find a welcome on the mat at Saratoga."

Then he went to his bank—the Paramount Trust Company—and drew the money, as that institution was open for business each Thursday until nine P. M.

The rest of the evening was spent in looking up the wise Oscars who knew the difference between a harness maker's dummy and a real horse. Hence the elimination of all the equine flivvers that were listed for the next day's race. Baltus had also tuned his mind to a point of responsiveness for each and every hunch that might be coaxing for registration. The first one came at one A. M., just as he was boarding his sleeper. He was to ride to Saratoga in the Golden Gate. That was both auspicious and comforting. The second one materialized in the form of a stoop-shouldered porter whose spinal curve suggested the luckiest of all omens—a hump-backed negro. The magic touch cost Baltus one dollar.

Never had the smile of Baltus indulged in a more beatific frolic than when he set out for the track the following morning. Ah, but it was good to be back on the turf! This was the life—pennants fluttering, hackmen joshing and the song of easy money in the air.

Right at the gate Baltus met his friend Coogan—Shorty Coogan, with whom he had served an early apprenticeship on the ice-water squad of a New York hotel back in the eighties.

"What are you playing?" was Coogan's first question.

Baltus drew out the list he had prayed over—one that had been compiled from an age-weight-and-performance dictionary. If that sure-thing combination went wrong, then the moon was liable to slip any minute. It was a list that had been plumb-lined, safety-valved and clocked to a hair. It was cross-gigged and machine-added—and any man who played it would win, even though he lost.

Coogan gave one look.

"A bunch of jingle bells," said he, handing it back.

"What do you mean jingle bells?" asked the injured Baltus.

"Car horses, wooden legs, feed-bag chasers."

"How long you been up here?" questioned Baltus.

"Since Monday, and I know. Listen—how much you got?"

"Three hundred."

"Put it all on Golden Kate."

"Golden Gate!" exclaimed Baltus, his eyes popping.

"No, Kate! Say, she never touches the track all the way round. Most won-der-ful form I ever saw—and say, the little hump-backed coon that rides her is a wizard!"

The ebony jockey with the humpback settled it for Baltus. Never in all his life had there been a hunch like this.

They had to place their money on the jump. Then—zip, they were off!

It was the most spectacular start Baltus had ever witnessed. He howled with joy. There were no words in the English language fit to describe Kate's speed. She was the steam that hits your eye before you hear the whistle. Glory be, Ernst was covered and the money was in the bank! Daisy would love her Baltus for this!

It was a romp to the quarter and at the half it honestly looked foolish to take the money. Then ——

Something happened.

Just what, neither Baltus nor Coogan knew. No one can tell very much about this calamity stuff from the grand stand. One thing was certain, there was trouble in Kate's immediate vicinity—a distressing commotion in which some of her horse friends remained with her in a rough-and-tumble mess of race-track wreckage.

"Well," said Baltus as they came through the gate with some of the mourners, "you got me into this and it is going to set you back some on mileage, as I am broke. You will have to buy me a ticket for New York. I only got twenty cents."

"I was just going to ask you to do as much for me," said Coogan.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are flat?" questioned Baltus.

"I couldn't board a trolley."

Baltus did some quick thinking. If he were able to take the next express the day would be gone by the time he reached the city. At best there were but two days in which to raise three thousand dollars—Saturday and Monday. In addition to this, by every ruling of the unwritten race-track law, it was up to him to stand by the financially busted Coogan.

"Ain't it awful!" wailed Coogan. "I'm goin' right off into a fever—I am. Honest, I'm goose-fleshin' all over. Say—it's terrible, and I'd be all right, I would, if I could once get back to New York."

Baltus made no reply. He was digging into some of the moss-grown corners of his fertile brain. Beating one's way on an express train was more or less small-town stuff. It was like weaving cute little paper baskets in a kindergarten and just about as easy. Something like going back to a game of authors after knowing how to play stud poker. Furthermore, Daisy had made him hold up his right hand and promise that he would square the circle—the crooked old circle in which he had been pattering for years—and dod rag it, the girl had tears in her eyes when she asked him!

At the same time, how was he going to get round some things? There was Ernst, all caked up to the bad. Why, he simply had to get back—that was all there was to it. And Coogan—the big mush—see the boohoo he was pulling. The Salvation Army had it right when they lined up along Times Square on clear nights and sang Rescue the Perishing. Yes, sir, somebody had to play strong-man parts every now and then.

"Come on," said Baltus, "I'll see that you make it."

"Then you got something left?"

"Yes—my nerve."

Upon arriving at the station Baltus gave his instructions to Coogan as follows: "Stand over near that ticket window—innocent like—and spot some gent buying a ticket for New York. Then tag right after him. Fix it so you get into the smoker if you can—right into the same seat with him. We got to work this from the front end. And say—melt that frozen face of yours! You can't do anything with a map of grief on you like that. Now listen, this is important—you got to get the number of that gent's ticket. Tell him you want to look on the back of it and see what it says about excess baggage or something like that. The minute you pipe the figures make for the rear end of the train. Start before the conductor commences to collect his tickets. You will find me waiting in that last coach with a ticket for you."

"With a ticket for me?" gasped Coogan.

"That's what I said! Run along now, little man, but get that number for me or I'll be counting the ties."

As soon as the train drew in they separated—Coogan going forward to the smoker, Baltus boarding the last coach. The first move of the latter was to walk the full length of the aisle; then he wheeled about and retraced his steps. Upon this return trip he cautiously glanced at each hat that held a ticket, and about midway picked out a male passenger who was seated next to the aisle with a bit of pasteboard neatly tucked in his hatband. Baltus saw the words, "New York."

That was good enough for him. The next instant he lost his footing and fell heavily against this particular male passenger. It was a most unfortunate bump for the gentleman's hat, as it rolled into the aisle and under one of the seats.

"Dash me for a clumsy boob!" exclaimed Baltus as he rushed to pick up the hat—brushing it off meanwhile with his sleeve, after which he placed it tenderly upon the man's head. "Stranger, I apologize," said Baltus, flashing his old goldbrick smile.

"Don't mention it—no damage, I can assure you," was the courteous reply.

The next moment Baltus was on his way forward. He met Coogan in the third coach.

"Got that number?" he asked.

"Sure—63487."

"Fine! Here's a ticket for you."

"How did you get it?" asked the mystified Coogan.

"Knocked a gent's hat off and copped the ticket that was sticking in the hatband while I was fumbling for it under a seat. Beat it—here comes the conductor!"

Then Baltus sank into a near-by seat.

"Tickets!" chirped the conductor a moment later.

"You got mine, old top," said Baltus. "I gave it to you in the smoker."

"Look here, my friend, you probably are not aware of it, but in collecting tickets I carefully scrutinize each man that passes me, and I am positive that not a single passenger has done so since we pulled out of Saratoga."

"Well," said Baltus with one of his kindly-old-gentleman smiles, "it just happens that I was fussing with my ticket up there in the smoker before you came along and took it away from me. You know—just amusing myself foolish like; sat there adding up the figures on the blame thing. Don't remember ever having done such a thing before in my life and I call it providential that I should remember the figures on that ticket of mine—63487."

"In that case it will be easy to settle. If I have a ticket with that number on it—your fare is paid."

"Yes, sir," said Baltus meekly. "I'd sure hate to pay the second time."

The conductor rapidly thumbed his tickets—then thrust one toward Baltus.

"You win," said he. "There it is. I apologize."

Then the conductor passed on and Baltus settled down in his seat.

"That's always been my system," he mused. "Get 'em apologizin' and they come easy."

Not until they were under the star-flecked dome of the Grand Central Terminal did these two gentlemen of fortune deign to fraternize. In fact, they were well out on Forty-second Street before Baltus indulged in so much as a single quirk or chuckle.

"You got to hand it to your Uncle Baltus," he observed to Coogan.

"You said it!" exclaimed Coogan. "Honest, I'm stupefied with admiration! But say—I want to ask you—does all this come to you easy?"

"It's a gift," said Baltus.

"Of course it must be, because it ain't in reason to suppose that you can rub the lamp or jump on the rug every time you want something."

"Oh, I don't know—what do you crave?"

"I could eat," said Coogan.

"Come on, I'll buy you a good dinner."

A few minutes later they entered a restaurant which ran from street to street, and took places at a table near the door.

The repast which followed totaled three dollars and eighty cents.

"How are you going to pay for it?" asked Coogan

"Well, I figure that we will mingle with the departing guests until we get to within about four tables of the lady cashier on the other end. Then you are to do just as I tell you."

"Two cups of coffee," said Baltus to the waiter as they sat down for the second time. "Neither one of us is suffering much from hunger."

With the last gulp Baltus turned to Coogan.

"Now for the finish," he whispered. "Come on!"

Stepping up to the cashier's desk he paid his check and directly thereafter they were out on Forty-third Street.

"That beats me!" exclaimed Coogan. "How did you do it on twenty cents?"

"That's all I paid—just a check for two cups of coffee. I got the one for three dollars and eighty cents in my pocket. And now, old pal, I'm going to be as busy as a hen with one eye. So long!"

But alas, Baltus had no sooner bid his friend good night than the reaction came! He was no longer under tension. It had been fine to play swashbuckling parts before the applauding Coogan, but now that the curtain was down and the lights out it was different. That three thousand dollars—where was it to come from? Perhaps Louie might have relented by this time. At any rate, why not make one final effort in that quarter?

If the attempt failed there were other methods of raising three thousand—methods that were more or less rough, but then desperation seldom stops to quibble over financial details.

Twenty minutes later Baltus entered Elkanah's wine cellar and encountered a most frigid reception. There was not even so much as a nod of recognition from Louie, who was seated in his accustomed place talking to one of his agents. On the table before them was a folded sheet of tissue paper and upon it there were several diamonds.

A significant gesture on the part of Louie was enough to cause the agent to glance apprehensively at Baltus—then quickly wrap up the diamonds and slip the tissue packet into his vest pocket.

The alert mind of Baltus grasped the situation at once. Louie was staging one of his "sales" of spurious diamonds—a game which involved the fleecing of the inexperienced, especially credulous woman who were transient guests of New York hotels—a confidence game in which paste diamonds took the place of green goods and in which genuine stones were only used for the purpose of baiting the victim.

Baltus despised the game and the men who worked it. It was part of Louie's plan

(Continued on Page 53)

BREAD

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Made on the army last—proved by Government experts to be the most natural last ever discovered—it does not cramp or distort the feet, but gives the freedom necessary for easy walking and allows them to grow naturally as they should.

Wonseam Shoes are made of the finest materials throughout. Soles and heels are thick and serviceable. Over the toe there are two thicknesses of leather.

The single seam is reinforced with a full-length leather backstay and three rows of stitching. That seam won't rip because it runs up and down with the strain.

Take your boy to a dealer and let him try on a pair of Wonseams. He'll say it's the shoe he wants, and you'll know it's the shoe he ought to have. But insist on Wonseam. Look for that name on the sole of the shoe.

Please tell us your dealer's name if he doesn't happen to have Wonseam Shoes in stock—and let us know size desired. Then we'll see that you get a pair immediately.

W. H. Griffin Company — Manchester, N. H.

(Continued from Page 50)

to establish a youth like the one now conversing with him in some first-class hotel and play upon the weakness of certain women for canine pets. To have a high-bred dog in constant leash was almost as good as an introduction in some cases and the King Charles spaniel sprawling at the feet of the young man proclaimed him to be "one of these hotel flossies," as Baltus called them.

The folly of remaining longer was now evident to Baltus; he was wasting his time. However, upon reaching the street he did not seem anxious to hasten away from the neighborhood.

In fact, he reached the corner by a series of loafing installments and finally found a place of concealment in one of the dark doorways—which point of vantage he did not relinquish until Louie's man emerged from Elkanah's wine cellar.

Then Baltus began to stalk the youth who carried the packet of real diamonds in his vest pocket. In his heart Baltus knew that any attempt on his part to get them would result in failure, as he possessed neither the skill nor the inclination for anything that was rough. However, dire necessity was urging him to capitalize his opportunity.

Not until his man had reached the glare of Broadway and entered one of its most ornate hotels did Baltus realize that both the temptation and the opportunity had slipped away from him. But even so, the vacillating, wobbling Baltus temporized. It would do no harm to visit the baggage room of the hotel. One of his cronies from the old hotel days was employed there. A few odds and ends of miscellaneous information concerning the youth with the dog might not come amiss. There was, however, but little to glean beyond the fact that he was stopping there and that each morning at eight he aired his King Charles spaniel.

That night the bride of Baltus listened with rapt attention to his story, the incidents of which stirred her emotional nature and gave full scope for her one valuable asset—a vivid imagination.

"Baltus," said she, "I did not make any mistake when I married you, and I'm loving you more and more every minute. You are white, and I'm glad that you kept your hands off the little chap that is acting as a dog's nurse."

"So am I—in a way—but it doesn't get us anywhere."

"Oh, yes, it does! Tell me—where can I open an account by to-morrow noon?"

"My bank—the Paramount Trust Company. Why?"

"That little nurse is going to furnish the deposit."

"Are you crazy?"

"Yes over you. Baltus, you are wonderful! You are my sweet little card index. Tell me what time did you say he gives his dog a sun bath?"

"Each morning at eight."

"Then we may be able to open that account by ten o'clock."

"But you are stacking your wits against one of the cleverest crooks in the country. Months ago Louie spoke of bringing a world-beater on from San Francisco, and I think this is the man."

"The bigger they are the harder they fall," she answered.

"Why do you think he will be easy?"

"I don't. He will be hard. That is why I pick him."

She came nearer and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Baltus, no matter how much money we need to lift Ernst out of his trouble, Louie is going to furnish it all. Tell me again about the message he sent. Every time I hear it I can think up something new."

"He said that perhaps you would decide to rustle the coin yourself."

"That's just what I am going to do—his coin."

Then a touch of bitterness came into her voice.

"Baltus, we got a wrong start in this uplift game and the undertow has caught us, but you know why we are still treading water. It's to pull Ernst out with us—the next time we make for the shore. I'll admit that it may not be square to trim Louie, but the idea makes me feel so good that I'm going to do it."

All of which brings us to an incident which occurred the following morning on Fiftieth Street just west of Broadway; a bit of comedy or tragedy—just as you will—wherein there was a male personage with a King Charles spaniel. He was a Turkish-complexioned-looking youth and was lipping his cigarette with the air of a Hungarian impresario.

It was a damp morning and the sidewalks were sweating at every pore—a lavalike pomade of black ooze.

Almost before the youth was aware of it a fashionably dressed woman sat down by the side of his spaniel and had taken it in her arms.

To the youth she was a vision of rare loveliness—a gracious, charming lady of quality; about the sweetest specimen of female beauty he had seen since leaving San Francisco. She knew a good dog, too, when she saw one. And as for class—why, she let her dress trail right through the mud she was so interested! Didn't seem to care a rap about it either.

"Isn't he the stupid darling?" she gurgled. "What a booful nose him has, and such silky ears! Really he is superb! Where did you get him?"

"Brought him from the Coast," replied the young man.

"He's adorable! So aristocratic, don't you know! Really the most arrogant type of King Charles spaniel I ever saw. But what a shame to let him wet his feet a morning like this!"

Here the lady turned her splendid eyes full on the youth from San Francisco.

"Do me a favor, please! Carry him!"

Then as if taking it for granted that he could not possibly refuse she came close to him and thrust the spaniel in his arms, pressed the little dear against him and actually drew his arm about the animal.

Ah, but it was wonderful to note the flutter of excitement when she suddenly became aware of the liberty she had taken! Just like a timid little country girl. That was all he could think of as she begged his pardon and excused it all by saying that she was passionately fond of animals. Then—like a flash—she was gone.

At that particular moment the young man was not aware of it, but something else had also gone—the diamonds in his vest pocket, for—in the words of Louie—Daisy had synchronized the psychological moment with the velvet touch.

"Well," said Baltus, who had been anxiously waiting her return, "how did you get along?"

"It was almost as easy as selling photographs of a baby parade," she answered.

"For which I am truly thankful," said Baltus, "because something has happened since you have been away.

"Ernst has been here. His employer is liable to arrive any minute, and he is more than anxious to get the money."

"All right—pull down the shade! We will make an appraisement of our assets."

Together they opened the tissue-wrapped packet and examined the diamonds it contained.

"We are stung!" said Baltus. "There is not more than twenty-three hundred dollars' worth of stones here—and we need three thousand."

For several minutes they simply stared at each other. Had all their work gone for naught? Twenty-three hundred added to the two hundred that Baltus still had left in the Paramount Trust Company made a total of twenty-five hundred. They were still short five hundred dollars. Where was it to come from?

Baltus lit his pipe. Daisy stared out into the dismal courtyard adjoining their apartment.

Thus they remained for fully ten minutes. Then Baltus saw the flicker of a smile play over his wife's features. Even as he looked, it expanded. Finally she laughed aloud.

"What is it all about?" asked Baltus.

"I know how I am going to raise the five hundred," she replied.

"How?"

"I would not dare tell you, because if I did you would say no. It is one of those fool ideas that come once in a lifetime—something I must work alone."

A worried look came into Baltus' face.

"Get rid of it!" said his wife. "It will only give you wrinkles, and besides that, you have the wrong thought. Louie is going to furnish this five hundred—nobody else. So cheer up!"

"Louie!"

"Yes, it will be like accepting a wedding present from him—a little gift from Louie to Baltus and his bride. So don't ask any questions now. Let me alone and do just as I request. First of all turn these stones into cash. There are a dozen places where you can do it. Then meet me in front of this bank of yours. I want to open an account there."

The cash returns upon the diamonds, through the medium by which Baltus disposed of them, netted fifty dollars more than he expected. It was therefore possible to open the new account with twenty-three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Introduce me as Mrs. Jarvay," was the request of Daisy upon his arrival at the trust company—"Mrs. Jason Jarvay; it sounds good."

"Just as you say. Come on!" said Baltus, who had regained his usual cheerfulness.

No matter what was behind his wife's great idea, Baltus was thankful that his record with the Paramount Trust Company was clean. All this would help in the introduction of a new account.

As soon as the formalities were over Daisy drew a check for twelve hundred dollars, making it payable to her order—that is, to the order of Mrs. Jason Jarvay. She also took the precaution to suggest that the account was hoary with financial age by numbering the check 5324.

"Now get an automobile," she commanded Baltus—"no rattling taxi, but the classiest baby-blue whizzer you can find, even if you have to go all the way to Times Square for it."

Baltus returned in about ten minutes with a car that looked like a million dollars. It might have rolled right out of a full-page magazine advertisement. Furthermore, it was chauffeured by a real Jap with gold braid on his uniform.

"Some boat!" said Daisy as she climbed in. Then she turned to Baltus, "Meet me at the bank, dear."

It was a blaze of baby-blue glory that shot up Fifth Avenue.

When she emerged from the dream car it was in front of Louie's Fifth Avenue shop—the one he conducted from Elkanah's wine cellar—the highly respectable establishment through which he disposed of goods that reached him through shady channels, especially furs.

Perhaps no more imperious queen of beauty had ever entered Louie's emporium. Ah, but she was the haughty dame—so exacting and proud! Nothing seemed good enough for her. She was in search of a fur-lined garment, but their stock was so depleted—absolutely no variety whatever. Several times she started for the door, but finally the hard-working clerk showed some intelligence and produced one garment that made just a tiny impression, though she stated that she had found one in a department store very much like it for less money. She hardly knew what to do about making a purchase.

The three-hundred-dollar garments were very common. The five-hundred one was by no means what she desired. The seven-hundred-dollar one—well, she would take it. Yes—she would carry it with her as the auto was waiting outside.

"Seven hundred dollars, I think you said," observed Daisy, handing the astonished clerk her twelve-hundred check.

The look of polite horror that came into the clerk's face would be difficult to describe. How could any woman expect to get away with this—a twelve-hundred check from which she expected five hundred dollars in change? It was the most absurd thing that had ever come under his observation, but he must preserve all the polite amenities.

"Is madam known to our credit department?" he blandly asked.

"No, but I am known in every large store in the city—Mrs. Jason Jarvay. Why, I thought everybody knew that name—and my engagements for the morning are very pressing. I need the five hundred dollars for other errands in this neighborhood."

Now came the polite, suave manager. Really the lady could not blame them. They were sorry, but she was not known to their house. It was indeed regrettable. Would she give them the name of any department store they might telephone to, and so on and so on?

Then the lid went off. Never in all her New York experience—so the lady claimed—had she been subjected to such indignity, and now under no circumstance would she think of buying from them. Her credit—to say nothing of her check—was good in a hundred Fifth Avenue stores. They might just as well accuse her of being dishonest. Whereupon, she flounced toward the door. Then ——

She stopped short and smiled—oh, such a superior, sardonic smile!

"I shall not allow myself to be thrown out this way without some vindication. Here—take this check over to the Paramount Trust Company and ask them if it is good."

They would be more than pleased to do a little thing like that. A messenger was dispatched instanter.

During his absence the lady positively refused to be drawn into conversation by the manager. She spent the time in various demonstrations of wrathful indignation—such as tossing her head, tapping her dainty foot on the floor, laughing in scorn. In a few minutes the youth returned.

"It's good," he whispered to the manager. "O. K. in every respect."

The most abject apology on the part of the manager followed, but all to no avail. Under no circumstances would she ever consider either buying from them or recommending any of her wealthy friends to their establishment—then she was gone.

The post-mortem which followed in Louie's emporium will never be forgotten by any of the clerks, and if one of them ever carried word of the affair to Louie he was to be fired on the spot. Zowie! A seven-hundred-dollar sale actually thrown away! It was awful!

Straight to the Paramount Trust Company went Daisy and her baby-blue auto, where Baltus was in waiting.

"I haven't much time for details," said Daisy, "but Louie is going to furnish that money, and everything is moving along fine. The next thing, however, is to withdraw every cent we have here. We will have to tell them that it is an unexpected call to Chicago, or something like that."

Several minutes later they stood on the sidewalk in front of the Paramount Trust Company with twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars stowed away in one of Baltus' pockets. It represented both accounts.

"Now kiss me good-by and wish me good luck. This time you can wait for me at home."

About an hour later—after a ride to Riverside Drive—the baby-blue car slid its insidious way to the curb in front of Louie's Fifth Avenue shop, and this time Daisy entered with a real smile. She had come back to apologize. Really, she had been overhasty, and as a matter of fact the department-store garment was not so good as the one they had shown her. She always tried to be frank and honest concerning these things.

After all, she would take their garment—the one she had looked at for seven hundred dollars.

Ah, but the manager was pleased! He rubbed his hands. He bowed and smiled. Would she like the five hundred dollars change in new bills? And the garment—of course she desired to take it with her? Oh, it was grand to see how low he bowed! Why, he even went straight to the curb and opened the door of the car for her!

Once again the beautiful blue car mingled with the Fifth Avenue traffic, and this time Daisy made a mental calculation—twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars plus five hundred dollars makes three thousand and fifty.

Upon reaching a street located among the Fifties the automobile shot westward to the modest apartment of Baltus and his bride. Before her wraps were removed Baltus was asking a dozen questions.

"It's all right. I've got the five hundred. Has Ernst arrived?"

No sooner had she asked the question than she knew that Baltus was in receipt of some word from him. His face registered excitement and uncertainty.

"I've got another shock for you," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, dropping wearily into a chair. "Don't be afraid to tell me. I'm getting used to them."

"It's about Ernst. He is not coming, but has sent a letter. It came by messenger. Here—read it":

"*Dear Sister:* I made five thousand dollars in the stock market this morning. That story of mine about taking money from my boss was not true. I wanted to raise every cent I could get hold of and I couldn't think of any other way to do it. My chance came this morning and I could not wait for the three thousand dollars you were going to let me have. Ever since I came to New York I have saved my money, and this, with the amount you gave me recently, turned the deal. Cheer up! I'm going to split with you on what I have made.

"In haste,

"ERNST."

"Wouldn't that fracture all your Christian graces?" asked Baltus, grinning at his wife.

"Thank heaven, he is straight—even though he is crooked!" was her reply as she again took up the note.

"He says, 'I made five thousand dollars,'" she continued, "and he is going to split with me. If that boy only knew what I went through to raise this money—and now he says, 'Never mind—I won't need it.' Baltus, I would not go through the agony of this strain a second time for fifty thousand dollars, but I don't suppose that this is a very good time for the emotional stuff, and I might just as well keep my hysterics until the curtain goes down."

"Looks to me as though it was down," said Baltus.

"That is because you are only a man. We are just coming to the climax."

"What do you mean—climax?"

"You will see as soon as Louie arrives."

"You are going to send for him?"

"Certainly. How can we drop the curtain without having Louie on the stage?"

She had taken up the telephone and was calling for Elkanah's wine cellar.

"Who is it?" asked Louie gruffly over the wire.

"It's Daisy. I want to ask you, Louie—can you come up?"

"Oh, Daisy! Certainly, I will be there in twenty minutes."

It was a jaunty, care-free Louie who made his way uptown, not a thing on his mind but anticipation. Perhaps there was a beautiful row on between the new bride and groom; she might have decided to ask his advice. Well, he would see.

And see he did as he entered their apartment! Not discord, but bliss seemed to be in evidence. Baltus was lounging on a couch in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe. Daisy was seated at a table with all kinds of money in front of her.

"Louie," she said, "you have been robbed."

"Not me," said Louie with a resounding laugh that made him shake like a bowl of gelatin.

"Oh, yes, you have! Here is twenty-three hundred and fifty dollars I took from the little San Francisco man at eight o'clock this morning and here is five hundred more they gave me at your Fifth Avenue shop just before noon. They were also kind enough to let me have a garment, worth about seven hundred dollars, which you can take back with you. Louie—there is a good deal more to all this than appears on the surface, but you are hardly the kind of man that would understand. The first part you know all about—that relates to the downfall of an uplift. But this finish—the uplift of a downfall—you would never be able to comprehend. That will be about all, Louie. Oh, yes, there is one thing I forgot: You can frame the twelve-hundred-dollar check that will come back on Monday marked 'No funds.' Keep it as a little souvenir from Baltus and Daisy to Louie."

Louie had a strong constitution or he could not have stood the strain on his arteries. He passed through every change of temperature that can be registered between a Turkish bath and a meat-packer's refrigerator. Bit by bit he grasped the situation. Finally admiration took the place of consternation and he turned to Baltus:

"Your wife is the most wonderful woman I ever knew, and though I am rich I would give every dollar if I could start life on an honest foundation with the help of a woman like Daisy."

Saying which, he shoved the imposing pile of greenbacks across the table toward her.

"Every dollar of it goes into the love cottage, and my only regret is that you cannot write over the front door 'A gift from Louie to Baltus and his bride.'"

Then the curtain went down upon a climax in which Daisy decided to turn on the emotional stuff.

THE YEAR IN SPORT

By Emerson Hough

THE out-of-door man of America—some five or six millions of him—seems to be asserting himself more and more. Let us not say out-of-door man, but out-of-door person. Men, women and children seem nowadays to take to the open road. The year 1918 was marked with extraordinary changes in game legislation and by a general stiffening up of sentiment in regard to the loss and waste of the sporting resources of America. The current year, 1919, covers another extraordinary epoch. Viewed rather on the demand than the supply side of the balance sheet, we have never had anything like it.

The entire country went out of doors last summer. The new days of peace and the new days of industrial unrest seem to have had an unsettling effect on the people. They did not want to work, they wanted to play—and they did play in greater numbers than ever was the case in our history. The entire country apparently was waiting for something to happen. There was a sort of hurry and strain about it all. None the less, pretty much all America went out of doors, and it seems to be rather a safe proposition that it is going to continue to go out of doors more and more.

In all likelihood the returned soldier had very much to do with this as well as the ending of the war itself. Always after a great war there is a certain change in the life of any people and part of this change nearly always is an unwillingness to settle down at once to the old humdrum of life. Men who have been living out of doors, no matter how uncomfortably, seem to rebel at the thought of going indoors for any steady occupation. There has been no great back-to-the-land movement on the part of our returned soldiers, most of whom seem to want to go back to the cities; but there certainly has been a very pronounced movement back to the open road. The nervous tension of the country is not yet over. However these things may be, no one could have predicted the tremendous sporting traffic for the year of 1919. We are spending our money like drunken sailors, apparently becoming careless about steady and regular work, apparently trying to forget a lot of things. Probably this ought not to be our national attitude, but certainly this has been a national phenomenon for the past six months.

Cars and Trousers Affect Sports

Sport in America has been tremendously modified and tremendously endangered by the swift development of the cheap motor car—always supposing that mere motoring is not itself to be classified as a sport of the field. To an incredible extent the American people went out of doors in motor cars last summer, whether simply for the sake of going somewhere or for the purpose of sport with rod and gun. The average American does not realize with what rapidity the cheap motor car is wiping out American sport with rod and gun. We have never had any agency equally destructive.

Travel in the national parks was heavier during the season of 1919 than had ever before been known. At least I found such to be the case round Yellowstone Park and the adjacent country, where I spent two or three months. Tourists came into Yellowstone Park literally in thousands—a thousand in a day, five thousand in a week, fifty thousand in a season—and a vast percentage of the increase was due to the individually owned car. People came from all over the United States in their own cars—came in flocks and droves. There were like phenomena of enormous outdoor travel in all the sporting regions of the entire country. From more than six million sporting Americans there was formulated a demand for sport, open country, wild life, life under canvas, something to shoot with a gun or something to catch with a rod.

The statisticians estimate that whereas we had five million sportsmen before the war we now have more than six million. These multitudes now begin to organize, begin to mill round, begin to centralize. After a while they may begin to think. Then they may begin to do something. Certainly here is a tremendous and newly recognized factor in American life which will more and more assert itself. It represents a tremendous purchasing power, a tremendous spending power. More and more attempts will be made to commercialize it for these reasons.

America dropped many conventions this year—indeed, stepped out as a new country which none of us has ever known before. Brother came home, glad to hang up his flannel shirt and his military breeches in the family clothes closet. But sister went into the closet and put them on. There was a new woman out of doors this year—thousands and thousands of her; and she did not wear skirts but those other things designated as breeches, trousers or pants. Sister looked upon them and found them good. Everybody looked at sister and found her good. She never was more sensible. She never looked better. She never had so good a time in all her born days as she did this year. Father probably wore his old business suit, but mother and the girls certainly did wear pants and there is no use denying it. They had the time of their young or middle-aged lives. I presume there were millions of pairs of trousers worn by American women this year.

All at once, without any sort of plan or premeditation, two things happened in American outdoor life: Everybody had a car, everybody wore trousers. Skirts almost reached the vanishing point.

With all this sort of thing there was a strange joyousness, a friendliness, a spirit of camaraderie mixed with the eager and restless mood which seemed to drive the people afield. There never was so much democracy in American life as there was in the tourist travel of 1919. Fewer introductions were needed than ever was the case before. Father and mother and the boys and girls were gentle, kindly, courteous, not only with their own family but with others. In some marvelous, miraculous way the old freemasonry of sport extended its confines and opened its doors to everyone.

If you observed the average motor car in Montana, Idaho or Wyoming, at least in the sporting regions of those states, you saw that more than fifty per cent of them showed cane fishing poles carried alongside. These were cars of the flivver type, many owned by local farm people out for vacation after the haying was over. Practically all of the cars in Yellowstone Park had tents, beds and camp outfits hung on to them in some way, shape or manner. Of course a great many jointed fishing rods were carried in the cars which could not be seen like the long cane poles, but it practically was all sporting traffic. The sporting outfit carried by the average car would run somewhere between $250 and $500—perhaps the latter figure would not be too much for the cost. All sorts of appliances for carrying outfits were everywhere in evidence—sideboards and racks built up along the running boards, extension trunk racks behind, folding beds inside, auto tents somehow hung outside—all sorts of schemes to aid in the general purpose of having a good time.

The Whole Ménage on Wheels

The cars came from all over the country. At Yellowstone Park I saw a great many from New York, some from New England, many from every state between, many also from the Pacific Coast. There is a movement now to establish a sort of interpark motor route. I saw cars at Yellowstone which came from Glacier Park and in southern Californian points I saw cars which had been at both those parks. It is nothing now for motorists to make a transcontinental trip, and the national parks no longer depend upon the railroad for their tourists—on the contrary, most of their traffic is motor travel. This of course means the picnic, the life in the open. At Henry Lake, Idaho, I saw one car from Minot, North Dakota, which had father, mother, son and five girls—eight passengers in a seven-passenger car. They had laid a little board across the two drop seats so that they carried three comfortably. They had their entire personal outfit, wardrobe and so on, on the same car, had been gone for a month and expected to stay out for another month, not caring whether school kept or not. They were an example of the great tendency this year. Perhaps we are grasshoppers now when we ought to be crickets, but certainly before we settled down to work this fall most of us cut loose and had one glorious lark. The American public is standing extortion and profiteering, is sidestepping labor troubles, allowing politics to a certain extent to run itself, grinning and bearing the ills which have come in the train of the war. How long this will last no one can tell, but certainly our people have amused themselves this year. They did not confine themselves to books. They went to the movies and they bought gas.

So much for the demand for sporting resources in America to-day. How about the supply for the demand? There the reply is somewhat saddening. Just at the time when we are getting a splendid and healthful manifestation of the American disposition for all-round manhood and womanhood, for a sane insistence on enjoyment as well as work, we are confronted with the fact that America of to-day is not America of yesterday. Six million people want to kill something. The plain truth is there is not so very much left for them to kill. Six million people want to go out into the wilderness, but the real truth is that we have not so very much wilderness left, and what there is passes at a fast pace.

I wish these things were not true and I wish that one did not have to chronicle anything but happy days and prospects for many more happy days, but the best way to get these happy days of the future is to realize soberly their value to us. We can do that only by comparing one set of conditions with another. It is just as legitimate in sporting writing for the year 1919 to treat of game protection and wilderness conservation as it is to deal in hints and points in guns and tackle, in ways of killing things and ways of getting to the things to be killed. There must be a balance between the agencies of destruction and those of conservation. When there is nothing left to conserve, then we must give up all of our ideas of sport, as we formerly have noted. I myself do not think that twenty years from now we shall have any open sport with rod and gun in America. The practical end may come in half that time, perhaps in a fourth that time—things are traveling with an astonishing rapidity. It is not pleasant advice, but it is wise and good advice, to these six million new Americans to take stock in their sporting resources for to-morrow.

Lately I have been hanging round the lower corner of Idaho for some time, making Henry Lake, Idaho, a sort of starting point. This lake lies about twenty miles west of Yellowstone Park and it has been the greatest trout water and one of the greatest duck waters in America. Three years ago it was fine sporting country. Last summer it showed sport approaching the vanishing point. I give that region about three or four years to disappear as a point of much interest to shooters or anglers.

The past year was one of an extraordinary drought in overmuch of the arid regions of the West. It was disastrous to the dry farmers, cattle men, sheep men and hay men. Many thousands of cattle and sheep were shipped out of the affected states and many more will perish this winter because of insufficient food. It was a hard year for livestock and a hard year for wild game. Last winter was a mild winter and the elk herd of Yellowstone Park did well, but last summer was one of poor feed everywhere and at this writing no one knows what the condition of the elk herd will be when it enters the annual siege of the winter months on its wholly insufficient winter range. The general feeling in the region was one of apprehension for the game supply next year.

Henry Lake, normally about four miles by five, had dwindled by a third and was

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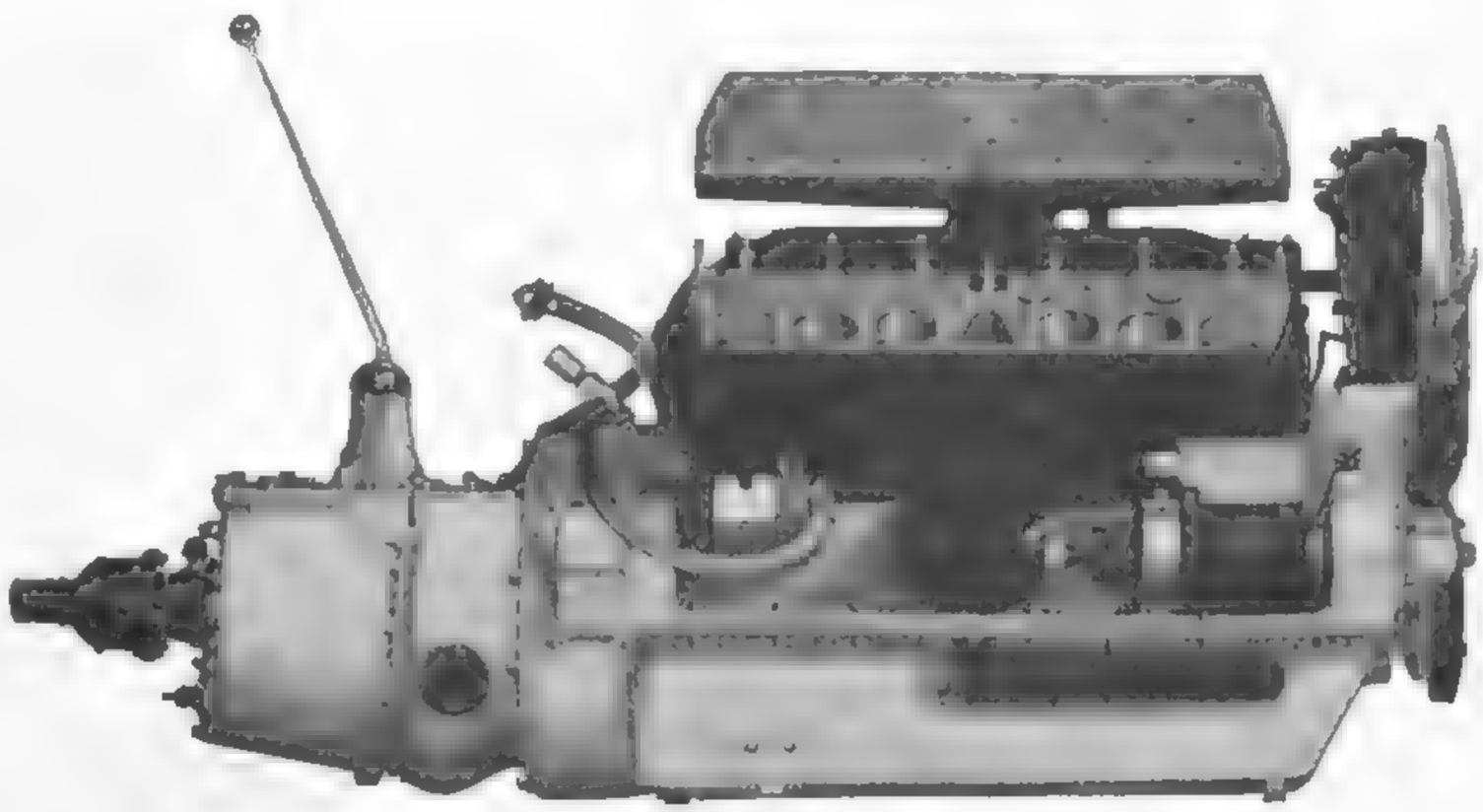

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(Continued from Page 54)

little more than a mud hole, the water lower than it has ever been in the memory of man. This means that the lake will freeze almost solid this winter, which in turn means that the trout will practically be exterminated—unless the local ranchers build a dam at the outlet to raise the water a foot or so at least. There was talk of this and indeed I heard that a contract had been let. Undoubtedly in other sporting waters the fish life also is in danger over a very wide area in the West.

Nature is merciless enough, but Nature never yet wiped out a species. Upon the contrary, man is going on very rapidly to supplement the ravages of Nature. For instance, I have always regarded the South Fork of the Madison River, which lies between Henry Lake and Yellowstone Park, as the most wholly lovable fly-fishing stream an angler ever saw. The annual run of grayling in this stream used to be an extraordinary thing. Three or four years ago men who had little but their ignorance to excuse them would take fifty, sixty, a hundred grayling—a sackful of grayling—in a day on that wonderful water. I have seen something of that slaughter myself, though I never would fill my basket, even on days when one could readily catch fifty or sixty pounds to the rod. The legal limit in Montana is twenty pounds of trout or grayling a day. Almost no regard has been paid to this. There has never been a warden on the South Fork that I have seen, though I have heard that there is a warden somewhere in that region.

This year the results of this sort of thing began to be apparent. A deep motor road was worn to the banks of this stream for miles of its length. Cars came in from all over the country. Local posting was of little or no avail—the ranchers could not or did not keep the people out. It is not true that there was not good fly fishing on the South Fork this summer, but it is true that it was nothing compared to what it was two or three years ago. Personally I took two baskets of grayling, stopping with less than a dozen each time—they run more than a pound in average. On another day I fished hard for several hours to take three and on another I got but two and a party of four rods from our club got only one grayling in an afternoon. This does not mean that there were not thousands of grayling taken from that stream last summer, but it does mean that there were too many thousands taken from that stream last year. I think that in two or three years the South Fork will be gone.

Unpleasant Memories

The South Fork and Grayling Creek run into the Madison River some distance above the Madison Cañon. Near the head of this cañon some years ago a power company put in a tremendous dam, some ninety feet in height, which absolutely cut off the fish life of the lower Madison from visiting its ancient spawning ground. No fish ladder has ever been put in. Perhaps one never can be put in, though the company offered to put in one if the state would show it how. Meantime one of the most pathetic sights in all sporting America has been the sight of hundreds of good trout wearing themselves to skin and bone, swimming up the apron of that dam and trying to jump its ninety feet of sheer gray expanse. If you want to see what civilization means to sport there is your place. Of course the trout will gradually disappear from the Madison River below this dam. A good day on that water is becoming rarer and rarer.

Above this dam a vast inland lake has been formed in the mountains with a shore line of some seventy-one miles. It has been a tremendous source of fish supply without any doubt or question. All the grayling of Grayling Creek and the South Fork have been coming up out of this great lake. In its depths the rainbow and Loch Leven trout, as well as the natives, have multiplied and have reached astonishing size. A few anglers for some years have been enjoying fine sport there in the late fall, but the truth about this angling never got out generally until this year. All at once the restless motorists who comb over the entire western country for good fishing spread abroad the fame of the Madison dam. That ended it.

I visited this extraordinary locality but once and am not sure that I care to do so again, because I like pleasant memories and not ghastly ones. We went to the head of the slack water. A more unsightly region you could not find, unless you saw Jackson's Lake below Yellowstone Park, which today is a like abomination of desolation.

The water had been drawn down low in the dam and for miles and miles there lay a vista of muddy banks covered with the white skeletons of dead trees heretofore submerged and now exposed. Out among the little islands of brush were many motor boats and rowboats. I presume there were fifty rods that worked there on that day. There was a row of tents and cottages up on the bank. I presume there were about a dozen motor cars in sight at one time. Every one who could fish at all was catching trout and large trout. I did not have a boat, but fishing from the shore and using rather a long line I got six or eight fine fish—all I wanted. I saw one eight-and-a-half-pound rainbow taken that morning and there were many fish of four and five pounds, though I had nothing over three and a half. I saw one party of three men lift a gunny sack of trout to the trunk rack at the rear of their car and it took all three of them to lift it. Of course the legal daily catch is twenty pounds. I don't think one man in fifty there ever thinks of the legal limit.

I don't suppose half of them had fishing licenses. I heard that two men took four hundred pounds of trout there on one day—they had wires strung full of them along the camp site. The whole thing was a scene of slaughter and I don't care to go there again or to see any place like it again. It was not sport, but butchery. There were men fishing there who were not sportsmen, but butchers in every instinct.

There were many alien anglers at this spot. Indeed I think most of them came from outside of the state or from distant points in the state. There are some local guides now who will bring in people there from Yellowstone Station. I met two or three cars on the road which were inquiring the way to that good fishing of which they had been told at Yellowstone. I was told that for two or three years a certain man has been coming up and camping in that South Fork country just for the sake of this fishing. He usually brings his servants and makes a good camp. He and his people fish every day and each summer kill an enormous amount of grayling and trout. I have not heard that they have exceeded the legal limit. They are only among many others who have hit that stream very hard, and it all shows how far men will go for some fishing. There is no stream which long will endure such disastrous hammering as this stream has had.

It would seem that what with the dam, what with the cheap motor car, what with the great demand for fishing now shown all over the country, these splendid waters would have enough to do to maintain themselves. But this is not quite all. Market fishing was going on along the South Fork with no reference to the daily limit and under a special permit from the fish commissioner of the state of Montana. When I heard this asserted at first I would not believe it, but I found the market fisherman himself and had quite a talk with him. He brought in his fish to Yellowstone from time to time. He told me that he had a permit to catch whitefish only and to sell them. He said he thought this was "some sort of war measure that had sort of held over."

There was, it is true, a sort of hysteria in parts of the West during the war—never countenanced by Mr. Hoover of the Food Administration—which had to do with increasing the food supply by marketing the elk, trout and grayling of Montana and other mountain states. Mr. Hoover was against this, as shown long ago in these columns. I myself am not clear how one man can be legally authorized to catch fish for the market without authorizing everyone who desires to do so. I am going to ask Governor Stewart of Montana to look into this matter, for he is reported to be a very broad-gauge man and with a keen sense of the value of the wilderness resources of his state.

It is a poor man who cannot find arguments for doing what he wants to do. As to taking these whitefish, it is alleged by some that they are too numerous; that they destroy the grayling; that they can be caught without hurting the grayling. This is a part of the usual American policy of monkeying with Nature and knowing more than the God of Nature's creatures what ought to be done for them. Nature never exterminated a species. Man has exterminated many species. Market fishing for whitefish in these streams not only ruins the fly fishing but it will destroy not one but every other species of fish life in these streams. I have never known an exception to the rule that the sale of wild game means the extinction of wild game. All these alibis and excuses mean nothing and come to nothing—the ultimate fact remains the same.

More Wardens Needed

It is said that the whitefish is not a game fish, but this is not a correct statement. It is a game fish and will strike the fly clean and fight hard. On the table the whitefish from a cold stream is as good as the grayling from that stream and I doubt if it can well be distinguished from it. It ought not to be exterminated. As to its getting along with the grayling in the same stream, it always used to do that and it always would if the two were left alone. Nature takes care of her own balance. The proposition to kill off the whitefish in the South Fork is precisely on the same basis as this fool doctrine now being put out as propaganda all over America of killing hawks and crows in order to increase the game supply. Our sportsmen now do kill a great many hawks and crows. They shoot them because they want to kill something, not because they ever will save anything by doing so.

The governor of Montana ought to stop market fishing on the South Fork and on Grayling Creek. I also know that he ought to have a warden every day in the season on the South Fork and especially on that part of the South Fork where the big slaughter of trout will go on next year to an even worse extent than it did this.

These are wholly deplorable individual monkeyings with the august machinery of state governments as well as with the personal predilections of a lot of people. Oh, very well. Perhaps the said monkeying need not always be charged with lack of results. On the contrary, I am not sure but that a few individuals could do—perhaps have done—as much in the way of game preservation as all the sportsman associations of the country, which mostly content themselves with passing resolutions. I might give one little instance of this while on the subject of angling in and round Yellowstone Park.

The Act of Congress creating Yellowstone Park expressly forbids the commercial use of any of its wild life and only another Act of Congress could modify that basic law governing the park. Certainly no official of the Government ever had the slightest authority to modify it by any regulations of his own. In spite of this, for some twelve years the wild trout of Yellowstone Park have been sold on the hotel tables. These trout have been obtained to what extent and with what regularity I do not know, but I do know that market

PHOTO. BY MRS. J. ROBINSON

fishermen have been employed or authorized who have sold trout to the hotels and camps at rates as low as three cents a pound in the rough or four cents a pound dressed.

Some years ago when I went through Yellowstone Park I learned of this practice, which everybody but my crabbed self thought was all right. I made complaint to the director of parks at Washington and was told that the practice had been stopped. It was stopped so far as Shoshone Lake was concerned, but it seems that the practice was not discontinued in Yellowstone Lake or Yellowstone River. It was alleged that a certain amount of market fishing also had been done in the Firehole River. This summer when I was out at the park about the first thing I heard was that the commercial fishing was very good on the Yellowstone River, because on the day before one of the market fishermen had caught a hundred and eighty pounds of trout on the fly. I don't think anything ever grieved me much more than that news, for apparently I had been made a fool of, so to speak.

Still, grief does not necessarily need to take the form of tears. In this case I asked the president of the camping company concession what there was in this rumor. He said that of course he was buying trout for his own tables, because he learned the hotel people were doing it and he had told the park superintendent that he intended to get his as well as everybody else. We then mutually agreed that a state of war existed between him and me, also between the park superintendent and myself. Both of these men were personal friends of mine. The camp president said he would go with me and talk with the market fisherman and we would look into the whole matter. We did this the next day.

This market fishing at the time was going on along the Yellowstone River not far below where it leaves the lake. I talked with the man who was fishing for the camp company, also with the other fisherman, who has been selling fish to the hotels for many years. I found both of these men clean-cut, decent young Americans, perfectly frank about their business and willing to discuss it, though neither of them knew what was my purpose in asking them questions.

The Law in the Case

Both of these men agreed that the fishing was not what it had been when first they began working these waters. Shoshone Lake was agreed to have been exhausted. They both told me that this year, when they traveled round in the bays of Yellowstone Lake, they could not find the trout schools as they used to. They both agreed that it would not pay for them to fish for the hotels and camps more than a year or so longer. The camp fisher showed us his catch for that day—about five times as many fish as any angler on earth would have nerve enough to take and carry home in one day. I don't think it came to more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He told me that he and the other market fisherman used long cane poles but fished with the fly altogether, as that was more destructive. Their favorite fly at the time was the Mormon Girl. Sometimes the Coachman was good, sometimes the Gray Hackle.

I asked these men something about their best catches. The camp man said a hundred and eighty pounds was his best for that month. Two men had taken three thousand pounds of trout in ten days that spring—that was on the spawning beds, of course. The hotel man told me that in one season he and his helper sold to the hotel companies thirty-three thousand eight hundred and forty-five pounds of trout. Both these market fishermen admitted that the trout were becoming scarcer. They both agreed that more than fifty per cent of the trout, perhaps seventy per cent, were affected with the parasite which always has been prevalent in Yellowstone Lake trout. They both agreed that if market fishing were kept up it would clean out the trout some time. They also said that very few of the tourists now got any trout near the camping grounds. They thought that the government hatchery men ought to go along with the market fisherman and strip the spawn from the trout they took in the spring—the native trout are spring spawners.

After my friend of the camp company and I had gone into this matter for a time with these men and the hatchery people he began to look serious. We had heard of many millions of spawn taken and shipped out of the Yellowstone Lake hatchery in earlier years, but the current year had brought out only about two-thirds of a million spawn. We learned something about the importation from the Spearfish, South Dakota, government hatchery and Bozeman, Montana, government hatchery, of alien species, such as the Eastern brook trout, Loch Leven trout and rainbow trout.

We could not discover any very large numbers of spawn or fry being planted in the many streams of Yellowstone Park, though we did hear that a certain amount of spawn annually was devoted to this local purpose—how much we could not learn.

After we had concluded our local interviews I turned to my friend, who had suggested that we go to the bottom of this matter.. He was looking pretty grave, especially when I told him that in my belief all of this market fishing had been wholly illegal.

"I'm through!" said he. "No matter what the hotel companies do and no matter what the superintendent says, there will be no more trout sold or bought by the camping company." I have an idea the angler tourists of Yellowstone Park have had little fishing of late and it is plain to see that in another year or so they will have no fishing at all. Yet the very men most interested in the preservation of the park as an attractive place for tourists were unable to grasp these absolutely obvious facts.

They are shining examples of the general American ignorance about the American out-of-doors and I am therefore moved to speak these straightforward words in this place. It is time that all Americans learned something about their own country. Much of that country lies under the roof of the sky and not under any other sort of roof.

To be quite sure of my own position in this matter I conferred with a good corporation and constitutional lawyer. We read over the act of creation of the Yellowstone Park and without hesitation the attorney said that unless modified by later act of Congress the creative act cut off all commercial use of the park whatever. He also said that there was no legal authority for issuing angling permits for sale of fish to any favorite individual, but that all the public alike would be entitled to any gain from such source if it were legal. He stated that in his belief the Department of Justice would be authorized in bringing an injunction against the Interior Department for any act contravening the act of Congress that had created a national park.

It was generally acknowledged by the representative of the United States Fish Commission, as well as others interested in the fish supply of the park, that more attention ought to be paid to stocking the park streams with trout native to that country. Doctor Smith says that something of that kind has been done, but he admits that tourist angling is now almost a thing of the past. Indeed I don't think the streams ever can be stocked in any such way as to supply the demand. On one bridge over the Yellowstone River on one evening thirty-one anglers were counted, all of them patiently waiting for a bite. During the season they are scattered in hundreds all along the streams. Of course once in a while some of them do take fish. I had two very fine baskets of trout—obtained by getting far back from the lines of travel. On the Yellowstone River there is not very much good fishing left—one good hole below Yancey's, one in the cañon below the falls and one not far from the Tower Falls.

On the other side of the park there are some less-visited streams where some of the newly planted trout can now be taken—such as Camp Creek, the stream running through Grizzly Lake. Most of the easily accessible water is practically fished out. There is no question but that the park regulations should limit the daily catch of any man to half a dozen fish, should absolutely cut off all sale of fish and should set on foot the widest possible campaign for planting native trout in the streams. There has been too much of the usual visionary governmental scheming done as to fish and game supply in that most-favored region, too much of the old monkeying with Nature. What the authorities at Washington ought to learn in such matters is the simple mathematical proposition five into two, you can't. This is plain horse sense. What we need in game protection in America is not organization, not bureau control, not scheming and theorizing. We need just plain horse sense. The entire American people needs that. Five into two, you can't!

It is comforting to turn from these none too pleasant matters to others showing the fruits of horse sense as applied to our game supply. We had a long and hard fight to get through the Migratory Wild Fowl Act—indeed just a rumble or so of the fight still is heard in the old spring-shooting regions, though the decision of Judge Trieber of Arkansas, declaring the act as strengthened by the Canadian Treaty to be constitutional, has pretty much removed the last prop from under the spring shooters. Judge Trieber, it will be remembered, was the first judge to declare the Weeks-McLean Law unconstitutional, and the famous test case went from his court to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it still reposes. Meantime, though a few men have continued to shoot ducks in the spring, the great public has laid aside its shotgun on the spring flight. The ducks have rejoiced exceedingly.

It will be recalled that last fall—that of 1918—was a distinct anomaly. Though 1917 was a tremendous duck year, 1918 showed a great falling off. No one could find a flight and few districts had any good shooting. Indeed some of us began to wonder whether our reform had not come too late. Happily that does not seem to be the case in the fall of 1919. The flight was reported in mid-October as coming down in entirely satisfactory numbers. Reports along the Mississippi Valley state that last spring the ducks went north really in unprecedented numbers. Where they wintered last year no one seems to know. The winter was unusually mild in many districts and this fact coupled with changes in the feeding grounds no doubt resulted in the wide scattering of the flight.

The Joyous Year

It is always to be remembered that our feeding grounds are growing scarcer. We ought not to reason, when we see thousands of ducks assembled in some of the few remaining feeding countries, that there are just as many ducks as there ever were. We can never hope for that again. But surely we are going to have a great many more ducks than we had five years ago or ten years ago.

Every state and the United States as well ought to cut down the daily bag limit. For a man to-day to kill twenty-five ducks is not really a good thing. The chap who goes out and kills a dozen big mallards in one day has got enough meat for that day. The chap who catches half a dozen trout when he is touring through the country has got enough trout for supper for his car party that night. We have got to learn personal moderation, and that is all there is about it and nothing else will do any good. When we get that new point of view and when our wiser game laws begin to take effect, as the Migratory Wild Fowl Act surely has begun to take effect, we will begin to have a more general distribution of sporting opportunities in America.

This is not altogether pleasing doctrine of course, but it is good horse sense. And what America needs to-day among all her bitter problems is just horse sense—a realization that to-day is not yesterday and that five into two, you can't. If we Americans can't get that into our heads, then all these sporting catalogues with their hundreds of pages illustrative of sporting appliances will be waste paper before long.

Things are moving with tremendous speed to-day and the changes in American sport for the last year or two have been as rapid and as deplorable as many of the other changes affecting the personal happiness of the average American. We can't set these things right by passing resolutions or by forming associations. Each of us has got to do something and he has got to begin to do it himself and to apply his conclusions to himself and not just to the other fellow. This, I think, is a lesson for the year 1919, which, so far from being regarded as a depressing year, in many ways ought to be called the most buoyant and joyous year we ever have known.

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WE CAN'T AFFORD IT

(Continued from Page 17)

"But, Irving, I thought you were doing so well?"

"No business is so good that you could draw out all the cream and still have it grow. Something you got to put back."

"Of course, but do we have to deny ourselves everything? What good is the money if I'm never to have anything out of it?"

"You will have. What d'you think I'm working for? Only so you and Ruthie shouldn't want ——"

"But I do want—lots of things. And Ruthie too. Now, we only live once, Irving ——"

"Sure! And if we listen to the women we die in the poorhouse. A woman can't understand business. In business you got to have what's called a budget. A budget is—you allow yourself so much for overhead, so much for living, so much for everything—all figgered out. That's how we figger the profits. But if you begin drawing out here fifty dollars and there a hundred the end of the year you don't know where you stand. And before you know it you're bankrupted."

"Oh, Irving, you know that what I want won't bankrupt you! I want just what it costs to run the house and clothe Ruthie and myself without taking money from mamma. Surely that won't bankrupt you!"

She retired into the silences, but when he, too, remained intrenched behind an impenetrable wall of stillness she girded up her loins afresh and went forth to give him battle.

"I want you to give me a hundred dollars a week," she announced with more courage than she felt, "and—and—a fur coat."

It lacked a certain ring of sincerity—of spontaneity—as though it were a distasteful lesson she had learned with difficulty and schooled herself to recite. He failed to notice it.

"You're crazy, Bessie! What d'you think my business is—the Standard Oil? A fur coat! Ain't you got a fur coat?"

"It's seven years old, Irving. It's about worn out."

Again Irving withdrew into the silences. And again distastefully she hounded him out.

"You see," her tone was full of apology, "I have to have something for the winter. A decent cloth coat costs a fortune this year. And a fur coat, while it's a lot of money, still it lasts a good many years."

"I thought your mother was talking something about a fur coat for you?"

"She—she changed her mind."

"Changed her mind? Why?"

"She's going to get me a lavaliere instead."

"Let her better buy you the coat. You could use it more."

"She won't. She says it's about time you paid for some of your wife's clothes, and if you couldn't afford to dress a wife any better than a servant girl you ——"

"She says I dress my wife like a serv ——"

"Sh-h, Irving! Don't yell so! Mrs. Yittelman is moving her rubber plant, but it's only an excuse to hear what we're talking about. Mamma says she isn't going to give Ruthie or me another thing."

"Let her not!"

"That's just what I told her, Irving. If that's the way she feels about it she needn't buy me a coat. My husband would get me one." Somehow the latter part of this speech fell short of being as convincing as the first part. Poor Bessie! Just when she should have handed him the fountain pen and pointed to the dotted line her heart failed her and, "You—you will, won't you, Irving?" she asked very shakily.

"No!" replied Irving, lifting her from his lap and rising abruptly. "I told you before, we can't afford it!"

And he strode angrily into the house. When he saw her come into the living room after him he braced himself for a scene. He hated a scene and he would have done anything in the world to prevent one; anything except of course—if you gave a woman money every time she wept a little where would you land? To his surprise there was no scene. Quite amicably she came and sat beside him on the couch.

"Irving," she said, "did you really mean it when you said you couldn't afford to draw more than forty dollars a week out of your business?"

"Positively!"

"And if you drew out more than that it would bankrupt you?"

"I said if you begin drawing out more than you figger in your budget you'll get in deeper and deeper and before you know it you're bankrupted. Sure!"

"Well then ——"

Bessie sighed once, gulped, and if Irving had been gifted with an extra sense he might have heard the splash of the Rubicon.

"Irving, I've been wrong. I didn't realize just how we were fixed. Now I understand. From now on I'm going to be different, Irving. From now on I'm going to save."

For a breath Irving was slightly staggered. For another breath he sought shrewdly the ebony-hued occupant of the woodpile. But at the third breath he fell. He smiled. He was at peace. Over the sore spot of Irving Apfel's life was spread a beneficent ointment.

It was the following night that Bessie met him at the door in a blue-and-white-checked bungalow apron.

"Annie out?" he queried in surprise.

"Annie's gone." And at his astonished look, "Yes, I didn't have the money to raise her. And, anyway, I don't think poor people like us can afford to keep a maid. I can manage fine without her."

He was vaguely troubled. He did not exactly approve of the step, but he said nothing. She must have worked hard, the kid, to fix up supper and all. Potato soup, fish, rice, beans and chocolate pudding. He did not care much for fish and he never ate pudding—but he ate everything.

"We have to have fish sometimes," she explained. "Meat is a luxury these days and poor people like us can't afford luxuries."

He had to laugh. His Bessie—the most spoiled girl in Brooklyn! You could see it was all in the bringing up. Her mother had spoiled her—always giving her everything she wanted. After supper he helped with the dishes.

"We go with the Bendheims to the movies, don't we?"

"I had to call it off," replied Bessie. "We have no one to leave with Ruthie, you know."

"Oh!" said Irving without enthusiasm. Then, struck by a new thought, "Do we have to stay home every night?"

"Oh, no, mamma will come over and stay with Ruthie once every week or so."

"Oh!" said Irving with even less enthusiasm. They were in the habit of spending about six nights a week away from home On the seventh there was usually company. Irving looked round his cozy living room, a troubled question in his eye. Nothing in the room in any way answered the question. He did not quite know what to do with himself. It was a little too cool to sit outdoors. He had never read a book in his life. He picked up the Millinery Guide and sank down on the loose-cushioned tapestry-upholstered couch. Bessie gave him the fleetingest of kisses on her way to the piano.

For fifteen minutes he sat idly turning the pages of the Millinery Guide. Then he spoke.

"Bessie," he said, "can't you play something else than those scales? It's giving me a headache already."

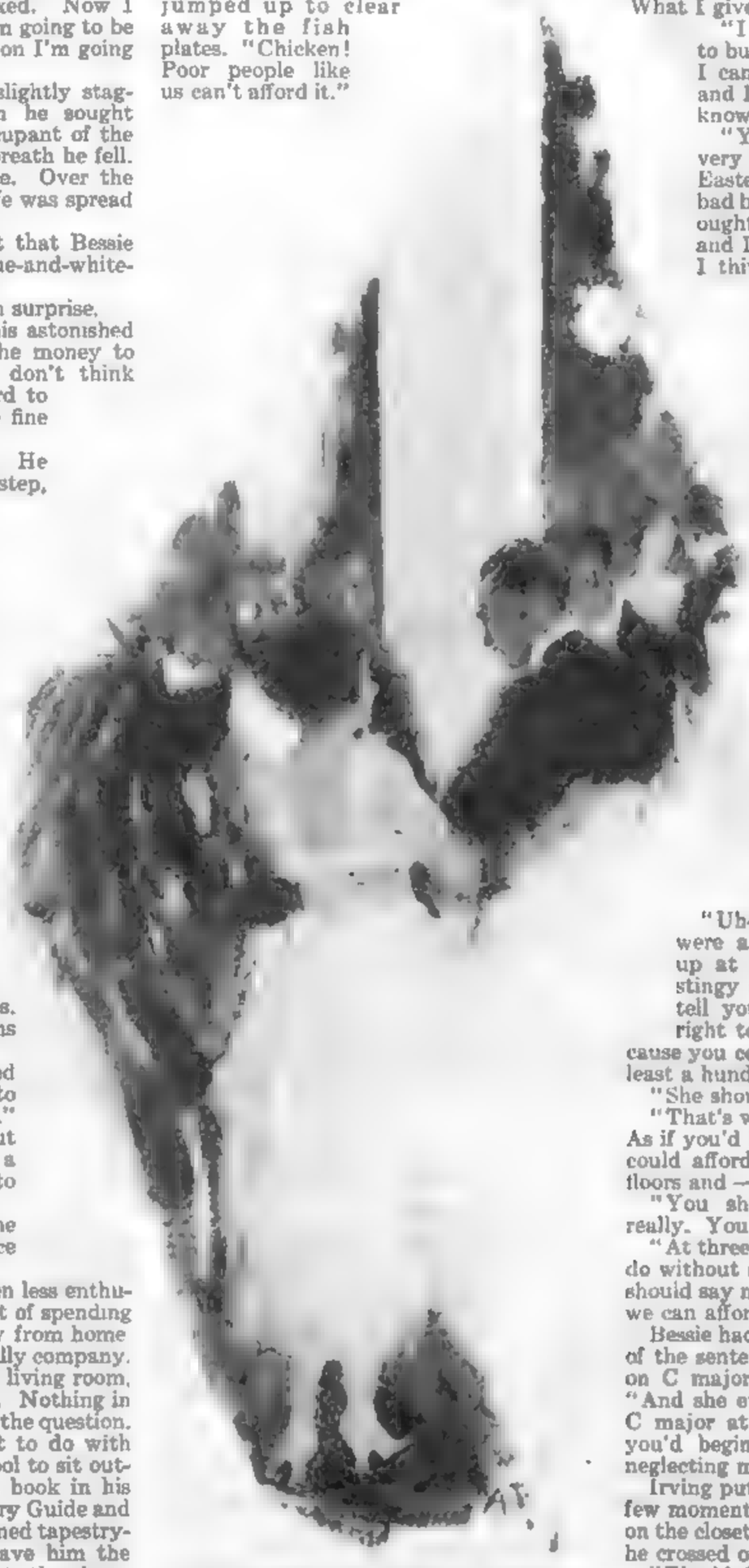
"I'm sorry." Bessie, reaching up for a volume of *études* was all sweet contrition. "You see, having all the work to do to-day, I didn't get a chance to practice at all. And you wouldn't want me to neglect my music, I know."

She played for two and a half hours, while Irving fell asleep on the tapestry-upholstered couch. At eleven she woke him and they went upstairs. He wound up the alarm clock with just a shade more force than it absolutely required. And when he pulled up the shade he snapped the string. Somehow into the beneficent ointment had crept the inevitable fly.

It was a week later that he really felt compelled to say something to Bessie. He hated to do it, but fish three times in one week! Enough was plenty. And the night before there had been bread pudding—his particular hate.

"Bessie," he began as gently as he could, meaning to lead up to the subject of fish very tactfully, "how comes it we ain't had no chicken since the fall of Jerusalem?"

"Chicken!" Bessie jumped up to clear away the fish plates. "Chicken! Poor people like us can't afford it."



Well, Nobody Had Nothing on Bessie. Women, Girls, Old Men, Young Men—All Paid Her Tribute

"Th—th—listen to her! So poor we ain't that once in a week we can't have a little chicken."

"I should say not! I have my budget all worked out. And you know how it is—you have to stick to your figures. If you begin, a chicken here, a bottle of cream there, you get in deeper and deeper and before you know it—Look!" She set down the crumber and reached him something from behind the clock. "My bank book," she explained. "I opened an account."

"It don't seem possible," remarked her husband. "What come over you?"

"I told you the other night—I hadn't realized before. I have to save. Especially as mamma won't help me out any more."

She set the coffee tray on the table.

"What's for dessert?" inquired Irving.

"Nothing," replied Bessie. "Poor people have to do without desserts."

"Now looka here, Bessie, you could carry a good thing too far! To save a little is good, but to do without food ——"

"Oh, I'll see that you always have plenty of food! I'm only going to cut down on luxuries. You see, I can't spend more on food than my budget allows. I have to save."

"What you got to save for so much? What I give you you can spend."

"I should say not! Don't I have to buy clothes when mine wear out? I can't ask mamma for any more, and I won't ask you for money. I know you give me all you can afford.

"You see," she went on, "if I'm very saving I'll have a new suit by Easter. I'll probably need it pretty bad by then. And meanwhile Ruthie ought to have a coat this winter and I'm saving for that first. When I think about shoes and hats and waists and underwear and everything—gee! I feel tempted to live on oatmeal and dried herring!"

Irving said nothing about the fish. The time did not seem exactly propitious. But while drying the dishes he was rather thoughtful. He did not care for drying dishes—especially fourteen times in two weeks.

Hanging the damp towel over the rack, he inquired suddenly, "Ain't this the night for your mother to mind Ruthie?"

"Mamma isn't coming any more. I had a fight with her."

"What?"

He followed her into the living room, where she switched on the light over the piano.

"I never want to see her again after the things she said to-day about you."

"About me?"

"Uh-huh! She as good as said you were a liar—that you weren't hard up at all. She called you names—stingy and gut and oh, I just can't tell you all! She said you had no right to let me do my own work, because you could easily afford to give me at least a hundred a week."

"She should mind her own business."

"That's what I told her. I was furious. As if you'd let me do my own work if you could afford to pay for a girl—scrubbing floors and ——"

"You shouldn't scrub floors, Bessie, really. You should hire a woman."

"At three-fifty a day? And let my child do without a winter coat to pay for it? I should say not! I'll do my own work until we can afford ——"

Bessie had opened the piano and the rest of the sentence was lost in a noisy attack on C major. Irving started for his hat. "And she even said"—Bessie interrupted C major at the third flight—"that soon you'd begin going out without me and neglecting me."

Irving put his hat back in the closet. A few moments he stood irresolute, his hand on the closet door. Then struck by an idea, he crossed over to the piano.

"Wouldn't nobody—Katzes or nobody come over to-night?"

"No, not a soul."

"Here then"— he laid fifty cents on the mahogany—"go to the movies. You ain't been outside the house in a week." Even he could stand staying home but for the piano.

Bessie fingered the silver meditatively.

"Movies are a luxury," she ventured at length. "Do you really think we can afford ——"

"*Chamme!*" He gave a short laugh. "Fifty cents I can afford!"

"But your budget. You're sure ——"

"Don't talk nonsensical! Put on your hat!"

In the hall Bessie paused, irresolute.

"I'd rather not," she sighed at length. "I wouldn't enjoy it without you." And she dropped the half dollar into the bank on the mantel.

Somehow that simple act annoyed Irving out of all proportion to its size. Perhaps it was the very smallness of it that irritated.

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Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

He gives her fifty cents, she should go to the movies. Not alone she don't go, but she pockets yet the fifty cents. It's all right a woman should be saving. But you know there's a limit. Fifty cents it costs you to hear her play for an hour scales. Wouldn't it give you the plotz?

It was the next morning that Irving—having looked under the porch swing and down the steps and behind the rocker began to say unkind things about the newspaper boy.

"Oh," called Bessie from the kitchen, "don't blame the boy, Irv! I cut off the order."

"You ——"

"Yes. You see, it's ten cents a month extra for delivery and that's a dollar-twenty a year. And besides I thought maybe you could pick one up in the train. People are always leaving them round on the seats."

The next day Irving, who was about to take a clean shirt from the drawer, gave an exasperated bark.

"Bessie," he called down the back stairs, "you got to change the laundry! You ought to see what them mommsers done to my shirt!"

"Oh ——" Bessie was making toast. Breakfast had ceased to be a joy to Irving since toast made of stale bread had been substituted for his fresh rolls at the same time that top-of-the-bottle replaced his cream, and eggs vanished almost entirely. "Oh," said Bessie, sending her voice in the general direction of her irate lord, "it's not the laundry! I stopped sending them to the laundry. I'm learning to do them myself."

"But give a look what you done with this!"

"I know, dear, but I'll learn." She came and stood at the foot of the stairs. "Don't you remember when I made my first dress and I cried because it was botched you said it wasn't so bad—I shouldn't get discouraged—any dumb dressmaker could make a dress and a smart girl like me surely could learn? And I did, so I'll learn to press too. Any dumb wash woman can press. Poor people can't afford laundries. Aren't you coming down for breakfast, dear? I have lovely oatmeal, and the toast'll all be cold."

"I be down soon," said Irving in a licked sort of voice.

That same night she told him, "I met Lennie Wolper to-day."

"Yeh? What did he have to say?"

"He wanted to know when I was coming in to order that coat I looked at with mamma last month."

Irving became suddenly and deeply absorbed in the front page of the paper, which he had brought home three days before.

"I explained to him," went on his wife placidly, "that you couldn't afford to buy me a coat."

"What?"

"Well, isn't that the truth?"

"But d'you have to tell him?"

"Well, should I lie? He asked me why didn't I come down and I told him the truth. It's not a disgrace not to be able to afford things, is it? It's more disgrace to pretend that you can. If we're not ashamed to let the neighbors see we can't afford a girl, why should we be ashamed to tell Lennie Wolper we can't afford fur coats?"

"Bessie," said Irving, "it can't cost such a fortune to keep a girl. I maybe could give you the difference Annie raised you."

"I should say not! As long as I'm a poor man's wife I'll do my part."

"Bessie, don't keep throwing in my teeth all the time I'm a schnorrer! I ain't ——"

"People who live on a salary of forty dollars—like we do—are poor people. And poor people don't need servants. And that's all there is to it."

There was quite a cold spell the end of October. Bessie had failed to engage the furnace man—for a reason which Irving was getting just a bit weary of hearing. Irving was annoyed. The girl was getting nutty with her savings. People had to have a little something, at least a little comfort in their own house. He wasn't going to be a furnace man. If she wanted to be so tight let her get up mornings and look after it herself—he wouldn't. But in the end he did, because Bessie was so—well, he might as well call spades shippem—so damn stingy with the coal he couldn't sit in his own parlor without his feet freezing off. Of course she could stand it. She wrapped her feet in a rug and banged the piano so hard it would keep circulation in a mummy. Probably the biggest, fattest fly in Irving's ointment was that same mahogany upright which had so thrilled his soul when Bessie's Uncle Mortie presented it to them as a wedding gift. The dish towel and the coal shovel and fried codfish also in no wise added to the sum of his joys.

With November came the circus. Irving brought home three tickets. Every year it was his custom and pleasure to take his little daughter to the circus. Bessie would dress her in her best, which was very good indeed, and her proud father would take her downtown with him in the morning. How the enthusiastic and no longer young Miss Berger would gush at sight of the little vision! And how Irving would conceal beneath a strictly business air the satisfaction that made his chest to swell and his eyes to kindle! How he would be busy at his desk when Miss Berger kidnaped the wide-eyed little treasure and carried her off into the workroom! How he would frown at his mail as the little ecstatic cries drifted in to him through the open door! How she was growing, *unberufen!* And what a darling she was! She should live in good health. And what eyes she had—*unbeschrieen*, like the mamma's.

At noon Bessie would join them and he would escort them both to lunch before the performance. This year Bessie begged to be excused.

"I'm so tired out—a whole day's rest without Ruthie will do me more good. And Rosie Katz said wouldn't you please take Marjorie? She can't take her, but she'll give me the money for the ticket."

Of course Irving wouldn't say anything. But wasn't it funny for Bessie, when he paid for the tickets, to take the money from Rosie Katz and put it in her bank? Wasn't it funny a girl so fine in other ways could be so small about money?

The Saturday of the circus Marjorie appeared at eight sharp in a beaver-colored coat with nutria trimmings and hat to match. She looked, *unberufen*, like an angel in heaven in that coat and hat. At least so Mrs. Monchik, of The Tots' Shop, said after selling Mrs. Katz the coat. There was another coat of velvet with real beaver. Heaven knows what she would have looked like in that—only it was too much money.

While Marjorie was still turning round for her host's inspection Bessie sent down Ruthie, also hatted and coated and ready. Irving took one look at his daughter.

"Bessie," he called upstairs, "what's the matter with Ruthie?"

"With Ruthie?"

"Yes—her coat! She looks something terrible!"

Bessie came clattering down full of consternation.

"I never saw the child looking like that! What's the matter with her? She looks like a scarecrow!"

"Why, Irving, how can you talk that way about the baby? Maybe she hasn't got a new coat, but that's no reason for calling her names!"

"But look how her arms are hanging out of the sleeves! And her legs are sticking out a mile!"

"Well, she's growing. I can't put weights on her head. It's a little short on her, I admit. But it's not torn or anything."

"Well, I can't take her out looking like such a nebesch—and that's all! Go up and put something else on her."

"She has nothing else. I'm ashamed of you, Irving. To act that way about your child—and such a good child too! I never heard of a father being ashamed of his own child."

"I'm not ashamed of the child. I'm ashamed the way she looks—like such a poorhouse!"

"Well, it's no disgrace to be poor. And certainly the child can't help it if you don't make as much as Mannie Katz."

"Mannie Katz! Ha-ha! The cashier in my bank!"

"Well, he must be making more money than you, anyway, because he gives Rosie sixty a week and his Christmas bonus. If you gave me sixty a week maybe we could af——"

It was about here that the import of the conversation began to take root in the inner brain of Ruthie Apfel, who had been pondering. Of a sudden she set up a wail.

"I want a new coat! I want a new coat! And a hat with fur—like Marjorie's!"

"Hush, mamma's baby! Don't cry! The poor child! It breaks my heart to hear her cry. If we could afford it I'd tell you to stop off at Monchik's on the way in and buy her a coat."

"Where is Monchik's?"

"Ruthie knows. But I wouldn't hear of it. We can't af ——"

"Bessie, I—I was going to surprise you. I got a big order yesterday. I'll make a good profit on it. The child could have a coat—she shouldn't look like a joke paper."

"But, Irving! Your budget!"

"Pff!" He made a magnificent gesture.

"Oh, Irving, I'm afraid you're inclined to be extravagant! This coat isn't worn out yet."

"She could wear it for school. Come on, Ruthie. You show papa the way to Mrs. Monchik's."

"Don't let Mrs. Monchik talk you into anything expensive, Irving. She'll try to sell you a coat like Marjorie's. I know her. Don't let her talk you in. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Irving, kissing her good-by.

"Get something serviceable, Irving. Something not too fancy for poor people. We don't have to dress our child up like Katz's. Don't do anything foolish, Irving."

"You know me!" said Irving.

She did.

After he had safely turned the corner she went to the phone. Mrs. Monchik was just opening the Tots' Shop for the day.

"Sure! I understand perfectel. Yes, I remember—the velvet coat with the beaver. Don't worry! He wouldn't get away without the coat. I could sell a man any day easier than a woman. A man is a cinch to sell. I got it in the winder already—the coat and the hat. And Mrs. Apfel, you should worry, huh, if he takes along a yella organdie dress like Marjorie Katz's and effsche a hand-embroidered Princess slip for under, huh, Mrs. Apfel? Don't worry! I know your taste—champagne. You could trust me, Mrs. Apfel.

And Mrs. Apfel did.

The invitation arrived for the engagement party of Irving's brother Sidney and Helen Stern, Thanksgiving eve, at the Ritz.

"I'll write Mrs. Stern and explain why we can't go," said Bessie.

"How d'ye mean, we can't go?"

"How can I go? In a shirt waist and skirt?"

"Where's your evening dress?"

"That old black one I got two years ago?"

"Yeh, that black one you always looked so good in."

"It was torn and I made a bathing suit out of it last summer."

"Th—th—you shouldn't have done it. Maybe with a little fixing you could have wore it."

"Well, I needed a bathing suit, and I thought this year ——"

"Well, you'll have to get yourself a little evening dress."

"I should say not! What do poor people need with evening dresses?"

"For my brother's engagement ——"

"For one night I should spend a hundred dollars on an evening dress?"

"It wouldn't need to cost you a hundred dollars. You'll buy a piece goods and make a dress. What'll it cost you?"

"It won't cost me anything, Irving, because I need my money for other things."

"Who's talking your money? Buy the goods and I'll give you what you lay out."

"It's not only a dress, Irving. Slippers and stockings and ——"

"Nu? Does my brother get engaged every day? You could wear the same things to the wedding."

"Is it worth while getting bankrupt just for one night?"

"*Frisch! Gesund! Meschuge!* Do people get bankrupt from buying once a piece goods for a dress?"

"Well, fifty dollars here, a hundred there ——"

"Don't talk foolish! Go to-morrow and get it! You ain't got much time."

The next night he asked her, "Well, did you get the goods for the dress?"

"N—no, Irving. Do you really think we can af——"

"Bessie, I don't want to hear no more from this nonsense. Ain't it enough I'm telling you it's all right? Get it to-morrow! Remember, you only got till a week from Sunday!"

The next night he asked her again, "Did you get the goods?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, there was only one piece at Steinberg's I liked and it was too much money."

"How much?"

(Concluded on Page 64)

HOOSIER

— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

"My best Christmas gift— more leisure all year"

EVERY home should have its Hoosier, for every housewife deserves the many benefits it brings. And there's no more fitting time to get it than at the Christmas season.

The gift of a labor-saving Hoosier expresses the intimate thoughtfulness every home-maker appreciates. It makes her work easier and more enjoyable all year. It makes her workshop more attractive and adds to the pride of home.

Surrounded by many patented conveniences found only in the Hoosier, the housewife sits at her work instead of walking to and fro. Thus she saves miles of steps.

Because utensils and supplies are centralized in the Hoosier, much work is saved. By preventing waste in measuring and mixing, foods are saved.

Hoosiers are sold almost everywhere. If your kitchen still lacks this greatest convenience when Christmas has passed, be sure to visit the home of the Hoosier in your town and see an actual demonstration. If you don't know this merchant's name, please write us.

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BRANCHES

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THE HOOSIER STORE, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada

"New Kitchen Short Cuts" is the Hoosier book of helpfulness to housewives. Write for a copy and learn how work can be saved.

(Concluded from Page 62)

"Forty dollars. Isn't that ridiculous? And there was nothing else I'd take for a present. You know, I'm not in love with the whole idea. I don't think we can af ——"

Irving pulled a roll of money from his pocket.

"Here! I don't want to hear no more! To-morrow you'll get it, if that's the only thing that'll make you happy."

"But shoes ——"

"Shoes too—whatever you need!"

Sunday he asked her, "Well, how's the dress coming along?"

"I didn't start it yet."

"You didn't! When you going to begin?"

"I don't know. I'm sort of scared to cut into it—such dear goods. I might spoil it alone."

"Couldn't you get someone to help you?"

"Well, I don't like to ask mamma. When I had the fight with her about you being stingy she said I'd be asking her before long for help."

"No, don't ask her favors. I'll give you the money. Hire somebody."

Monday night showed no progress. Bessie had been unable to hire anybody—neither did Tuesday. Irving grew excited.

"How you going to get it finished if here it's Tuesday night and you didn't begin it yet? What you going to do?"

"The only one I can think of is Miss Brush. But she's estimate and she gets thirty-five dollars for the needle ——"

"If we got to have it we got to have it. Take her the goods—here's the money!"

"Oh, no, I'll have her send you the bill—in case she needs anything extra for trimming. It seems a shame to spend all that money."

"Don't begin that again!"

"I was going to say—and then wear such a shabby coat!"

"Who'll see the coat? You'll go in quick and check it. We'll get there early and we'll leave late. Nobody'll see the coat."

The dress was a wonderful success—quite the prettiest dress Bessie Apfel had ever owned. Irving was beaming. In spite of the fact that the dress, and so forth, had left him no change out of a century and a quarter he was in high good humor. He liked going out. Especially when his wife looked—*unberufen*.

"And here," remarked said wife, "is a surprise!" And held up for inspection a moleskin coat.

"Wh—wh ——"

"Don't get excited! It isn't mine. Rosie Katz loaned it to me."

"It's an elegant coat."

"You bet! Mannie made some money on the side and blew her. It must have cost at least eight hundred dollars. He must be an awfully smart fellow. Just think of making eight hundred dollars on one deal!"

"Pooh!" began Irving, but thought better of it.

Bessie pirouetted slowly before the forward-tilted mirror of her white-enamel bureau.

"She's a darling to lend it to me. I was over to-day to leave Ruthie there for the night, and when Rosie heard I had to wear my old Hudson seal she offered herself to lend me this. But you know, Irv, she had an altogether wrong idea about you. She thought you were tight—you know, stingy about buying me things.

"Of course I set her right. I explained that we just can't afford to have the things they have, because your business doesn't throw off enough——"

"Looka here, Bessie! You got to learn not to talk about my business!"

"Oh, I didn't, Irving! I didn't say a word about your business. All I said was it didn't throw off enough for us to have the things they have. You give me all you can afford, and if we were to spend more than we do it would hurt the business."

"Bessie!"

"And maybe you'd go bankrupt."

"Bessie, are you crazy? You fool, you ——" He began to pace up and down the bedroom furiously, clenched fist pounding into open palm behind his back. "Don't you know Mannie Katz is the cashier in my bank? Ain't you got nothing in your head but emptiness? How do you think it helps my standing if you go round and telling the world I'm going bankrupt? How do you think I'm going to look when I go to my bank for an accommodation after my wife tells the cashier I'm going bust?"

"Oh, no, Irving; I didn't say you were going bust, because you're not! I'm going to see that you don't. I only said that if you drew out more than the forty dollars a week you give me you'd be bankrupt. You said it yourself. Those were your very ——"

"But what I say to you you don't have to tell Mannie Katz, do you?"

"Oh, we needn't bluff them! Rosie sees the way I do my own work and she knows I haven't had a new rag all season, and Mannie even remarked that I used to dress so well and you must have had a bad year. Well, I didn't want to say that mamma used to buy my clothes—I was ashamed—so I didn't say anything."

"Come on, we'll be late to the engagement." Irving's face was devoid of beam. "Only don't wear that woman's coat."

"You're right, Irving. People would think it was mine and that we were full of money, and I hate bluff." She slipped into her old Hudson seal. "There, that's better! It's more suitable for a poor man's wife. No use giving people the impression you're something you aren't."

"It don't look bad—that coat."

"No, it's not torn or anything. Besides, if I wore it the other people might begin to wonder where we got the money from."

"You ain't going to leave it laying round the room, are you?"

"Oh, no, of course not! Would you mind running over to Rosie's and telling her you don't like me to ——"

"Positively not! I wouldn't go near that—we ain't got time!"

"Maybe just for safety's sake I better wear it."

"Well," replied her husband, "maybe you better."

By the time they reached the Ritz, Irving was beaming 16-k beams all over the place. He did like to go out. Especially an occasion like this—it didn't happen every day—and things had been very quiet for him lately—oh, very quiet!

And as the evening progressed his radiant good humor increased in volume and intensity until not even his brother Sidney—not even the father of the girl—outbeamed him. Well, nobody had nothing on Bessie. You had to give it to that girl—she was a picture, she should live in health. Everybody was talking about her. She was the center of everything. Women, girls, old men, young men—all paid her tribute. How the sight of it all warmed the very cockles of his heart—wherever they are. Look at her over there with old man Kopitz of the Popular Bank, and Professor Abrahams, the great Abrahams from West End Avenue, who had brought her into the world twenty-five years before. Two real somebodies, and how they were enjoying themselves with Bessie. Irving wondered what they were laughing at so much. Vaguely he felt that they were talking about him.

He excused himself from Blossom Stern, who was a nice girl but *miess*, and crossed the room. But just before he reached them, Kopitz's son, Stanley Cobb, had whirled her away in a waltz. The two old men greeted him cordially.

"Well," said old man Kopitz, "I don't have to ask you how things are going. I can see for myself. Your wife looks like the Queen of Jerusalem."

Irving put to shame every incandescent bulb in the place.

"A man must be dragging a bushel of money out of the flower-and-feather business," went on the banker, "to doll a woman up like that these days. How many lofts you got now, Irving?"

"Two," replied Irving modestly, "in the Ganimede Building."

"Two lofts in the Ganimede Building!" The banker shook a white-fringed head from side to side like the figure of the China mandarin on his mother's whatnot. "And I remember when he went peddling for Levy and Gutlohn! It seems like yesterday. Two lofts! But the minute I saw Mrs. Irving looking like a million dollars I knew. I used to think to myself, there's the boy that's the future flower-and-feather king of this country. Now I know it. You're a coming man, Irving. Why don't you drop in and see me some time—at the Popular?"

Somebody claimed his attention and he drifted away. Irving turned his effulgent face toward the doctor.

"Bessie is a good advertisement, isn't she?" remarked the professor.

Irving was too full for words. He merely nodded.

"I tell you, Apfel, it pays a man to keep his wife looking right. No man ever got any further from crying poor. Prosperity makes prosperity. I bet if he hadn't seen Bessie he wouldn't have remembered that he always thought you would be the flower-and-feather king of this country, heh, Apfel?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied the heir apparent.

"Well, I'm glad you're getting along so well, Apfel. And I'm glad to see you're taking such good care of Bessie. She looks fine. Don't let her work too hard. She's inclined to go into things too strong. She'll stand it for a while and then she'll go to pieces all of a sudden. But I don't have to tell you. A man like you wouldn't let a girl like Bessie do a day's work if he had to pawn his shirt to hire someone to help her. We Jewish men know how to take care of our wives, heh, Apfel?"

"Bessie," remarked Irving on the way home in the taxi, "how much costs such a coat?"

"Oh, about eight hundred dollars."

"Bessie, go order one."

"What? You must be crazy, Irving! We can't afford such a thing!"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe it seems like a lot of money, but a fur coat ain't a thing you buy every day."

"Don't be ridiculous, Irving! For a woman who does her own work——"

"I was going to say, Bessie, you got to get a girl. It ain't right for you to go on working so hard. All of a sudden you'll go to pieces."

"Irving, the engagement must have gone to your head! Do you want to go bankrupt?"

"Don't get excited, I wouldn't go bankrupt! My business is going very good."

"Even if it is, no business is so good that you can draw out all the cream."

"Listen, Bessie! We only live once. And now while we're young ——"

"But, Irving, we have to save! Sickness or trouble ——"

"We'll save too."

"Irving, you talk as if your business was the Standard Oil."

He commenced to laugh.

"To hear you talk, Bessie, you'd think I didn't know what I could take out from my own business. Why, Bessie, last year I made ——"

There was a little awkward pause, while Bessie waited expectantly and Irving gave a little cough.

"I made a lot of money," he concluded.

"Oh," said Bessie, "you think everything is a lot of money! You thought forty dollars a week was a lot of money! Now Mannie Katz ——"

"Hah!" Irving exploded. "Mannie Katz! Why, I make three times what that piker draws a year."

This time Bessie laughed.

"Oh, Irving! You'd be making twelve thousand dollars a year!"

"Well?"

There was a little pregnant silence and then Bessie murmured, "I don't believe it."

"What d'ye mean you don't believe it? D'ye think I'm lying?"

"Oh, no! I mean—you must be mistaken."

"What d'ye mean mistaken? It's on the books."

"Maybe you made a mistake in figuring it up."

"Say, ain't I got for twenty dollars a week a bookkeeper? Ain't there such a thing as trial balances and ——"

"Anyway, I can't believe it."

Irving was angry.

"Looka here, Bessie! You'll come in my office the next time you're downtown and I'll show you on the books if I'm a liar."

"Oh, I didn't mean that! Only—oh, Irving, you must be joking!"

"I tell you I ain't!"

"The next thing you'll be telling me I ought to spend a hundred dollars a week for the house!"

He took it on high.

"From now on I bring you home a hundred dollars a week for the house. And I don't want no saving on it neither, d'ye hear? I'm full up to the neck from this saving."

Sometimes when Bessie Apfel comes into her husband's loft and casts an expert eye over his ledgers, seemingly quite at home with columns and credits, debits and trial balances, a quizzical look comes into the eye of the future F. and F. king of America. Almost he suspects that he has in some ways underrated her.

Could she really, in spite of that *au-secours* look in her eyes, be so very smart—even smarter than ——

It does not seem possible, and yet ——

How was it the very day after his brother's engagement Mrs. Levinson, who had not shown an orthopedically shod toe inside his home in six weeks, appeared, smiling as though nothing had happened?

And that very same day Annie reappeared, seemingly untouched by employment sharks in a period of almost two months in spite of her jewel-like qualities.

And once, seeing Ruth start off for school in her old coat, he wondered why it had seemed so awfully short to him before and why her arms had seemed to dangle so impotently from the sleeves, whereas now she did not look so very bad in it.

And at these times he tries to remember just how it was he began to let his wife look over his books—a thing he had always disapproved of. For once you let a woman see how much money you are making—and pcht! She has a use for all of it.

But not Bessie of course. Bessie was different. Bessie's fault lay the other way. Bessie had a tendency to be—well, saving. What a job he had had to make her take that moleskin coat that was really a bargain because of Rosie Katz deciding at the last minute she didn't like it! And how Bessie looked in it! She did a man credit, Bessie did.

He took pains to explain it to her.

"You got to look nice, Bessie. Prosperity makes prosperity. If you go round looking like a schnorrer's wife, soon everybody'll have me bankrupted. You dassent make a poor face, Bessie. We can't afford it."

A veteran PLUMB hammer that saw severe service

This is the wonderful story of a wonderful hammer that helped to win the war.

The picture of this wonderful hammer is shown on the left.

When it entered the service of the Allies it was the spruce, trim counterpart of the smart-looking hammer on the right.

During the entire four years of war, this grim, scarred veteran was used to straighten bayonets. From its known length of service it is estimated that this PLUMB Hammer struck 2,400,000 blows for liberty. Two million, four hundred thousand!

Every blow fell straight and true—because PLUMB Hammers are all designed to strike that way.

The life of this hammer is not half spent. Today, after the severest service, its face is not "mushroomed," cracked or chipped.

It withstood the battle with only a few scratches to tell the story of its service, because built into it is the quality that makes men say of all PLUMB Hammers, Hatchets and Axes—*"They're Worth More."*

Look at the finger and thumb marks of the workman, worn into the hard hickory handle by constant touch and pressure. This shows what the hammer was asked to do, and also shows how the handle stood up to the work.

PLUMB hammers, hatchets, axes and sledges are sold throughout the United States and Canada. Get them from your nearest dealer.

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Being of PLUMB quality, it is the best that can be produced in design, material and finish. As it is heavy enough for all camp use, yet small enough to be carried conveniently in the belt, this axe has become a favorite with sportsmen as well as the Scouts.

Price, $1 40
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NOUGATINE

Honey, chopped nuts, sugar, egg

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Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar

WALNUT CARAMEL

Creamy caramel with Chabert walnuts

FILBERT CLUSTER

Levante filberts spun in chocolate

CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

JACKSTRAW

Crisp honeycomb of molasses chocolate covered

PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp, Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

VANILLA FUDGE

Heavy cream fudge, fruits, vanilla

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WE call this the "Début" package—this dainty-as-a-débutante, white-and-gold box of "the chocolates with the wonderful centers." It's the best kind of a holiday gift you can offer any candy-lover—and here's the reason: It contains *only the chocolates that everybody likes best*—and *none* of the other kind—the ones they all leave till last! That's why it's different! Get a box for "her" today.

By special arrangement, exclusive sale for Liggett's Chocolates has been given THE 8000 REXALL STORES throughout the United States and Canada. In a variety of packages. This Début package retails for $1.50.

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

OO, LÀ, LÀ!

Continued from Page 32

men's furnishing store and purchased civilian outfits—complete from straw hats to tan shoes—and quietly departed the same evening from the billet to which we had been assigned to one of the most expensive hotels. The atmosphere of the place appealed to our craving for luxury after many weary months keeping the watch on the Rhine. The bridal suite we engaged had once been occupied by King Leopold of Belgium need I say more?

"This is sittin' on the world," chuckled M'sieu Joe, gazing with the liveliest satisfaction at the canopied beds, the silken hangings and red upholstery. "Not such a bad li'l P. C.—hey, Henree? Nothin' like gittin' oriented. I got our lines of communication established too, ol'-timer. Yes, sir-ree; went to the bank this mornin' and drew beaucoup geld. Fixed it so we cain't go broke no matter what comes off."

"What are your plans?"

"None a-tall, except I don't aim to miss nothin'," he replied. "A feller's a fool to make plans in this burg. Say, ain't it great to feel these cits ag'in? I'm so sick of O. D.'s I never want to see one after we're home. No uniform for me! I'm ag'in any system, Henree, that shows at a glance exactly where you fit in the scheme of things.

"Me and you go along and we've got to wear out our arms salutin' guys who'd be drivin' for us in civil life, or maybe runnin' the elevator. And them same birds 've got to step to one side for the field officers and the field officers straighten up and try to look brisk when they spy a brigadier or two stars comin' along. It's a unnatural system, Henree, and beats down your self-respect. Gee! Give me cits every time, when nobody knows whether you're a bum or a millionaire!"

The next afternoon we dropped into Jimmy's place—to forget the horrors of war in Coblenz, as M'sieu Hicks expressed it. And there who should we run into but our two friends of the previous day, the lady entertainers! They were eating a late lunch, and we joined them at table.

By a natural gravitation my partner paired off with Mlle. Guinevere Hallahan and it fell to my lot to talk to Mlle. Ernestine La Rue. The arrangement proved fortunate in the extreme. Though he barely came up to her shoulder, it did not daunt M'sieu Hicks' masterful spirit and in no time at all he was calling Mademoiselle Guinevere "Girlie" and "Li'l' One"; while I early discovered that Mademoiselle Ernestine united rare beauty with exceptional qualities of mind and heart.

She possessed violet eyes and a bewitching dimple in her right cheek, and she displayed a sweet feminine dependence that roused all my chivalry and tenderness. A fascinating conversationalist also, she listened with rapt attention to the account of my capture of German prisoners.

"So he grabbed sixty, hey?" cried M'sieu Hicks. "It grows every time Henree tells it. First it was eleven, then ——"

"Nonsense! I just know Henree is a daredevil," she interrupted with a meaning glance at Mademoiselle Hallahan.

"Aren't you, Henree?"

It would have sounded like boasting to assent, yet to deny the impeachment savored of hypocrisy, so I maintained silence.

We were getting along famously, you may well believe, when my partner came near to spoiling the party by one of his tactless banalities.

"What're you lampin' Henree for?" he demanded loudly. "*Oo, là, là!* Don't you know he's got a wife and a coupla twins? Besides, visual signaling's gone out of fashion."

"I'm not lamping him," retorted Mademoiselle Ernestine.

"Oh, no, you ain't! Maybe you haven't been using them eyes on the poor fish."

"What? Like that? Why, that's the Y. M. C. A. look! We've got orders to do that."

My friend appeared incredulous, then profoundly interested.

"Do tell!" he said. "How come? Tell us about it, Bright Eyes."

And Ernestine, the entertainer, explained as follows: "Our instructions are to look at the men in a manner which will make them think of their wives and sweethearts at home."

M'sieu Hicks exploded in a guffaw and slapped his thigh hilariously.

"Fine! Great! And I'll say this for the way you carry out orders, Bright Eyes—it certainly makes me think of my wife back home. I'll tell the world it does! Every time you turn them lamps on me I think of what'd happen if Patsy was to catch me here, and cold chills run down my back. It's the obsolete truth."

We were passing the time thus innocently and pleasurably when in the doorway appeared the unmistakable form of M'sieu Stuffle. He advanced hesitatingly and made an inquiry of the cashier, who answered with a shake of the head.

"He wants to know if they've got chocolate éclairs," hazarded Girlie.

"Uh-uh! He's tryin' to find out if there's anybody here from Pansyville."

In my opinion the latter supposition was correct, my friend, for The Professor next wandered to the bar and we heard him inquire of the bartender if he had ever been in America.

"Sure! Lived in New York nine years."

"What? You have? Ever been to Indiana?"

We groaned, and at that moment his roving glance rested on us.

My Partner Herded This Menagerie Into the Elevator and Ascended to Our Rooms

"Good day, men!" he cried unctuously, with a beatific smile, and there was nothing to do but make a pretense of welcome.

"What'll you have, professor? Sit down. Put your feet up on the table and give your brain a rest. Hey, George—take the orders, will you? What'll it be—a foaming beaker of lemonade or a flock of éclairs?"

M'sieu Stuffle hesitated, eying the beverages in front of us.

"Try one of these," suggested Mademoiselle Hallahan. "They're real good. Mild, but nourishing."

"What may it be?" he inquired, gazing at the flecked foam on top.

"It's perfectly harmless—yes, indeed. If it wasn't we wouldn't be drinking it—would we, Ernestine? The name of it is 'Holy Joe.'"

"Certainly the name suggests nothing evil in it," commented The Professor doubtfully.

"Of course not," my partner agreed. "It's good for rheumatism; it's the one proved remedy for flu; and it'll mend a broken collar bone. In fact it's good for whatever ails you, professor. *Ah, oui!* Fetch Mr. Stuffle a Holy Joe, George."

"Yes, sir," answered the bartender with alacrity. Presently he brought a long glass filled to the brim with the creamy concoction, and as he set it down, remarked: "That represents the work of one hen for a week, gents."

We watched eagerly. M'sieu Stuffle smacked his lips when he put down the glass, and observed that Holy Joe struck him as a proper and extremely soothing beverage.

You are a man of the world, my friend, and know from what slight beginnings parties start—especially in Paris, where the pursuit of pleasure seems to be the sole aim of existence. Therefore you will not be surprised to learn that from such blameless preliminaries a party began. But perhaps you will experience a measure of incredulity when I inform you that it lasted three nights and two days. *Oui, m'sieu.* We encountered The Professor on a Saturday and we parted from him on Tuesday morn. How little did we know the man! How little had we guessed his lion heart and endurance!

"All the same, it was worth it," asserted M'sieu Hicks. "Because, Henree, this'll be our last chance. By the time we git back to the ol' U. S. the whole blamed country 'll be dry, and the only parties me and you are like to see will be forty-two orgies and other devilments."

Eh, bien! It transpired that The Professor had long been a sufferer from a form of lumbago and Holy Joe proved of distinct benefit. After drinking five, which M'sieu Hicks and I paid for, he announced that he had a fine full feeling, and what did we boys plan to do with the rest of the evening?

We had no plans; in Paris it is better to drift with the tide. So we took the young ladies to dinner at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, and The Professor came along as a matter of course. He ate prodigiously of rare viands such as *langouste* and sole and *poulet de grain*, topped off with a salade and an omelette soufflé, merely remarking that a couple of éclairs and a cup of coffee would be all he required to finish, and that was one thing we had to learn in America—how to cook, but he hadn't found a place in France where you

(Continued on Page 69)

About that half inch-

THE average man never seems to know when he's got enough. I realize it's tempting stuff. That silvery, slippery little roll of Cream is so blamed inviting that it's awfully easy to push out an inch or so onto your brush.

I wish you wouldn't.

It isn't so much that you waste a lot of Cream and make your shaving cost twice what it should—I guess we can stand that if you can—but you really don't get the best results.

Oh! I know you have the toughest beard your barber ever amputated. Personally, I never met a man above the second year in the high school who wasn't afflicted with a fuzz of extraordinary tenacity. Lucky thing for soap manufacturers that men have always been eager to blame shaving troubles on their beards.

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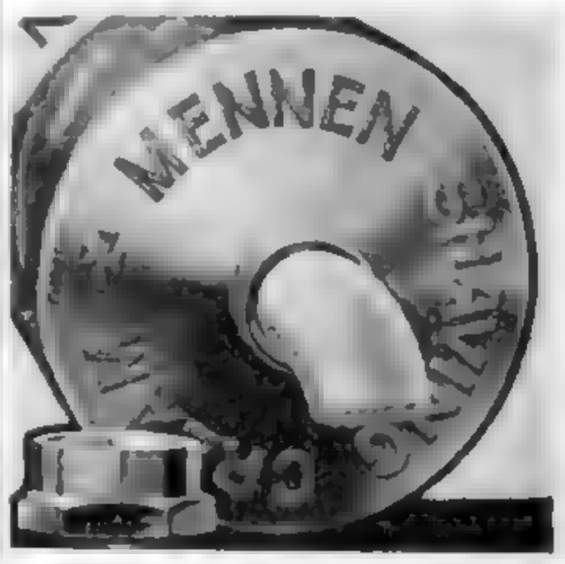

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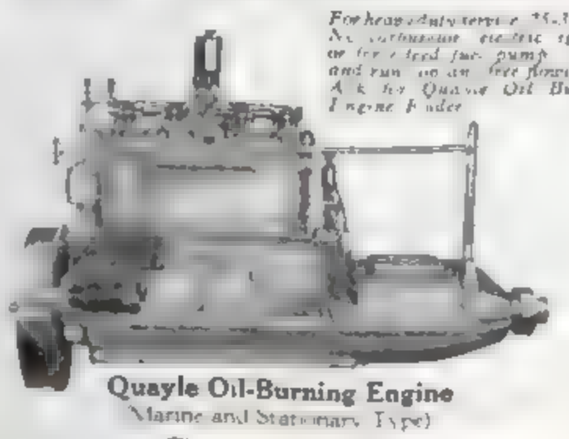

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(Continued from Page 67)

could get ham and eggs like they fried 'em in Pansyville.

By this time he had put himself entirely in my partner's hands and readily acquiesced in the proposal that we should order up some Château d'Yquem. *Mon dieu*, and he had stated not half an hour earlier, had this Stuffle, that he had a fine full feeling entirely free from hunger!

Pardon my heat, m'sieu, in speaking of this, but you will understand when I come to the nub of the business. For when *l'addition* was presented my partner waved it airily in my direction, because—he announced—I was a war profiteer in the matter of an oil well brought in on one of my properties during our absence at the Front. And I learned to my bitter chagrin that the casual acquaintance of Mesdemoiselles Hallahan and La Rue and the infliction of The Professor's presence on the gathering had cost me in the neighborhood of ninety dollars—five hundred and sixty-five francs to be exact. Was it not monstrous? And on top of that a luxury tax of ten per cent! Yet we wonder at social unrest!

Afterward M'sieu Hicks led me to one side and said, "Let's shake these fräuleins now, Henree. The Professor's just right—organized for the night—and I got an idea he'll step out if we give him a chance."

Accordingly we piled into a taxi, our new friend beside the driver, with whom he conversed in broken English under the delusion that he was speaking French, and we went shuddering down the Champs Elysées toward town. Ever and anon M'sieu Stuffle would lift up his voice in Smiles.

Having dropped the ladies at their hotel we bade the driver make what speed he might to the Casino de Paris.

"Now, no rough stuff, Henree," he cautioned. "The last time we was here, professor, Henree caught a gal tryin' to snake his silk handkerchief, and when he stopped her she slapped him, so he pulled her hair."

"I did nothing of the sort," I protested indignantly.

"Anyhow, they throwed us out—said we was crabbing the show."

At the Casino we picked up many friends whom we had never seen before. It is a remarkable thing, that, m'sieu. Time and again I have marveled over the strange fashion in which faces suddenly appear through the haze at your elbow, which you do not recall ever having seen—and yet there you are on the most amicable footing.

The Professor was particularly gifted in this respect. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed before he detected a doughboy from his home town and in no time at all M'sieu Stuffle was assuring him of undying friendship—all because a casual inquiry as to whether the soldier knew Bill Smith elicited an affirmative response. From then on it was merely a question of the population of The Professor's place of nativity, for it is my belief that he named everybody in the town.

"Did you ever know a feller named Jeff Brown? What? You did? Well, well! Put her there! Good ol' Jeff! Just like brothers, me and Jeff." And again—"You don't happen to remember Fred Terryberry who lived on Cedar Street, do you? No! You don't say so! Your mother's cousin? Well, well! Put her there!"

So it went, m'sieu, for upward of an hour. To me the astounding feature was that the soldier knew them all—every one—despite the fact that one of his comrades assured me in an aside that Sol, the big liar, had never been west of Buffalo in his life.

From time to time M'sieu Stuffle would gaze absently at his glass, only to discover that it was empty, whereupon he would request the functionary behind the counter to mix another Holy Joe. The first time he ordered it the marceled minion professed ignorance of any such drink, but on M'sieu Hicks conferring with him he nodded understanding and performed the proper rites.

A matter that puzzled me was our guest's absent-mindedness. He invariably forgot to pay for anything he ordered, and on his attention being drawn to the omission would betray such a lack of comprehension of the point at issue that my partner and I were obliged to settle every item in order to avoid argument and resultant unpleasantness. But this I put down to his unaccustomed indulgence in the lumbago cure.

"M'sieu," whispered the bartender to me, "if your friend keeps on with that stoof he will be zigzag, *n'est-ce-pas?* Or seeck, pos-sib-ly. Already has he eaten twelve eggs! And cream?" He threw out his hands and shrugged.

"That's nothin'," interjected my partner. "It ain't a circumstance to what he's had. Wait till you see him start on éclairs!"

Twice had we to haul our new-found friend out of private boxes into which he had wandered with the futile notion of watching the performance. The second time, finding him drowsy and reluctant to leave despite the heated protests of several ushers and the occupants of the box, we were compelled to enlist the aid of a strong and resolute American M. P., who removed The Professor by the scruff of the neck.

"If this belongs to you," he said brusquely to us, "take it home! Here, you—put on your hat and beat it! How do you get that way?"

"Holy Joe," murmured M'sieu Stuffle sleepily, and in obedience to the policeman's behest we led him outside and loaded him into a cab.

The soporific effects of the beverage in which he had been indulging were dissipated by the night air, and M'sieu Stuffle revived with astonishing rapidity before we had gone a dozen blocks. By this time I had had quite enough of the party, being a temperate man by nature and training; moreover my partner had developed a perfect mania for passing every expense along to me, asserting—without in the least reassuring me—that we would square up all accounts in the morning. But neither of my companions would hear of it.

"L'Abbaye," bellowed M'sieu Hicks to the driver, and The Professor repeated in a stentorian voice, "L'Abbaye," without knowing whether it was a railroad station or a cemetery.

So we sped to L'Abbaye in Montmartre. In uniform we could never have penetrated the place, men from the ranks being barred admittance lest the officers should be embarrassed by their presence and unable to get any dances with the ladies who frequent it. However, MM. Joe Hicks and Henri Giraud, who would have had to gaze wistfully through the door in their capacity of company cooks, were welcomed with open arms as private citizens of unlimited means, and a singing waiter whisked us to a table.

At this juncture our companion confessed that he could not dance, so we left him eating chocolate éclairs while we sought partners. On our return, judge of our dismay to discover that he had dug up from among the guests an officer from his own home town, whom he dragged to our table for converse anent MM. Bill Smith and Jeff Brown and Fred Terryberry!

Meanwhile we were discovering acquaintances too—among them being the commanding officer of our division! *Oo, là, là!* The instant my partner glimpsed the two stars and the insignia on his arm he hurried to me in a semipanic, carrying the news.

"Let's go!" he whispered. "Let's beat it quick! The Ol' Man's over at that table in the corner and he's half stewed. See him? No! Not there—next to that strawberry blonde with the plastered hair."

"But why should we go? He will never recognize us."

"Don't you ever believe it! Remember the day he bawled me out about our slum cart? Wow! He didn't leave me six inches of hide. No, sir-ree! I'm going to drift right now and let The Professor settle the bill."

But this was not to be thought of for a moment.

"If you do," I admonished, "there will assuredly be a riot and an investigation, for M'sieu Stuffle knows our names and will not hesitate to use them."

My partner unites much shrewdness with common sense and he readily recognized the danger.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll stick. But let's have a snort so I can face the Ol' Man without salutin'."

A curious thing is the habit of discipline. It becomes second nature to a man, growing with the years just as the habit of authority grows in an individual who exercises it for long. Every time I found myself near the general I unconsciously stiffened. Besides, I fancied that he stared curiously at us several times, but that may have been imagination.

You may well believe that I avoided him, giving him all the room he required when dancing. But with M'sieu Hicks it was different. Fortified by the snort aforementioned and driven by that audacity which is an outstanding trait of his character, he approached the general's table and joined easily in the talk. The next thing I knew, there he was, sitting beside the Old Man, clinking glasses and apparently on terms of intimacy. *Mon dieu*, what would the general have said could he have known that it was one of his company cooks who thus made himself agreeable?

"Me and Dave 're goin' to take lunch together to-morrow," he reported presently in an interval when we could find no partners

"Dave?" I repeated, aghast.

"Sure! His name's Dave. Say, Henree, I've been doin' the Ol' Man an injustice. I always thought he was a gloom, but he's a reg'lar human bein' after all. He says he wants to meet you too. I done told him about the twins and your mine."

"Never!" I said firmly. It did not surprise me that a general should be desirous of meeting the father of two such boys, but I am a man whose identity is not easily concealed or forgotten, and I feared lest he recall my features and status. Moreover I had another reason.

"Never!" I repeated positively.

"Why not?"

"He will try to rank me out of my partner," I rejoined. "I have seen these generals functioning."

"Tell that to a guy from Chicago!" scoffed M'sieu Hicks. "Who wants that gal you got? The Ol' Man ain't in the salvage corps, Henree."

However, I was adamant, so for the remainder of the night my partner herded with our division commander and several English officers whose acquaintance he made, whilst I devoted myself to the truly charming creature it had been my excellent fortune to interest. She confided to me that she was the daughter of a rich banker and wife of the Belgian ambassador to a certain European court, but both father and husband disapproved of her legitimate ambitions to become a great cinema star, and in view of their heartless behavior only two alternatives presented themselves—death or the Folies Bergere. She had happily chosen the latter. I say "happily," for otherwise I would not have made her acquaintance.

Between this lady and me a bond of sympathy was quickly established. She combined exquisite beauty with truly remarkable discernment. Hardly had we known each other ten minutes when she admitted to me that I was different and she liked my eyes. *Voilà, m'sieu!* You are a man of the world and can readily surmise that our friendship ripened fast.

The party waxed merrier as the night wore away. M'sieu Hicks and a huge good-natured English major did a duet, which was loudly applauded, in the course of which the major carried my diminutive friend upon his back. And once The Professor rose solemnly from his place and essayed the shimmy, being incited thereto by assurances that a modern education was incomplete without it.

Alors, we danced all night and it was broad day when we emerged and scuffled for a taxi to take us back to the hotel.

"I ain't going home," announced M'sieu Stuffle doggedly. "I ain't going home. I want to stay with you boys."

Accordingly we bedded him down on a couch in the parlor and all three of us snatched some well-earned repose. On awaking at noon M'sieu Stuffle was inclined to be morose, but on taking some medicine which my partner prescribed he rallied and professed himself ready to face whate'er might betide, or fight his weight in wildcats if desirable. A truly remarkable man, m'sieu—I felt my heart warm to him.

"But I won't go home," he said. "I want to stay here."

"What 're you afraid to go to your own hotel for?" queried M'sieu Joe.

For a while he would not tell us, but finally confessed that the officer from his own home town had basely endeavored to make use of their acquaintance to negotiate a loan of fifty dollars, and he had barely succeeded in putting him off by the plea that he had not the money with him.

"He said he'd call round to see me this morning," added Stuffle, "so I don't intend to be there."

M'sieu Hicks regarded him thoughtfully.

"I reckon you'd best make that loan, professor," he ventured.

"Make nothing! Why should I? I'm under no obligations to him just because he comes from Pansyville."

"All the same," my partner insisted, "I'd let him have the money. You see, he'll be going back there right soon. And Miz Stuffle—you sit down and send it to him by messenger if you don't aim to go back to your hotel."

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Followed a long and painful silence, whilst our companion considered the proposition from every angle.

Finally the wisdom of the suggestion appealed to his discretion, and with a groan of direst despair he inclosed three hundred francs in an envelope and dispatched it by one of the hotel runners to the lieutenant's address.

Eh bien! We set out for the hotel at which the commanding general of our division was stopping. Only M'sieu Hicks was to dine with him, but Stuffle and I trailed along to render my partner moral support. And, *ma foi*, he needed it, my friend! I'll say he did! For when we called at the appointed hour the Old Man was not in his room; neither had he left any message.

Out of respect for his rank we waited. We waited two hours. At the expiration of that period, when we were reduced to a famished and rebellious condition, the general appeared in the lobby accompanied by an aide.

Up stepped M'sieu Hicks, all smiles, lifting his hat after the Continental fashion. The general stared at him. His round face shone like the setting sun and he was visibly sleepy.

"Take lunch with you? Surely you are mistaken."

"Why, no, general! Don't you remember? We fixed it up last night."

It was obvious that the reference to the previous night did not please the general. He stiffened and said: "Why, man, you're crazy! I never saw you before in my life." And turning on his heel, left my partner very discomfited and crestfallen.

"Never saw me before, hey?" muttered M'sieu Hicks. "Pity he ain't! I've saluted the ol' bird a million times. Let's go, Henree. I aim to make a day of it. What do you say if we hit for the races?"

Nothing loath, the three of us persuaded a taxi driver to drive out to Auteuil, where we found a brilliant assemblage. Among them were numerous Americans, both in uniform and civilian clothes, and M'sieu Stuffle began forthwith a canvass of the crowd in front of the grand stand and round the betting booths to ascertain if perchance there lurked among them anyone from his home town. Yes, my friend, in spite of his unfortunate experience with the lieutenant he persisted in his loyalty and sought broadcast for a fellow human from dear old Panayville.

I regret to say that he did not succeed. It is true that he struck up a conversation with one of the gambling fraternity who had lived in America and reluctantly confessed to having passed through the town on a fast special, but beyond a cautious admission that possibly the climate of that region was excellent for cattle and grain Stuffle could extract little from this person calculated to forge home ties.

"How about a li'l' flyer, professor?" suggested my partner when we met at the refreshment stand.

"All right," agreed M'sieu Stuffle. "Make mine a Holy Joe, George."

"No, I mean a bet. A bird just told me of a horse in the next race that looks like easy money. Navarre his name is."

"I never gamble," replied our friend virtuously.

After that was it not reasonable to expect that The Professor would eschew betting in any form? But such was not the case. No, he came to us about an hour later holding one of the mutuel tickets in his hand with the information that he had placed a hundred francs on a long shot by the name of Plat du Jour.

"I thought you didn't gamble!"

"I don't," he rejoined stoutly. "This ain't gambling."

"How come?" put in my partner.

"Well, this race is fixed, boys. A man from my home town I met up with in the bar told me about it. He's a brother-in-law of one of the jockeys. And the jockeys have arranged to make a killing with Plat du Jour, so you see it is not gambling. In gambling there enters the element of chance, and this is a sure thing." He beamed at us with supreme satisfaction.

"Professor," said M'sieu Hicks brokenly, grasping him by the hand, "a conscience like yours would be worth a million to me. Put her there!"

Eh bien, Plat du Jour won handily, though the crowd voiced some disapprobation over the fact that to achieve the result two jockeys had almost to pull their mounts to a walk and another seemed desirous of running the other way. However, he won, and Stuffle pocketed twelve hundred francs.

My hopes were high that now he would see his way clear to share in the expense of our adventures, but there I wronged him. Yes, he was not so loose with money. We made a night of it which cost my partner and myself round eleven hundred francs, but so far as I could detect M'sieu Stuffle did not open his wallet. Indeed I did not even see him tip the flunky who fetched his hat at the last cabaret we went to, though he proclaimed that it had been the pleasantest evening of his stay in France, inasmuch as he had encountered three boys from his own home town.

However, as we dashed homeward in the early hours The Professor came out of a reverie during which he had been staring fixedly at the driver's back, and murmured: "You boys have sure been kind to me."

"That's all right, ol'-timer," responded my partner. "We know a good feller when we see one. And to-night we'll give you a chance to git even. No, never mind thanking me. We'll allow you to give the dinner *ce soir*, hey, Henree?" And he clapped our acquaintance on the back.

If The Professor was overcome with a desire to thank him for the opportunity he took a strange method of showing it, for he gulped and his florid visage turned perceptibly pale. But he was a courageous man at bottom, m'sieu, and rallying immediately, contrived a wan smile.

"All right. That's a bargain."

Why go through the recital of the day and night of care-free celebration that followed? Suffice that it was the Fourteenth of July, when all France acclaimed victory and Paris turned her millions into the boulevards and streets for revelry.

By placing ourselves in the Place de la Concorde long before dawn we witnessed the historic parade, in the course of which The Professor went peacefully to sleep wedged between a French market woman with a beard and a lady from the American Red Cross. He did not wake up even when Foch and Joffre rode past on their chargers. And for a few all too brief hours that afternoon we rested our weary limbs in bed. But promptly at six o'clock my partner leaped nimbly out, crying: "Come on, boys! Git up! Do you aim to *schlafen* all day? Come to life there!

"To-night's the night, you know, professor. It's your treat."

Groaning in physical and mental anguish, Stuffle slowly obeyed.

"I ain't feeling well," he ventured feebly. "Maybe I'd best stay in bed."

"You'll feel like a million dollars in a minute, ol'-timer. Hey, François!" he shouted to the hovering *valet de chambre*. "Tell that waiter to rush up three first aids. A gen'l'man's like to die."

They came, and our disconsolate associate took heart.

"Tell you what," he exclaimed confidentially. "I'm getting kind of sick of these places we been eating at, ain't you? I mean to say, they don't give you real food. Now I know a place where you can get gen-u-ine home cooking, so what do you boys say if we go there?"

M'sieu Hicks glanced swiftly at me, but responded with praiseworthy enthusiasm. "Sure! You're the doctor. Lead on! He's goin' to uncover a new chef, Henree."

The Professor informed us as we drove along that this restaurant was a quiet exclusive place which only the bons vivants of Paris knew about—a snug little retreat with a Bohemian flavor, whose food was unsurpassed in the world.

Ma foi, it was exclusive indeed! Three or four mournful guests lurked like ghosts in the gloom of the tiny hole-in-the-wall to which he conducted us. There were splashes of beer on the table and a general cheesiness to the atmosphere—if I may be permitted the expression—extremely trying to a sensitive nature. But Stuffle kept rubbing his hands, assuring us with nervous eagerness how very select and choice the place was.

Despite his encomiums on each dish I could not eat the pale cold corpse of a fish that was laid in front of me, or the gristle which followed, labeled chateaubriand on the menu; and the pommes frites and salad were easily recognizable as left-overs from happier days.

"Ain't it fine?" he demanded, rubbing his hands. "Don't it remind you of home?"

My partner rested a moment from his labors with knife and fork and replied cautiously: "It sure does make me homesick, professor. How come you found this place? Fell off the sidewalk?"

"Just happened to run on it," was the pleased answer. "I have eaten here quite a lot. It's very reasonable too, though the food's so good."

This much will I say for M'sieu Stuffle—he did not exaggerate. The word was well chosen, for the dinner with a bottle of sour red wine amounted to five francs each. And not a meal to which we had entertained him cost us less than fifty francs a head!

"Professor," said M'sieu Hicks, struck by a sudden thought, "It ain't right or fair to let you, a visitor to these shores, entertain us like this. Me and Henree've been here now more'n two years, and though this is only our second trip to Paree it don't seem proper to let you spend your money on us. So I will take the bill off your hands. Hey, madame, gimme *l'addition!* Toot sweet!"

"No, no! I insist," quavered Stuffle tremulously. "Please let me pay."

"Nonsense! That'd be asking too much."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do," exclaimed The Professor in vast relief, "I'll be a sport. Let's match for it."

Of the further events of that night only a confused memory remains. I confess it, m'sieu, for we sallied forth into the heart of the great city, whose blazing streets swarmed with humanity, given over to song and merrymaking and unbridled joy.

In the dense masses of the boulevards M'sieu Stuffle could discover nobody bearing even a faint resemblance to a resident of his own home town, but he picked up numerous other acquaintances. Indeed, yes! Losing him for a brief space, we discerned him at a distance the center of a hilarious ring of French officers and their girls, who danced about The Professor with locked arms. And there was M'sieu Stuffle in the middle performing a hoedown with intense earnestness and vigor under the full glare of an arc light.

His amiable disposition led him into several entanglements. For instance, we had fairly to pry loose from his side a Parisian person wearing a cap, who appeared to us of such a lowbrow type that we suspected he had designs on our companion's pocketbook. Also he bought half a gross of lead pencils from a blind woman, and when we inquired why, insisted that in all his life he had never possessed a pencil at the moment he needed one, and from now to the end of his days he proposed to be well heeled in this respect.

An unfortunate incident rose from this transaction. For the blind lady pursued M'sieu Stuffle and caught him by the coat tails, shrilling that she had been robbed, swindled, cheated. According to her, our friend had given her a twenty-franc note for which she had counted out change in silver, only to discover its spuriousness by the absence of a watermark the instant she held it against the light. However, this misunderstanding was smoothed over by my partner presenting her with a genuine twenty francs. Stuffle, he would do nothing, stoutly maintaining that somebody had passed the money on him, and turn about was fair play.

Ah, m'sieu, what a city is Paris on nights of gladness! No other people know how to celebrate with the same abandon and light-heartedness. Unbridled gayety, laughter and love; never a thought of to-morrow's reckoning. Adventures everywhere; they come to you unsought. The joyous crowds mill up and down the boulevards, packing them from wall to wall so that all vehicular traffic is suspended. When a daring driver ventures in from a side street, scores pile aboard, or they pick up the car and carry it to a place where it will not inconvenience them.

They dance, they sing, they hug, they play pranks. Ah, those dear Parisians! Everywhere you meet with merriment and light-hearted laughter. All the cafés are ablaze and raising prices; all the waiters are perspiring. Everybody knows everybody else; you are welcome in every little party you encounter.

On one point, however, I maintain that M'sieu Hicks grossly exaggerates in his story of the night's happenings. He asserts that I tickled a gendarme on the Boulevard Haussmann, which I emphatically deny. For where would be the motive, or the sense, in such a proceeding?

To retaliate in kind, I suggest that you inquire who was responsible for the motley procession which accompanied us to our hotel. *Mais, oui!* Ask M'sieu Hicks that! Or better still, demand the truth of Madame Patsy. She knows and will be pleased to tell.

For when we arrived home, my friend, there followed at our heels a mongrel dog, which my partner pronounced to be a perfect specimen of the Siberian bee hound, and a dirty-faced urchin of nine or ten years who claimed that M'sieu Joe had adopted him, he being a war orphan and destitute. Also there were unloaded from our taxi a talking parrot, two canaries and a large live lobster.

My partner herded this menagerie into the elevator and ascended to our rooms. As for me, I remained below, debating whether to sally out again in search of The Professor or leave him to his fate, for we had lost him. Yes, in the confusion we had become separated, and M'sieu Stuffle did not arrive home with us.

Presently my partner reappeared in the lobby, leading the youth aforesaid by the ear.

"The Professor's upstairs," he announced. "Come on up."

"But that child? What are you going to do with him?"

"Oh, I caught him stealing my cigarettes, and he's promised to go home to his parents."

Eh bien, we mounted to our rooms. And there at the door stood M'sieu Stuffle, beaming like a summer sun, to welcome us.

"The greatest day in my career, boys!" he declared, shaking us feelingly by the hand. "Absolutely! I got only one regret."

"What's that, ol'-timer?"

"I ought to've seen Paris before I gave myself to the Lord."

With that he escorted us into the parlor with such an air of triumphant secretiveness that my curiosity was roused.

"Greatest day in my career!" he repeated. "Yes, sir. Found another boy from my home town. Used to work for old Doc Stone. Know Doc Stone well—just like brothers."

"What? You did? Put her there, professor!" cried M'sieu Hicks. "I'm for you—I am that! Any guy who's as loyal as you are is my friend."

"But where did you find this fellow townsman?" I demanded.

"Oh, over there"—waving his hand—"just happened to bump into him. The poor feller had no place to sleep, so I brought him along. He's in Henree's room."

Filled with the liveliest misgivings, I hurried thither.

Indeed The Professor had been loyal, m'sieu! I'll say so! For on his back in my bed, sound asleep, lay a large fat colored gentleman.

"Oh, goody!—See what Santa Claus brought!"

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OIL-BURNING SHIPS

EDWARD N. HURLEY, the former chairman of the shipping board, had developed for him an interesting comparison of the performances of two steamers of the same tonnage running between Brazilian ports and New York. The coal-burning ship made the trip in twenty-four days and eight hours; the oil-burning ship did precisely the same run and under the same weather conditions in twenty-one days and thirteen hours, averaging a full knot per hour better speed. The slower ship used 657 tons of coal, as against 359 tons of oil on the faster ship. The coal burner had nine firemen and trimmers in her boiler room, the oil ship but three. The skipper of the oil burner, who was aware of the competition, took out his pencil and paper at its close and figured out a table after this fashion:

Two days and nineteen hours saved at charter time of $1500 a day	$4,187.50
My additional cargo—300 tons, dead weight, at $17 a ton	5,100.00
Wages, six firemen, at $70	420.00
Fuel—saving in oil over coal for the trip	1,840.00
	$11,547.50

This, mind you, was the saving in the operation of two small ships. In great ships the ratio of economy is not only maintained but increased. A 10,000-ton freighter that will burn forty tons of coal a day can be driven easily by thirty-two tons of oil. If she is lucky she can still buy Pocahontas coal at Newport News for five dollars a ton—probably more, after the soft-coal miners are finished with their newest demands.

If she is in European waters and can buy the coal at any price it will cost her at least twenty dollars a ton. In other words her bunker bill for coal would increase from $200 a day to $800. On the other hand the shipping board guarantees its oil prices at each of its bunkering stations to remain unchanged for a full twelve-month, and they are the same to all—to the masters of the ships it has sold or chartered or is operating under the agency plan, as well as to the masters of every American craft. The price of $1.88 a barrel, which it has announced for the coming year at St. Thomas, is a fair price. It is a good business price, too, for it allows our Uncle Samuel some sixty cents a barrel profit, to meet his expenses of operating the station. He is not in the bunkerage business for his health.

But the skipper's oil at the point where he can buy coal for five dollars a ton will not carry the St. Thomas price—where transportation, by oil tankers, becomes a factor in the price. At the shore he should buy his oil at close to eight dollars a ton—there is in ordinary weight of fuel oil about seven barrels to the ton—which means that his daily fuel bill is about $256. This of itself would seem to represent loss. His gain comes elsewhere. It comes, as we show below, in labor—in enormous labor savings, which increase even ahead of proportion as the ship increases in size. It comes in better speed and in more cargo room. It comes too in a better maintenance of speed. It has been estimated that upon a vessel like the Mauretania, developing 68,000 horse power, at least 10,000 horse power is actually lost during each watch through the necessity of drawing her fires, a performance not necessary with oil-burning boilers. And for such a vessel, now requiring more than 300 firemen and trimmers to keep her up to her great rated speed, seventy-five firemen and trimmers for the oil burners would be more than adequate. The men would in turn have far easier jobs; and one great labor problem would solve itself efficiently and economically.

Wonder not then that the United States Shipping Board has decided to follow the lead of the United States Navy and eliminate completely the coal-burning ships from its future program. With this policy definitely in mind it has established its bunkerage stations—for oil—as we have seen them, all the way to Manila and back again. It is to-day tearing out the elaborate coal-burning arrangements of the great Leviathan and when she next sails through the Narrows she will sail as an oil-burning ship with a tremendous economy of men and fuel and bunker space. And so in turn will come the engine-room revision of the other great ships which formerly flew the flag of Germany. The new ships of the shipping board's program will be equipped with oil burners beneath their boilers, while its experts examine still more carefully into the commercial possibilities of the internal-combustion oil engines of the Diesel and semi-Diesel types.

Oil is king. It may last forever, it may not last more than ten years. No man can tell. There is no accurate or scientific method of telling just how much of this cheap and simple and wonderfully efficient fuel lies beneath the surface of this old earth. But while it comes—and how it does come these years!—we should be indeed fools if we did not take a full commercial advantage of it.

One thing more—a little thing, perhaps, but little things do count. I hope that the shipping board is going to change again the names of our commandeered German ships as it finishes giving them their peacetime fittings and places them in merchant service once again.

Leviathan is a mouthful, Agamemnon a far more difficult one; and what is far worse, neither stands in any sense, near or remote, for anything American.

For years past I have hoped that some man would have the courage—and the patriotism—to erect a great hotel in his home town and name it not after himself or the forgotten or uninteresting name of some Indian chieftain but, in reversion to an ancient custom, the United States Hotel or the American House or even Congress Hall. Those names mean something—or should mean something to any man with the red blood of the United States in his veins. And so it is that I hope—and have reason to believe that my hope is not a vain one—that these great new ships of ours will bear real American names from start to finish. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is being received with favor by the shipping board, that they be named after the poetic names of the states of the Union: the Bay State, the Golden State, the Keystone State, the Empire State, and the like.

Such a scheme of nomenclature for the swiftest and the finest of our new ships would revive many of the finest traditions and memories of our early merchant marine. And one does not have to have the imagination of a Clark Russell or a Marryat to imagine the thrill that a real American must have to stand upon the curving riverside quay of Antwerp or Bordeaux or Liverpool and there see coming up out of the morning fog to meet him and convey him home the fine big Buckeye State, the Granite State or the Pine Tree or the Lone Star. What feelings that at last our American merchant marine had come into its own!

God speed that day.

The Canal Boats of the Seine

ROMANCE has run with curling sails and ships that leave the land,
But look beneath a Paris bridge, where barks of dreams are manned,
And sigh for all the drowsy boats, no windward tack or lee—
The lazy barges of the Seine that never get to sea.

The Neptune, oh! the paradox, is bound by quays of stone
And travels up and down the stream, but never once alone;
A tug must guide its toddling steps, a little darting tug
That ducks its funnel for a bridge—a skipping water bug.

Perhaps the Bluff has brought to port a cargo rich with gold,
But no, she comes from country lanes with carrots in her hold.
The Phyllis, dainty but in name, of finery bereft,
Is loading rubbish from a dock the rag pickers have left.

The Tokio will never see the blossoms of Japan,
Nor Zima distant waterways, nor Fez a foreign fan;
Siam is far from seven seas and far the Southern Cross
From languid drifting days along canals that gather moss.

There's Ipsy, Va Sans Crainte, Revanche—they smack of pirates' play,
But never hoist a flag of black, except on washing day.

An apron hanging up to dry, a shirt without a tail—
Can beauty catch elusive winds in such a flimsy sail?

His elbow on the hatchway rail, his whiskered chin agleam,
A boatman eyes the shipping maze across the cluttered stream;

The Help of God he's named his craft, and yet, beset with fears,
He'd rather trust a pilot now who knows a hundred piers.

From Havre with copper, hides and food; Rouen with pulp and coal;
In every boat a cabin aft, with each an entrance hole,
A doll's house for the cabin home and windows hung with lace,
Geraniums and marguerites and now and then a face.

The skipper's wife in stocking feet is slouching in a chair,
Her naked shoulders shining brown beneath her fallen hair;
She grips an old accordion that rasps in crumpled tone,
She squeezes out an idle waltz she heard along the Rhone.

The mattress women sit above along the cobbled roads,
A-stitching beds for landsmen's backs who lie in brick abodes;
An artist with an easel set and brush that travels free
Is painting all the lazy boats that never get to sea.

The boatmen press the tillers hard and glide beyond the piers;
In straining arms and leaning limbs, the grace of gondoliers,
But no horizons wide and wet, no track without a tree—
The lazy barges of the Seine that never get to sea.

—*Charles Divine.*

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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

WHITE LINES

(Continued from Page 15)

"Say, that tooth hurts some! Well, I've got to be galloping—got a scow of work to unload. Say, Mack, what d'ye know about it? Here old Curly-Locks stops me out in the yard a while ago and wants to know things about Wally Gay."

"Who?" asked McNutt, opening his eyes.

"Curly-Locks—Squint-Lamps—Big-Beak—Fish-Chin—Two-Mugs! Don't you know your own tiger? Your man Friday—old Nosey-Nose."

"Oh, he does, eh? What was he saying?"

"Oh, asking me if I knew who Wally's parents were. I told him to toddle over and frisk Wally for that information. Don't I wish he would? And don't I wish I could be gazing through a knot hole when he did? Oh, no—not a-tall! Well, Mack, what d'ye know about it? I'm off!"

The office door slammed behind the shipping clerk and immediately flew open in front of him.

"Say, Mack, don't forget what I told you about Uncle Lonnie Dugglebunner dying from sitting on the small of his back too much! What d'ye know ——"

The closing door shut half of the question outside.

At twelve o'clock McNutt called his clerk.

"I'm going to lunch and I won't be back for a couple of hours," he said. "I've left some orders here on my desk. Hand them out to the men as they come in."

The clerk after the yardmaster had gone untied a newspaper parcel and hurriedly ate the lunch it contained. Then he took an electric torch and climbed up into the attic where the files of old car records were kept.

"Seven or eight years ago!" he muttered as he flashed the light over the stacks of black and dusty records piled about the walls. "It'll be a job! A chance in a thousand if I find it at all! But that shipping clerk said he was certain it was in June. I'll look over the June records for those two years."

He spent half an hour going over the dusty pages of a huge volume. Another half hour he pored over a second volume. He was about to close the book and give up his search when he noticed a heavy smudgy line following down the margin of the page before the row of car numbers, as though a thick finger, black with dust, had been dragged over the sheet. He followed it to the bottom of the page, found it on the next sheet, turned a page and found it there. And he watched it page after page until it stopped before a blue-pencil cross mark.

"There it is!" he chuckled. "P. G. M. 67677!"

And he took out a notebook from his pocket and copied the number and initials. Then he copied into the book the numbers and initials of the five cars below and of the five cars above P. G. M. 67677. He also set down the year, the month and the day of the month as he read them at the top of the page.

"There may be something in it sometime!" he mumbled. "Good case to work up anyway. It'll be good experience."

He was about to return the book to its place when he stopped, brought it out again, opened it and turned to the page he had just been examining.

"Get the original whenever it is possible," he laughed. "That's what the book says." And he took a penknife from his pocket and carefully cut out the page, which he folded and stowed away in a bill fold. He then put the record back into its place and went down to his desk.

That afternoon he stopped in at the basement of the chemical laboratory, where he visited for a few moments with the janitor, condoling with him over his hard job and low salary and leaving a cigar with him. And the next afternoon he dropped in on the janitor again and left another cigar and a word of cheer. The third afternoon he asked for and received the key to the attic of the building where several tons of old accounting-department records were stored.

He had worked for Chief Clerk Calla for a few months until Mr. Calla had discovered that he was not up to the standard of the class of men he wished to have on his force. His work had been on the receiving-clerk's desk, and the knowledge he had there gained relative to the manner of classifying and tabulating incoming shipments now enabled him to find quickly the information he was seeking.

Back at his desk in the yardmaster's office, he entered this new data in his notebook—"Shipped by Masterson & Kirk from Ferro Junction."

He mused over the entry for some time.

"It's the Stanley Kirk Furnace Company now—Masterson got out a long while ago," he said, talking to himself. "Masterson went into politics. I'll take a run down to Ferro Junction some of these days and look round. It's about ten miles south of here on the R. T. V. Not much of a case, but it will give me some experience."

He put away the notebook and drew a paper-bound volume from a drawer in his desk, the title of which was "How to Become a Detective." He turned to Lesson Ten and began reading.

It was several days afterward that McNutt took a flash light and climbed up into the attic, pulled out an old car-record volume from a great stack and began running over its entries. Page after page he turned until he was almost through the volume. Then he turned back to the front and began anew.

"That's funny!" he muttered. "I'm pretty sure I found it that time somewhere about the middle of the book."

He continued his search, bending over the volume until his back ached and his eyes blurred from the constant searching.

"This is the record—no mistake about that—and it ought to be right about here," he said. "That blue-pencil mark couldn't have faded and that sheet couldn't have worked out and got lost."

But he began looking at the numbers at the tops of the pages. Then he swore. A page was missing! And forcing the book wider open he discovered the cut stub of the missing sheet.

He put the volume back into place and went down to his office, where he lighted his pipe, sat down at his desk, elevated his feet and proceeded to stare at the toes of his shoes. For ten, for fifteen, for twenty minutes he sat immovable. Then he dropped his feet, straightened up in his chair and reached over and drew a block of yellow forms from a pigeonhole, on the top one of which he wrote a line or two.

"Hey, Damrosch!" he called. And when his clerk came he handed him the yellow slip.

"What's this?" asked the clerk as he took the slip.

"That's your card for good behavior. Take it to the time office and Bottman will pay you up to six o'clock this evening."

"Discharged?"

"Canned!"

"What for?"

"Ask yourself—don't ask me!"

"Will—will you give me a recommend?"

"I wouldn't give you a recommend for a job wheeling shale at the brickyards! Get out! And if I thought you had that page you cut out of that record upstairs about you I'd have it if I had to break your neck getting it! But I know you haven't got it on your person. Get out!"

The clerk made no reply, and while he was clearing out his desk preparatory to leaving, McNutt smoked and mused.

"He did it, of course!" he told himself. "Nobody else! But what for? What for? That's what I'd like to know. I wonder if I should tell Wally? Perhaps I should, but I don't like to—I don't like the idea of broaching that subject to him. I guess I won't."

There was no need of his worrying over the question whether Wally Gay should be informed of Damrosch's act—Damrosch himself attended to the conveying of that information and very promptly. For after he had been paid his wages at the time office he walked down through the yards to the site of the new open-hearth plant where work had been begun and where, he was told, Wally Gay was now occupied. He had never seen Wally Gay—he might as well take a look at him.

He found a great army of men at work on the new site, unloading brick and sand and gravel and crushed stone; constructing temporary frame buildings; excavating long trenches and deep pits; mixing concrete and mortar; laying brick and pouring concrete. He stopped near a bed of cement mortar in which a man puddled with a hoe.

"Do you know Wally Gay when you see him?" he asked the mortar mixer.

"Sure! That's him over there by the engineer—the feller with the yeller corduroys on."

Damrosch looked in the direction the man indicated and saw two men standing near a surveyor's instrument. One of them was figuring or writing in a book which he held on the curve of his left arm; the other was intently watching the proceeding. The onlooker was dressed in drab corduroys and the cap he wore was of the same material. His figure was very straight and there was a hint of strength about it and a gracefulness that the ill-fitting suit of coarse cloth could not conceal.

"By George!" muttered Damrosch. "There isn't anything scrubby about his looks!"

The engineer finished his writing or calculation, slipped his book into a wide pocket of his coat and turned to his transit, which he began adjusting and leveling. The young man in drabs picked up a handful of slender pointed iron stakes and a steel tape. Under the direction of the engineer he moved off a hundred feet or so and stopped to set a stake; walked on and set another stake and another, and so approached the spot where Damrosch was standing. The engineer drew his book from his pocket and again busied himself with a pencil. Damrosch walked forward and spoke:

"Are you Wally Gay?"

"Yes."

"Er—how would you like to have me look up something of your early history for you?"

"What?"

Damrosch started. There was something in the voice that hurled the monosyllable at him that disturbed him. A wiser man would have turned and gone away. Damrosch stayed. And again he spoke, though not so confidently:

"Why—er—I'd think it'd be rather awkward not to know something of your own family—who your parents were—to have people speaking of you as—hum—well, you see, Gay, I happened to find out the number of that car you were brought here in and I've learned where the car was shipped from and who shipped it. Now, if I set to work on the case I might discover something that would ——"

He stopped. The feeling of uneasiness that had been growing upon him since that first sharp question now gave way to positive fear, for the iron stakes and the steel tape that Wally held in his hands had fallen clattering to the ground and his eyes were blazing with anger.

"You dirty little slant-eyed skunk!" he shouted. "Who asked you to butt in on my private affairs?"

He raised a clenched fist and took two steps forward. Damrosch took three steps backward, tripped over a bag of cement and splashed full length into the mortar bed.

He scrambled to his feet, grabbed a bedraggled hat, waded out and streamed across the yard toward the gate.

And as he went he was saying to himself, "Now I will! Now I will trace him! I'll block his game! I'll fix him!"

"What's the row?" asked the engineer, coming up.

"Private matter," replied Wally shortly.

The engineer looked at his assistant a moment.

"All right, Wally. Now we'll locate that south pier. Get the rod."

Running lines, driving stakes, checking and rechecking measurements, carrying the transit here and there and helping to set it up; looking over the engineer's shoulder as he worked out his calculations; sitting with him in the little rough frame shack behind the great piles of building materials; talking with him, asking questions, learning, learning, learning—learning facts he had never dreamed of knowing, always buoyed up by that same fervor and enthusiasm that had buoyed him up in whatever work he had undertaken. And when one day Hofer handed him a great sheet of paper thickly covered with figures and said to him carelessly, "Look over my calculations, Wally, and see if I have made any mistakes," he shivered with pleasure. And another day when the engineer sent him out alone to make a measurement he glowed with pride and a mist floated before his eyes just for a moment. Then he laughed and threw the steel tape high into the air, catching it as it fell.

"Getting on!" he whispered.

The excavations deepened day by day and the trenches stretched out to greater and greater lengths; the steam cranes came chugging in over new-laid tracks and reached out their black arms over the great holes down in the dirty depths of which men picked and shoveled and blasted in clay and sand and rock. And the masons came in with trowels and plumb bobs and levels and the crane arms began lowering boxes of brick and huge steel buckets of mortar and concrete and the foundations of furnaces and stacks and piers crept slowly upward.

With eyes that glistened Wally watched it all, letting no phase of the work, no detail of it escape him. And when Hofer was absent for an hour or two, or was busy with some affair of his own, he would hurry out and get into the work himself—taking a hoe and helping the mortar mixer mix a box of mortar; tugging and lifting and heaving with a gang of sailors as they set some huge casting in place; climbing down into the excavations and dumping a box of sand or concrete, or carrying bricks to the masons; giving a hand to the carpenters placing their concrete forms; assisting the boiler makers with their heavy slabs and sheets of steel.

As though he watched the building of his own house he watched the beginning of the construction of the new open hearth, and more than once his eye caught errors—mistakes made by mason or carpenter—for he knew how things should be there. He had driven the stakes, he had carried the tape, he had helped to make the measurements and the figures were in his head and not forgotten. And every day he was poring over the great blue map that lay spread out on Hofer's desk, learning to read and understand it, studying its details, memorizing them.

"The best man I ever had for a helper," Hofer told Mackenzy. "Couldn't get along without him—couldn't possibly get along. Don't ask me for him while I'm on this job."

"But I'm going to," returned Mackenzy. "I'm going to take him into the office in a week or two."

Hofer begged and pleaded, protested and threatened, but to no avail.

"No, I want him. I didn't induce him to leave the position he had to work with you continuously. He's been out here about long enough. I will give you young Shofner—Shofner is all right." And Mackenzy walked away.

Wally received orders one afternoon to report at Mackenzy's office the following morning. It was the first time he had been there. He saw thirty or forty men bending over tables and drawing-boards, busy with pencils and pens and rulers. Most of them he noticed were smoking pipes, cigars or cigarettes, and most of them were talking and laughing. The racket and din in the room was so great that he did not hear a sad-faced young man of sixteen or seventeen summers, seated at a desk near a door opening into another room, speaking to him. The sad-faced youth left his chair and came over to him.

"Who'd you want to see?" he asked.

"Mr. Mackenzy sent me word to come here this morning," replied Wally.

"Isn't here yet—neither's Bolling. Set down over here by my desk—they'll be along."

Wally sat down. The young man dropped into his chair and at once started to talk:

"Say, I seen a dandy fillum at the Bandbox Theater last night—Custer's Last Fight. Believe me, them Indians could ride! They'd hang onto their horses by their feet and shoot under their bellies—the horses' bellies, you know. Gee, it was a great show! I seen another peach of a fillum at the Bi-jow night before last that was all right too. Captain Kidd, the Pirate. Some picture, kiddo, that was! Go much?"

"Not much," replied Wally.

"Here's Rattlebones now. That's his office there. Go on in."

"Well, you're on hand, I see," was Mackenzy's greeting to Wally as he entered the chief engineer's office. "I have thought that I would let you work with Jimmy Sloan, our print boy, for a few days—that's

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

Jimmy at the desk near my office door—and then I'll have Bolling find you a place. Come out and I'll introduce you to the crowd."

He introduced Wally to each of the men in the big drafting room, none of whom Wally had met before, though some of them he knew by sight, having seen them going through the mills. Bolling he had often talked with when he was assistant foreman at the old open hearth and he did not like him. He found fault with Bolling's perfect knee action when he walked; he did not fancy the suggestion, which always came to him when he saw Bolling, of a crowbar hidden beneath the man's coat, lying along the spinal column; and he hated the perpetual sneer that curled the thin lips of the assistant engineer. None of the draftsmen seemed interested in him, though one of them—Billings—remarked: "I believe I have seen you in the mills."

Jimmy Sloan conducted him to the file room.

"Gee, I'm glad you've come!" said Jimmy. "I've got about a million blue prints to file. Old Rattlebones has had 'em all out lately. Here's the way we do it: File 'em by these letters and numbers in these drawers and then cross index 'em in this book. Most of 'em are old prints. You'll tumble on in a few minutes—it ain't nothin'. Say, I seen a bird of a fillum at the Panky Poo Theater last week. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. It was all right. Don't put that print in there! Can't you see it's A-4723? It belongs over there! I seen another cuckoo of a fillum at the Little Grand—The Belle of Iceland. Believe me, sister, there was some scenery there!"

Jimmy's voice rattled on and the filing of the prints continued steadily. By noon Wally's head was aching from Jimmy's ceaseless rattle and from the close atmosphere of the room in which they worked; and his arms were aching too—aching to move something heavy, something weightier than these thin sheets of blue paper. But he had found a keen pleasure in his trifling task and a hundred times he had drawn back a print he was thrusting into its drawer to run his eye over its myriad white lines, wondering what they meant.

"We'll print after dinner," Jimmy announced when the work was complete. "Gee, I've got a thousand blue prints to get out!"

They went up to the top floor of the building in a great glass-roofed room and Jimmy set to work. "What do you want me to do?" asked Wally.

"Oh, just watch me! You'll wise up to the job pretty soon and then you can help me along—it ain't nothin'. Say, I seen a loo-loo of a fillum not long ago—Hannibal and Skipio, it was called. Say, it was great! Elephants up to their stummicks in snow; tigers and lions, and coons with ivory rings in their noses; parrots and ostriches and horses. Some show, I'm here to tell you!"

The work of printing got under way. Jimmy's voice rattled on, but Wally gave attention to the printing only, watching with fascinated eyes and with a pleasurable excitement the tingeing to blue of the white paper, which Jimmy would lock in the frames, as the sun's rays struck upon it, and the creeping out of the myriads of white lines and figures and words. What a lot he was learning, he thought! What a lot there was for him yet to learn! How ignorant he was! Until to-day he had always believed the white lines on the blue prints he had seen had been traced there with white ink. Now he watched the sun drawing them there. He could read the large blue print in Hofer's office, but that was more like a map; these prints were of another kind—complex, incomprehensible. As he handled the crisp clean sheets he wondered if he would ever come to understand them.

One day Bolling told him he could work on the desk near Billings and Billings would show him what he was to do. The draftsman set him to making a telephone roster for the plant, giving him an old roster for a guide. He worked rapidly, but carefully and accurately, and Billings, coming to look over his shoulder, whistled in surprise.

"Say, where did you learn to sling a pencil like that?" he asked. "That's artistic stuff, that is!"

Wally laughed.

"Oh, that's easy enough! I always liked to write and draw."

"That's certainly a little bit of all right! When you finish we'll check it over and then I'll show you how to trace it."

The tracing was begun. Billings watched with an approving eye.

"You've got a pretty good drag with Rattlebones, haven't you?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know that I have! He told me he thought it would help me if I came here and worked a while."

"Live in Steelburg?"

"Yes."

"Always lived here?"

"All my life."

"Who are your folks? What does your old man do?"

"I haven't got any folks."

"Huh? Haven't any folks? How's that?"

"None of your business!" The words were snapped out in an angry voice.

Billings started back.

"You needn't be so darned crabby about it, need you?"

Wally began to tremble.

"I—I didn't mean to be, but I don't talk about that to anybody."

"Oh, I didn't know! I beg your pardon." And Billings walked away.

Wally came quickly to like Billings and in Billings there developed a high regard for his charge, and what he had looked forward to with dread—breaking in this green man—became a positive pleasure. And when the first intricate tracing was made—his skill and cleverness with the pen had enabled him to come to this phase of the drafting work very soon—and Billings had looked over it and pronounced it "as nifty a job as any I have ever seen," there swept over the pupil that glow of pride, flushing his cheek, causing his pulses to leap; the old glow of pride that had always come to him when he had accomplished something that he felt was worth while.

Under Billings' tutelage he was soon learning to decipher the messages the blue prints carried, and questions fell from his lips thick and fast. To learn, to learn—the desire was ever hot within him—he must learn all that these keen-eyed men bending over their drawing-boards knew, for he had come to realize that here in the drafting room were the beginnings of things in steel. Not an engine, not a motor, not a roll train moved until these men had built it up, torn it down, dissected it piece by piece, tested its every bolt and bearing and casting and forging and had seen it in their minds' eyes doing its work. Not a foundation was laid down that they had not first laid down here; not a furnace was built that they had not first built here; not a stack erected that they had not erected here. Steel could not be made until these men with pens and pencils and rules and scales and protractors had given the word. Here was the beginnings of things in steel! He must learn it all!

The room had learned that he possessed unusual mathematical ability and he was showered with attentions in the shape of requests for aid in checking and figuring stresses and strains and speeds and loads and capacities. Because of his willingness and cheerfulness in performing any kind of task thrust upon him the room good-naturedly named him "the goat," just as the mills had once done. And the room would come to him and slap him on the back and call him a good old scout and then whisper, "Just run your eagle eye over these figures, old socks, and see if I'm right"; or, "Take a slant at this job old Rattlebones has stuck off on me, won't you, and help me out?" Or, "Check up this track curvature for me, young feller—that's the boy!" And never a day went by that some one of the room was not saying with a laugh, "Give it to the goat to do—he eats everything like that!"

Mackenzy was watching him and not infrequently he had him in his office, sounding him, examining him, asking questions, talking with him about different phases of engineering work.

And once or twice each week he would send him with some unimportant message to Hofer, always saying as Wally would start to leave the office: "Look round down there for an hour or two and see how things are going."

And Wally would carry the message to Hofer and talk with him a while about the work and then climb down among the deep-laid foundations and wander through the uncheckered flues and about the clean, dry tunnels and watch the workmen at their tasks and talk with the foremen and give a hand here and there where he saw man power was lacking on some heavy job.

"Big work!" he would whisper to himself. "Big work! I ought to be in it! I must get back—I must do real work!"

One day Mackenzy handed him a thick leather-bound book—it was Michelis' Mathematics and Mechanics.

"Look that over, Wally," he said; "you may find it interesting."

He carried the book to his room at the hotel where he lived and at once buried himself in its pages. Old Major Fronk wandered desolate through the gloomy offices of the Falls House for half the evening, then went to his room, put his violin under his arm and marched in upon the reader.

"What's that you're reading?" he demanded sharply.

"Oh, it's a book about arithmetic and things," replied Wally without looking up.

"It is, eh? Don't you get enough of that sort of stuff through the day at your work but must sit up half the night with it, neglecting me and making me neglect you? Where's that Two Years Before the Mast I gave you to read?"

"I'm almost through that—I'll finish it."

"Oh, you'll finish it, will you? But you toss it aside for some confounded book about arithmetic! What do you think of it?"

"It's fine reading, major, and so is this. Listen to this! It says ——"

"I don't want to hear it!" roared the major. "Young man, you're in a fair way to become a one-ideaed jackass if you're going to keep this up instead of the all-round broad-minded man I hoped to see you develop into. A man can know his work, his profession, from A to Z, Wally, and if that is all he does know he's a dub. When you've finished your day's stunt at those cussed steel mills for heaven's sake leave your work behind!

"Damn the man that's always tooting the whistle after he quits the shop! Take the case of Henry Forster. Henry knew engines, Henry did. He invented engines; he built engines; he lived engines, dreamed engines, got sickly rich on engines. He worked with and talked about engines all day, slept with an engine at night, got up with it in the morning. On all other subjects he was as ignorant as a draggled duck—and proud of his ignorance too! Henry didn't know whether Mark Twain was President Lincoln's Secretary of War or the first governor of Rhode Island—and he didn't care.

"For all Henry knew Charles Dickens might have been a biscuit shooter in a Chicago beanery. For him Rome and Troy were in New York, Carthage in Missouri, Athens in Ohio. His knowledge of history and geography was pretty good there—he knew all those cities well—he'd sold engines in each of them. He thought he was smart—he was an ass! And when he was away from his engines, away from men that could talk engines, he had about as many friends as a flea. When he got old and had to retire from business he couldn't find a congenial soul to hobnob with—he made everybody tired with his engine chatter and they ducked him when they saw him coming. Henry died of lonesomeness."

Wally had laid down his book and was listening to the major's tirade with a smile playing about his lips.

"I've been trying to pound something into your system that you will need all through life, something apart from your work and yet of it too—like oil to machinery. I've taught you to distinguish between a noun and a verb, a conjunction and an adjective; I've whipped you into the habit of hanging on to your 'g's' instead of throwing them away as you used to do; I've been through the United States history with you, through the geography and through a grammar and two or three spellers. You don't need that stuff to make steel, but you need it. And lately I've been trying to rouse in you a desire to read—to read for pure amusement, for entertainment, and here I find you poring over a confounded book on arithmetic! What did you think of Huckleberry Finn?"

"Great stuff, major!"

"Martin Chuzzlewit?"

"Pretty fair, but too many words."

"Pilgrim's Progress?"

"Punk!"

"I agree with you. Well, you finish Two Years Before the Mast and then I'll give you something else. And take that arithmetic back to the office and leave it there! To-morrow evening you can tell me what you found in those fifty pages of Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe that I marked out for you. When did you hear from Amy?"

"Yesterday."

"You did, eh? Hand over the letter."

"Not this time."

"What's that? She's getting mushy, eh? When are you going to reply?"

"I've already wrote—written."

"Want me to look it over and herd up the bulls?"

"No, I guess not."

The major glared.

"There's gratitude for you!" he snapped. "Who taught you how to write letters to a lady, how to say the right thing, the catchy thing, the thing that pleases the feminine mind? How to spell, punctuate, paragraph? I did! And now I'm cast off like an old gum boot with a hole in it! There's gratitude! Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as a young pup in love!"

He tucked his violin under his chin and began to play. Wally's eyes dropped to the open book that lay on his knees. In a moment he had picked it up and was reading eagerly, oblivious of the sobbing notes of the violin.

As the last strains from the instrument died away he cried out: "Listen here, major! It says that the square on the long side of any right-angled triangle ——"

The major snorted loudly, leaped to his feet and stamped out of the room.

Wally read for more than an hour, then sat musing in his chair. He reached into his pocket and took out a letter and drew from the envelope a small snapshot picture. It was a picture of Amy Creeth. He gazed at it several minutes.

"I wonder if she would," he whispered. "I'm getting on, I'm going ahead down there, and the major says I'm improving in my—my manners. But pshaw! I can't think of such a thing—yet. I'm making no money at all now—less than half what I was making before I went into Mackenzy's department."

Then he read the letter through, and he laughed aloud when he had finished it.

"You'll read no more of her letters, old boy!" he muttered, nodding his head in the direction of the major's room.

He took another letter from his pocket and laid it upon the table, drew up a chair, opened a grammar and a dictionary and began poring over the written lines, from time to time consulting one or other of the two books.

"It is all right," he said when he had worked through it to the last line. "And you'll read no more of my letters to her, major!" And again he nodded his head toward the major's room.

He was busy behind a thin partition in the drafting room the next day when he heard Billings on the other side of the partition say: "Look at this, Foster. What do you think of it? Wally Gay's work."

There was a moment's silence, then Foster spoke:

"That boy certainly is there with accurate and neat work. That's a very simple drawing, but the way he has put it up makes it look like something big."

"I'm going to start him on something big to-day and he'll handle it too. Say, Foster, don't you make the break that I did and ask him something about his family or you'll get into trouble as I did. I heard his story the other day. He came to the mills when he was a baby, in a car of pig iron. Nobody knows who ——"

Wally dropped the work with which he was occupied and hurried away, returning to his desk. He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

Was he always to be overhearing allusions made to his obscure birth? Was he ever to be looked upon as an object of curiosity, laughed at and sneered at, as he was certain he was being laughed at and sneered at now by those who knew his history? Would he all his life be beating down the hot anger that would rise within him, choking back the ugly, wicked words that would fly to his lips because someone must wonder who he was, someone must know who he was, someone must ask who he was? Wretched, miserable, unhappy, he dragged through the day, moving in a cloud of gloom, and his face was sad and his eyes were sorrowful. And the room left him alone. Then came night and sleep and morning and the wretchedness and misery and unhappiness were gone, and the sadness from his face and the sorrow from his eyes. And by his old-time smile and his old-time laughter and his old-time enthusiasm the room knew that the old-time Wally Gay was on the job again, and the room came to him and slapped him on the back and called him old scout and said, "Cast your eagle eye over these figures, old

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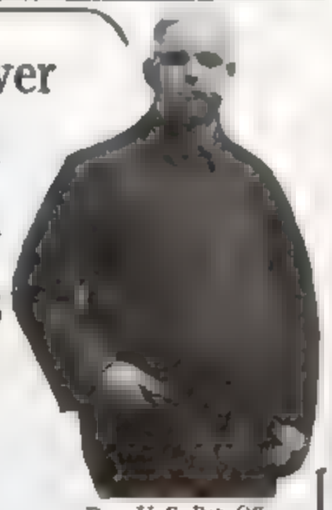

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socks, will you, and see if I'm right?" And, "Take a slant at this exercise teacher gave me and tell me if I'm safe in handing it in!" And, "Peep into this nice little nest of numerals and see if there's a cowbird in it, Wally!"

Mackenzy's health, always poor, was failing rapidly. His little body seemed to be shrinking, shriveling; his sunken eyes went farther into the hollows that held them; his bony hands grew bonier, his stooping form stooped more and more. The room quit speaking of him as Rattlebones and spoke respectfully of him as Mackenzy. Then one day he went away and the room said, "It's a long good-by we've said to him." And Bolling took his place—Bolling with the fine knee action; Bolling with the crowbar hidden beneath his coat, lying along the spinal column; Bolling with the perpetual sneer on the thin lips.

Bolling was not liked by the room and Bolling knew he was not liked by the room, yet did he at once proceed to intensify that dislike by demanding stricter discipline during working hours—less talking and laughing, less visiting from desk to desk, closer attention to the work in hand. And then came his order that smoking was to cease. Six draftsmen's pipes were aglow before the order was cold, and putting on their coats and hats and collecting their instruments, six smokers puffed smokily out of the room.

Their unfinished jobs were divided among the other draftsmen, and Wally now found work assigned to him more difficult than any he had before attempted. And he worked harder, for Bolling did not send him to carry inconsequential messages to Hofer at the new open hearth and tell him to spend an hour there looking about. He was bent over his table and drawing-board the entire day now, studying the mysterious white lines of the blue prints, the white lines that were rapidly losing their mystery for him; or busying himself with protractor and scale and rule on new drawings, with Billings frequently glancing over his work, criticizing, approving, offering suggestions.

But on Sundays he would go down to the great new plant that was slowly taking on form and shape, where a semblance of orderliness was rising out of disorderliness, to wander about its base and empty reaches, deserted of workmen, with crane and engine and motor in repose, resting—it seemed to him—from their Sisyphean labors; to climb down into the holes and pits and excavations and study the heavy masonry, taking the measurement of some wall or arch or pier and checking his finding with the details of the drawing which he had stored away in his mind; to mount to some post of elevation and look along the long line of unfinished furnaces and envision the plant finished, complete and going—the black brimming ladles with the creamy slag slopping over their curving brims, rising silently out of the pits; the squat bowls of red cinder and slag and the glowing molds; the charged furnaces with the yellow flames shooting out of peephole and glory hole and port joint; the vessels of molten pig metal swinging in overhead from the mighty mixers. And as in his mind's eye he beheld the busy scenes to be he fancied he could hear the rumble and jar of the charging cranes; the shriek of the compressed air through the cylinder and outlets as the gas was reversed; the clatter and clash of iron tools thrown about on iron floors; the shouting and laughing, the singing and whistling of the workmen; and steadily, steadily in his ears the bubbling, bubbling, bubbling of the fluid steel in the bath.

"Oh, but it's big work!" he would sigh. "And I'm not in it! I must get back! I must get back!"

He often pondered over his possible return to the open hearth. Was Manning to have charge of the new plant? No one seemed to know—Goodlow was silent as to his plans. If Manning was to be superintendent would he, he wondered, give him his old job back if he should ask for it? There would be two foremen here and two assistants. Perhaps—— But no, he didn't dare think of a foremanship not yet.

He did not want to go back to the old open hearth. It was a dismal hole, as he saw it now, knowing what the new one was to be. It was old, antiquated, out of date, close and crowded—a man-killer. Why, he would rather be a furnaceman here in the new plant than a foreman in the old—in this splendid plant which he himself had helped create, which he had watched grow and develop from the day the first stake was driven in the soggy clay—that first stake which he had driven with his own hands! Here everything was to be of the latest design. There would be roominess and conveniences and comfort, the furnaces were to be the newest types; they would be larger—there would be big money in one of them. And they would be speedier, too, for all the faults of previous types of furnaces were to be corrected in these. There was the slope—that was the glaring fault in the old furnace; he had studied it all out through his blue glasses when he was a furnaceman. That would be corrected of course.

Billings was at work on the drawing for the new furnace, the improved type that was to be used in the new plant. He had been at work on it for a long while, and Wally was asking innumerable questions, watching every pencil mark made, poring over the drawing at every opportunity he could find. Every detail of the work he considered—knew every line, every curve, every angle, put away in his memory every dimension, could tell without a moment's hesitation—if asked—the thickness of every wall, the curvature of every arch, the reach of every angle, the size of every opening.

"Here, Wally," laughed Billings one day, "take the pencil and finish it up. You know as much about it—or more—than I do."

Coming back from his lunch one day the draftsman found Wally bending over the drawing.

"Haven't you been to lunch yet?" he asked.

"No. Say, Billings, you haven't drawn the port slope right."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, you've made it the same as the slope on the old furnace."

"I know it—I'm copying that part."

"What? But the old furnace is wrong! The port slope is too high!"

"Who said so?"

"I know it! I worked on those furnaces and I know what that port slope does, how it acts. It shoots the flame too much up against the roof and not enough down on the bath."

"Show me what you're talking about," said Billings, bending over the drawing. And he listened carefully as Wally explained his ideas.

"Sounds reasonable enough. I believe you're right, but I'm not a furnaceman—I'm a draftsman and I'm following orders. Why don't you speak to Bolling about it? He'll know."

"I don't believe I'd like to talk to Bolling about it," replied Wally. "Bolling makes me feel cheap. He—— No, I won't say anything to him about it. I could talk to Mr. Mackenzy. Why can't you ask Bolling about it?"

Billings smiled.

"All right, I'll speak to him. I'm not terrified by that terrier."

"Nothing doing, Wally," he announced when he came out of Bolling's office. "He says you're all wrong."

"I'm right!" asserted Wally defiantly. And he firmly believed—he knew he was right. But to prove to himself again that he was right he went into the plant that night and the next, and before the furnace, where he had labored so many long hours—front of old Number Four—he stood for a long time, stooping and peering in at the peep holes, watching through his blue glasses the course followed by the long sheets of flames of blazing superheated gas as they poured through the port openings.

"Of course! I know it!" he muttered each time as he turned away from the furnace. "I'll see Bolling myself to-morrow and tell him. It would be a shame to have all those new furnaces built wrong."

Bolling listened to him coldly, with the perpetual sneer curving his thin lips.

"I fail to see just how you get in on this work, Gay," he said when Wally had finished his argument. "I thought you were tracing a drawing for Eckman."

"Then you don't intend to change the slope?"

Bolling's face flushed with anger.

"I certainly do not! And I suggest to you that you get back to your work."

Over his drawing-board Wally pondered and reflected, not a little on the rebuff he had received from Bolling, but more on means for preventing the building of the slopes as he was convinced they should not be built. If he could talk with Manning—— But Manning had taken a leave of absence for two weeks and had gone out of the state. He might dare speak to Goodlow, but the general manager, he had learned, was out of town. The drawing was nearing completion. Bolling's decision would be final. Anyway the point must have been discussed and rediscussed by Mackenzy and Manning and Goodlow—perhaps it would have done no good if he could have seen Manning or Goodlow.

"What did his nibs say?" asked Billings as he came over to Wally's desk.

"He said he wouldn't change it."

"Oh, well, I shouldn't lose any sleep over it if I were you! Let the big boys do the worrying over things like that. Why should we?"

"Yes, that's all right maybe, but I expect—or I hope to have a job in that new open hearth some day and I want to see the furnaces built right."

"What's that? You're not going to leave here and go back to the mills?"

"Yes, I've got to get back to work."

"Isn't this work?"

"Not my kind."

"Wally, you're foolish, I say, if you quit here. Why, man, this is right in your line! You fairly eat this kind of work! There's no limit to your chances here!"

"That's big work out there, Billings—bigger than this. I want to make steel."

"But the long hours, the hard labor——"

"My muscles ache to be doing something."

"The class of men with whom you have to work——"

"I'm of their class, I guess."

Billings threw up his hands and turned away, shaking his head.

"You puzzle me, Wally," he said. "I can't understand you."

The drawing of the furnace was completed that day, and Billings and Bolling spent the two following days going over it, making certain no error had crept in. Then Wally heard Bolling say to Foster, "You may start tracing AZ-2345 to-morrow morning, Foster. And push it right along—I want to get the blue print out to Ross as soon as possible. He's been calling for it already."

That evening as Wally left the office he saw the drawing lying on Foster's desk. He bent over it for a moment.

"It's wrong!" he muttered. "And it's going through! It's a shame!"

Major Fronk found him strangely uncommunicative that evening. His replies to the major's questions were halting and incoherent. He sat staring at the floor at his feet, showing no interest in any of the many themes his companion introduced, until the major snorted and stamped out of the room. His bedtime hour struck but he did not move. Another hour struck, and then he put on his hat and went out into the street and walked rapidly away in the direction of the mills.

He pounded at the basement door of the great office building until he had roused the janitor, to whom he explained that he had some work to do in the drafting room. Grumbling, the old man admitted him, and he hurried upstairs to the engineering department's offices.

A single dim light was burning in the drafting room. He pulled down all the window shades, went to Foster's desk and switched on a cluster of powerful lights. Then with eraser and pencil and rule he set to work on the drawing that lay spread out on the desk. Painstakingly he labored for a half hour or more and for a like length of time he sat looking at the drawing after he had laid down his pencil. Then he rose, turned off the lights, raised the blinds and left the building.

He returned at once to the Falls House and went to bed, but he did not fall asleep—he was too excited to sleep. And doubts, too, had already begun to rise in his mind. Would the slight changes he had made in the drawing be discovered? Probably not—Bolling was in a hurry to get the print out to Ross, the boss mason. But had he done right? It was for the best—he was certain of that; yet there was something wrong about it—that feeling persisted, grew stronger. Why, it was both right and wrong! But results—ah, results would justify his act! So he lay staring at the black ceiling above him, tormented by doubts and questions until daylight came.

That morning Bolling sent him out to assist Hofer, whose man had gone away for a few days. Hofer found him unusually quiet. He performed his work without any show of interest or enthusiasm for it. The changed drawing preoccupied his mind and he was growing more and more uneasy and disturbed over his act. Should he go to

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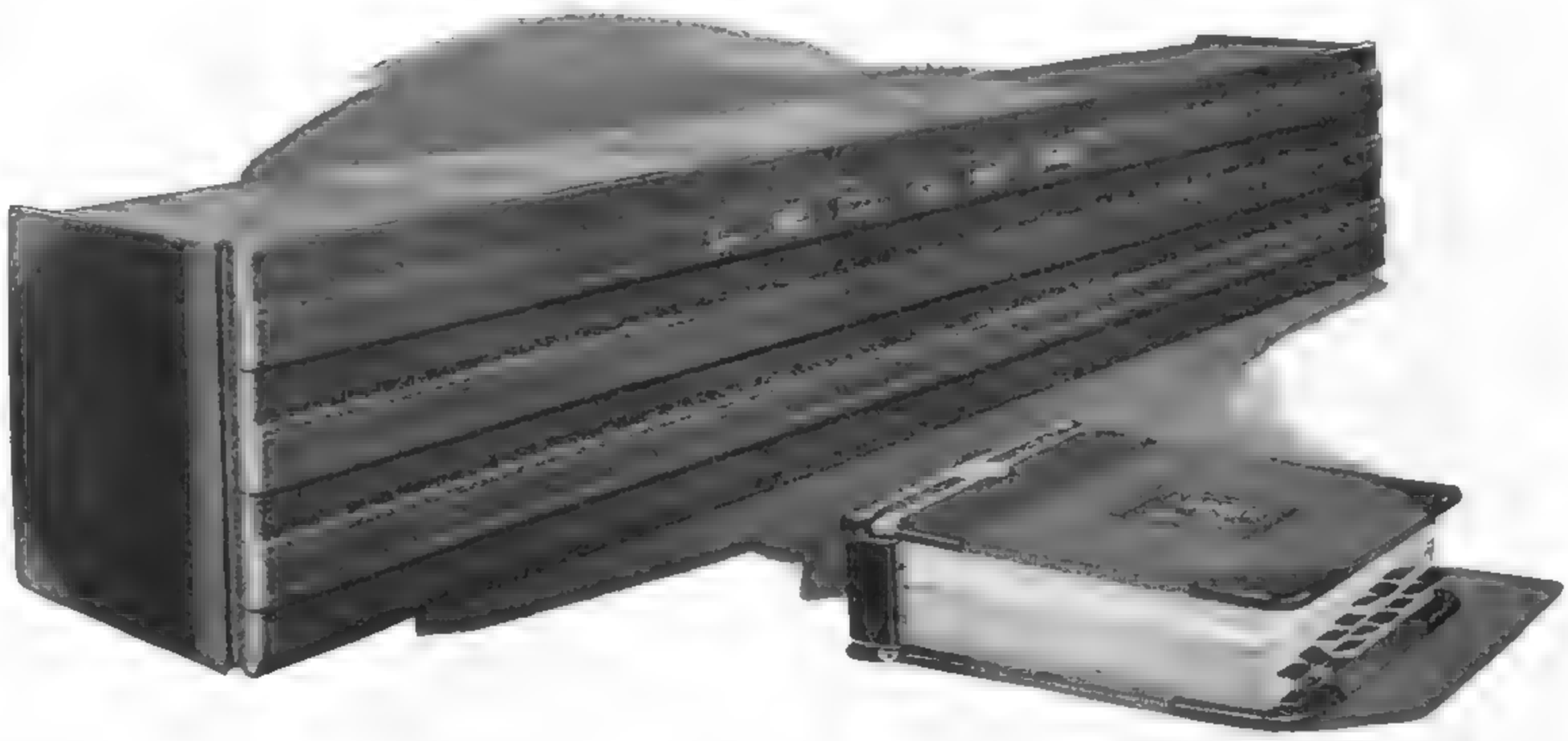

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Bolling and tell him what he had done and let him restore the drawing to its original state before the print had been given to the boss mason? Deep in his heart he felt that he should do that, but equally deep in his heart lay the conviction that it was best the drawing should stand as he had altered it. And again he whispered to himself that while he had done something wrong, yet at the same time he had done something that was right. Let the thing go through!

Hofer's man returned and Wally went back to the drafting room. And that same afternoon he saw Jimmy Sloan carrying an armful of newly printed blue prints into Bolling's office. He knew they were copies of drawing AZ-2345. He laid down his pencil and got down from his stool. He would go in and tell Bolling! Ah, Bolling's sneer, his cutting voice, his biting words—he could see the sneer, he could hear the voice and inwardly he writhed under the cutting words yet to be uttered. Oh, if Mackenzy were only in there!

And as he stood there at his desk, with the conflict raging hot within him, with the impulse to go battling fiercely with the impulse to stay, Bolling came out of his office with one of the prints in his hand and turned toward his desk. Wally gasped. Had he discovered the alteration?

"Where's Jimmy, Gay?" asked Bolling. "Find him and tell him to get a messenger to rush this print out to Ross."

And he tossed the blue print upon Wally's desk.

Wally found Jimmy in the filing room, gave him Bolling's message and returned to his desk. The crisp new paper had unrolled itself and the sketch of the furnace lay before his eyes. He looked at it. The changes he had made that night had carried through—they had not been noticed. There were his figures and lines just as he had written and drawn them. But no—these were not his lines! His lines had been black, these were white! And he seemed to hear a voice repeating to him the thought that was in his brain, "Yes, your lines were black, very black! These are white lines—the sun drew them!" He hastily rolled up the print, slipped a rubber band about it and carried it to Jimmy's desk. Half an hour before quitting time Jimmy came to him.

"Say, Wally, will you give me a hand? I want to move a case of records."

"Yes, I'll go," replied Wally, and he followed the boy into the filing room.

"Say, I seen a humdinger of a fillum at the Bi-jow Theater last night," began Jimmy as they were working the heavy case across the floor. "It was called The Cast-off. Say, you ought to go and see that fillum, Wally. It's a steel-mill fillum. It's about a baby kid that come to the mills in a car of pigiron, and a foreman takes him to raise and he grows up about the mills and does all kind of work—roustabout, you know, and he ——"

His rattle of words ceased suddenly, for Wally's hand had shot out and was clutching the boy's arm.

"Are you trying to get funny with me?" he demanded in a voice shaking with anger.

"Ouch! Le' go my arm, Wally! Le' go!" cried Jimmy.

"Who told you to say all that to me? Who told you?"

"Le' go, Wally! Nobody did! I seen it—I seen it at the Bi-jow! Honest! Le' go!"

Wally loosened his grip on the boy's arm and hurriedly left the room. The clock on the wall near the door of Bolling's office showed it was yet fifteen minutes until quitting time, but he did not wait—he seized his coat and hat and rushed out.

Jimmy Sloan went to Billings, rubbing an aching arm, and told him Wally Gay had gone crazy. And Billings informed Jimmy that Wally Gay, crazy, would have more sense than some sane office boys he had known. And he asked the young man why, for heaven's sake, he didn't buy a razor and start shaving.

Major Fronk, with a broad smile wrinkling his lean face, intercepted Wally in the hallway of the hotel and began a story which he had been wanting to tell all day, but the smile disappeared from the old face as he was brushed aside and Wally hurried on and into his room, slamming the door behind him.

"Something wrong! Something rotten wrong!" muttered the major, and shaking his head he went downstairs to mope about the office and barroom.

In his room Wally threw himself face down upon his bed and lay there very quiet an hour, two hours. Then he rose, left the room and the hotel and took a street car that brought him to the heart of the big city.

There he sought out the Bijou Theater, purchased a ticket and went in. The house was almost filled and the usher conducted him to a chair near the front. The show began just as he was taking his seat.

The title of the play was flashed on the screen and he read it—The Cast-off. Then the name of the author—Harold Bridges, a name that meant nothing to him. He did not associate it with the name of a man named Bridges whom he had sometimes seen in the mills; Goodlow's secretary, he had been told. Some other names were thrown on the screen, but he did not read them. Then pictures.

He saw a gang of foreign laborers unloading cars of pig iron. One of them opened the door of a box car, climbed into it and in a moment came out carrying a rough wooden box in which lay a baby. He saw the foreman of the gang, an old man, bend over the box with the laborers crowding about him, and he saw the old man push them back, pick up the box, put it under his arm and walk away.

He saw a dirty, ragged little boy playing about a dirty, tumble-down hovel in a dirty, wretched alley; saw him fighting with other dirty and ragged children; saw him filching fruit from hucksters' carts, stealing coal from freight cars, tipping beer kegs at the rear of saloons. He saw this boy, grown older, selling papers on the streets, carrying pails of water in the yards of the steel mills, pulling pit covers, raising furnace doors, running tests. And he watched the boy growing up about the steel mills, employed in various capacities, imposed on by older boys, jeered at by gangs of men, worked like a slave at hard, dirty, ugly tasks, until he saw him, a young man, laboring in a dark, dripping tunnel underground with shovel and wheelbarrow.

Then he saw the young man climb into a box car and lie down and fall asleep, and men came and shut and locked the doors of the car, and a locomotive puffed in and hauled the car away. He saw the man in the car trying to force his way out, fighting for his life, falling down in collapse on the rough steel which the car contained.

And so he sat and watched the pictures on the screen with eyes so intensely fixed on them that his eyeballs pained him, with his temples throbbing, with his heart pounding, with his hands gripping so tightly the arms of the chair in which he sat that his muscles hurt—watched the revealing of his own life's history, with the pictures at times following faithfully the facts of that history, at times running at ridiculous variance with them.

And he saw the boy—grown man now—come to his position as a furnaceman; saw him standing before the huge furnace, peering into its white depths; saw a flood of steel cascading from the furnace into the black ladle; saw the ladle swing up out of the pit, its brim laved by the slopping slag.

Then he beheld the girl—that would be Amy, Amy Creeth—come into the open-hearth building, one of a crowd of sight-seers; saw her watching the man at work in front of the furnace, not recognizing him, not knowing who he was; saw a great crane rushing down upon her; saw her start to run, only to stumble and fall directly in the path of the oncoming crane. And the man at the furnace rushed forward, leaped in front of the crane, picked her up and bore her away in his arms.

Another scene, and the two were together. He saw them in each other's arms, saw them plight their troth.

Then came the other man, the man who had been following the girl, wanting her—came to her and whispered to her, and suddenly before his staring eyes appeared on the screen the words, "Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off, a ——"

He saw no more. With a choking sound in his throat he leaped to his feet and stepped into the aisle. A loose chair stood near the front row of seats. He seized it and with all his strength—strength intensified by the passion of the moment he hurled it at the lurid lines before him. The chair struck the screen and rattled to the floor of the stage.

There was an uproar throughout the house—shouts and murmurs and shuffling of feet and the noise of seats thrown up as people rose to their feet to see what had happened. Down the aisle he strode, his eyes glaring, his hands clenching and unclenching. A house policeman ran forward to stop him and received a shove that sent him staggering backward, and Wally rushed on and through the swinging doors.

Harold Bridges, the author of The Cast-off, was sitting in the rear of the house.

"By George, it's the wop himself!" he exclaimed as Wally passed near him. "Perhaps it is just as well that I am no longer out there at the mills!"

Out in the open air Wally hurried along the street, bareheaded, blind to his surroundings, sick at heart, miserable of soul. The red hand of anger that had gripped him while he sat watching the moving pictures of his life had loosened its clutch as those lurid lines had leaped before his eyes on the screen—"Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off?"—and in its stead black despair had seized him.

For in that little moment there had struck through him the realization that he had not told Amy Creeth—he had not told her he was a cast-off, that he did not know who he was! He had not told her, yet had he dared to think of her, dared to whisper to himself that some day he would ask her to be his wife!

He strode on, seeing nothing but those lurid words that moved before him as he moved, flickering in front of his eyes as they had flickered before them on the screen—"Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off?"

Why hadn't he told her? Why hadn't he told her in one of the many letters he had written to her in the past year and more? Should he tell her now would her first question not be, "Why did you not tell me at first?"

Oh, the misery, the bitterness, the wretchedness of it all!

"Why tell her at all until ——"

He stopped short. Had some one spoken? It was that same voice that had whispered, "Yes, your lines were black, very black! These are white lines—the sun drew them!"

He threw out his arm as though to thrust back the whisperer. A hand seized his arm and jerked it down.

"Say, what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded a harsh voice.

The flickering words disappeared, his vision returned to him and he saw a policeman standing at his side, gazing curiously at him.

"No, I'm not crazy," he replied quietly—"nor drunk. I have just been looking at a moving picture that worked me up a bit. I want to go to Steelburg—I live there, I work there."

"Well, yonder's your car line on that street. Where's your hat?"

"I left it in the theater, I suppose. Maybe I could buy this man's hat for a dollar."

Wally turned to a street loafer who had sidled up to hear the talk.

"Perduce the plunk," said the grinning loafer, and Wally exchanged a dollar for a sadly battered old hat. He hurried to the other street and caught a car.

In his room at the Falls House he set to packing his trunk and valise in furious haste. To get away from Steelburg, away from everybody who knew him, was the thought holding and controlling him now. He would go where nobody knew him, where there would be no one to laugh at him, look curiously at him, ask him questions. To get away! All his life he had seen people looking at him, whispering as he passed, and he knew why they looked and why they whispered. And now somebody had given his story to the theater and he was to be held up to further scorn and ridicule! To get away! He must go far and hide himself, for he could not tell Amy Creeth who he was.

To get away! To-morrow at the mills they would know of his alteration of the drawing, for as he had traveled on the car back to Steelburg there had flashed upon his mind the awful foolishness, the utter ridiculousness, the insanity of his act. Hoping the change would not be noticed! Why, Ross, the boss mason, had built and rebuilt the furnaces of Steelburg Mills for years; he knew them—knew them to the minutest detail; he knew what the new furnace was to be—he had talked it over with Manning and Mackenzy and Goodlow; he knew the port slope of the old furnace was to be copied for the new furnace. Already he had uncovered the error—a half hour after the messenger had handed him the print, no doubt. To-morrow Bolling would accuse him—for whom else could he accuse? And the drafting room would laugh and the mills would hear of it and laugh, all Steelburg would laugh and Bolling would kick him out! To get away!

A few things only went into the valise. The rest of his belongings were thrown without semblance of order into the trunk, the lid of which he forced down and locked. The books the major had given him to read he piled together on a table. From beneath the floor rug he took a roll of bills. Then he picked up his valise and went out.

Before the door of the major's room he stopped. Should he waken him and bid him good-by? He wanted to. Poor old fellow! But there would be questions. Let him sleep. He would write him a letter and tell him everything.

He paid his bill at the desk, asked the clerk to have his trunk stored for him and hurried out and took a street car that brought him to a railway station.

In Chicago he spent two wretched, miserable days in a cheap hotel, trying to decide as to his next step, all the while buried in the depths of despair. Once he went into a saloon and ordered a glass of whisky. The odor of the liquor as he raised the glass to his lips brought up memories of The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood in Vinegar Gully, and he shuddered. He set down the glass untasted and went out. He would not begin that again!

Sometimes there would flash before his eyes those lurid words he had seen on the screen—"Has he told you who he is?" He would never tell Amy Creeth who he was! What would she—what could she have to do with him if she knew?

He remembered Ed Hannis. Someone had told him a few months before of having met Ed Hannis in the mills where he was working in Indiana. He recalled the name of the city. On inquiring he found the place was not a great distance from Chicago. He decided he would go out and hunt up Ed. Perhaps he could get a job in the mills where Hannis was employed.

Ed Hannis chuckled when Wally told him his mission.

"I thought you'd get enough of Steelburg some time or other. Zowie, but it's a rotten old hole! A job? Easy! An open-hearth man can grab off a job any old place where they make steel. I'll introduce you to one of the foremen—he lives at this hotel."

Wally was told by the foreman he could report for work the following morning, and he went to bed at an early hour, to lie awake and wonder if this were the thing he should have done. Toward midnight he rose and dressed himself and sat down at a window, to stare at the red glare of a dozen great blast furnaces a half mile distant. It wouldn't do! Hannis knew his story and Hannis would tell that story sooner or later. Hannis would talk. It wouldn't do!

Dawn was breaking and the red glare above the blast furnaces was beginning to grow dim when he left his room with his final decision made. He went to the hotel office and inquired about trains and in an hour's time was in Chicago. His stay there was short; before noon he was on a train speeding westward.

Amy Creeth laid down the pencil she was using in correcting her pupils' written work, which she had taken home with her, and went to answer a knock at the door.

"Wally!" she cried.

The man before her said nothing, but he reached out his hand and took hers, dropping it quickly. His face was drawn and haggard; there was no luster in his eyes; his lips were without a smile. He stepped into the room and dropped wearily into a chair.

"Wally!" she again exclaimed. "Is it—is it you?"

"Yes, I—I am ——" he stammered and stopped.

She was looking at him with her lips parted, with her hands closing and unclosing. Then she fell to trembling and she moved to a chair and sat down.

"Amy, I'm running away." His voice was not the voice she had once known in him. "I'm running away," he repeated.

"Running away? From Steelburg?" she asked, laughing nervously.

"Yes, and from—from ——"

"Well, you didn't run away from me, did you? You ran straight to me!"

Again she laughed nervously.

Not a shadow of a smile did he have for her sally.

"Yes, I am running away from you, but I had to I had ."

(Continued on Page 83)

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"Tell me what it is, Wally!" she burst out. "Tell me!"

And he told her; told her the bitterest truths, it seemed to him—oh, he knew it—that ever man had to tell the woman he loved; told her with bloodless lips that quivered, in a voice that broke and struggled painfully on, and his eyes looked not at her as he told her.

And from that awful moment in the playhouse he went back—for he now felt the urge to tell her everything—and told her of his misdeed in the drafting room. He told her, too, of that ghostly voice that had whispered to him of the lines—the black lines and the white lines.

"Some day"—he was nearing the end of the telling—"I intended to ask you—maybe I let you know in some of my letters that I intended to ask you—and I ought not to have done so, but now I shall never ask you. And so—I am running away from you"

He raised his eyes to hers and smiled the queer little smile that had made his teachers love him when he was a young rapscallion in Sycamore School, the little smile that had helped to make her love him, as now it helped to quicken the love for him that was great in her heart.

She rose and went to him and sat down on the arm of his chair, put her arms about his neck, drew his head to her, laid her cheek against his and let it rest there—let it rest there until she had controlled the tears that gathered to her heart, that rose up into her throat and choked her, that welled from her eyes, dimming them until she could not see even the mass of wavy dark-brown hair very close to them. Then she pushed back his head and kissed him on the lips.

"There!" she said, rising and standing before him. "You say you don't know who you are! I know! I know who you are! You are Wellington Gay! I don't want to know any more than that!

"And now listen to me, Wellington Gay! You are running away, but you are going to do some running back! You are going to run right back to Steelburg and you are going to run into that horrid Bolling's office and tell him how you changed his old drawing! He will discharge you—I know he will! You ought to be discharged! And then you are going to run to that nice Mr. Manning you have written me so much about and tell him what you did and ask him for another chance. I know he will give you another chance. You are going back to Steelburg, Wally, and do all this, aren't you? And you're going to try to forget completely the other foolishness that has been worrying you, aren't you?"

"Yes!" he cried, springing up. The luster was back in his eyes, there was a flush on his cheeks and the old-time smile played about his sensitive lips. "Yes, I'm going back!"

He seized his hat and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Wally!" she cried. "It isn't train time yet! Sit down! Why, I want to have a little talk with you!"

And she sat down on a sofa and with a little gesture indicated that there was room there for two.

When Wally entered the chief engineer's office he started in surprise—Mackenzy, not Bolling, sat at the big desk.

"Ah, Wally!" said Mackenzy, reaching out a bony hand. "We were about ready to put the detectives on your trail. Where have you been?"

"I went away—I have come back. I expected to find Mr. Bolling here."

"Bolling was called to the bedside of a seriously ill child and I had to return to look after the work. I shouldn't be here—I am sick, sick!"

Mackenzy was drooping in his chair.

"I came to tell Bolling, but I'll tell you. I altered one of the drawings for the new plant before it was traced and printed."

Wally spoke very quietly.

Mackenzy straightened up quickly and his hands went to the handles of his chair.

"You did what?" he asked sharply.

"I altered a drawing—I changed the angle of the port slope on the new furnace we are—you are building."

The chief engineer stared at him as though uncertain whether he had heard aright

"Tell me about it!" he said shortly.

Wally told him.

"Step into the other room and tell Jimmy to bring me the print."

The print came and Mackenzy spread the big sheet of white-lined blue paper on his table that stood near his desk and bent over it.

"Show me the change you made."

With a pencil Wally quickly pointed out the changes he had made in the drawing and then he began arguing for his theory, forgetting that he had come there only to make a confession of guilt. He talked as he had never talked before to anyone, pleading for the adoption of his plan, begging for a trial of it on one of the new furnaces at least, checking now and then the rapid rush of words that tumbled from his lips to make a hasty sketch illustrating some point of his argument. And he ended abruptly with the question, "Now don't you believe I'm right, Mr. Mackenzy?"

Mackenzy had not interrupted him once while he talked and he asked no question now. He leaned back in his chair and began rocking to and fro, with his thin bony fingers lacing and unlacing themselves. Finally he spoke.

"I am afraid I shall have to let you go for this."

"Yes, sir—I expected it," returned Wally.

"That you should have done a thing like this surprises me—pains me more than I can say. You did wrong."

"I know it—I knew it then, but if you had been here ——"

Mackenzy interrupted.

"Why did you go away? Because of this?"

"No—that is, not exactly, though I suppose it had something to do with it, too, for I didn't have a moment's peace after I had tampered with the drawing. Something else happened about the same time that upset me and I—well, I just funked—I went to pieces."

"Well, it is not too late to catch the error. Anyway, I think Ross would have discovered it—no doubt he has already. I shall tell Bottman to pay you off. If you wish to apply to the company for work in some other capacity I shall not stand in your way. Good-by."

After Wally had left his office Mackenzy returned to the blue print and pored over it for half an hour. Then he struck it a blow with his open hand, reached for his telephone and called the general manager's office.

Manning was not back from his trip, and for three days Wally sat about the hotel where he lived, reading the books the major gave him, getting out what the major termed "his lessons," listening to the old man's tirades. He had told his companion that he had been discharged from Mackenzy's department for cause and that he might go back to work in the open hearth, but he did not dwell on the subject, and the major, sensing that the young man was passing through a crisis, asked him no questions.

He found Manning in his office one morning and hurriedly told him what had transpired. Manning heard him through without comment or question and without any sign of surprise or interest.

"All I can do now," he said, when Wally had finished, "is to give you a furnace, and it won't be a very good furnace either—Number Eight. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I'll take it!" replied Wally eagerly.

"All right! Come out to-night."

So he went back to work on the iron floor before the white-hot furnace, and the fierce heat pouring through the peepholes in the doors, through which he was constantly peering, burnt his face to a fiery red, and the skin on his nose peeled and rolled up into little rolls like tiny bits of tissue paper, and there were blisters on his legs beneath the thin overalls he wore, and on his great breast where his shirt fell open there was branded a great red wedge. And because of their long period of inactivity his muscles had lost their hardness and the new work hurt them, and sometimes after a severe spell of labor on the furnace, when he had gone outside the building and sat down to rest with the cold wind blowing on him, they seemed to set and become rigid and when he would move again he fancied he could hear them crack.

An old, antiquated type of furnace was Number Eight, the lowest in tonnage, the slowest in running time, the hardest to work of the whole group. He could make no time on it: his tonnage record on the daily production sheet was the worst of all, yet he worked harder than any other furnaceman on the floor. No workman wanted anything to do with Number Eight. Helpers assigned to it quickly asked for a transfer, and not getting it would quit. It was the dread and terror of every open-hearth man who knew it. But never a moment did he shirk his work.

From the square hole in the side of the building out of which he would a hundred times a day thrust his head seeking fresh air he could look across the yards and see the great new plant. It was coming on, coming on rapidly. The fourteen stacks, two hundred feet tall, were climbing upward—some of them were finished and he could see men swinging at ropes' ends along their sides, painting them black, smearing them over until they glistened in the sunlight. He watched a gang of men walking about over the gray roof of the long double-decked building, covering it with red paint. He could see new cranes racing up and down their new runways over the new stockyards, and where Hofer's shanty had stood he saw a railway track being laid down. And he knew what work was going ahead inside the huge building. The fourteen furnaces were being brought to completion—some of them were finished, he had heard—the roofs on, the ports built, the checker chambers filled, the flues sealed, everything in readiness for making first bottom. When he was on night shift he would see great shafts of light shooting up from the new building and he would hear the sound of laboring engines and motors and the rat-tat-tat of pneumatic hammers and the banging of sledge on chisel and the shouting of men, for now they were working night and day, rushing the plant to completion. And he would turn away from the window with a sigh and go to peer into the dazzling depths of his old worn-out furnace, wishing he could go and walk through that great plant that he had helped to create, and there were moments when the desire became so keen that he suffered positive pain.

One Sunday soon after his return to the floor he had entered the yards and gone to the new plant, but he found a No Admission sign over the gate and the watchman there had denied him entrance and he knew then that he would not be allowed to follow through to its completion the big work which he had helped to start, which he had watched getting under way, which he had thought about and dreamed about for so many days and weeks and months.

There were days when Number Eight furnace became almost unmanageable and he would feel tempted to throw down his tools and quit—when the bath went cold and he must pig it for hours to restore its lost carbon; or, contrariwise, when the charge melted hard and he must heave in box after box of heavy lumps of red ore to absorb the excess carbon; when the checkers choked and the gas would not flow; when his helper proved worthless and he must do two men's work—days when he would creep from the mills to his room and there drop down in physical collapse, too tired to talk, too tired to give ear to the major's chatter, too tired to listen to his music. Then would the old man curse him lovingly and call him kindly harsh names; and tucking his violin under his arm he would go to his own room, where he would stand very close to the wall that separated them and play the tunes he knew Wally loved to hear.

One day as he stood looking out of the square hole in the side of the building he saw a wisp of black smoke float out of the cavernous top of one of the towering stacks—there were fourteen of them finished now and glistening in the sunlight. Then from another and another and another black smoke rolled out.

"They're lighting them up!" he muttered. "They're touching off the oil-soaked wood! Lighting them up! And I'm not there to see it, not there to help!"

And life was gray and unbearably dull for him all that day and the next and the next as he stood at the square hole watching the smoke, now blue, curling up out of the fourteen stacks.

New faces now began to appear along the floor where he worked. Men he did not know stood before the furnaces and threw pig iron and ore and limestone and spar and dolomite into them, and reversed the gas and took tests and broke and examined the fractures, for the old men had gone to the new plant, to better jobs, and outsiders had come in to fill their places. And he had not been shifted from Number Eight!

He thought about this as he stood before his gas valves. Why hadn't he been given a better furnace? Why had outsiders been favored?

"Paying up!" he whispered. And he reversed the gas and went to peer into his furnace.

One night he caught the flare of yellow flames in a dozen places about the big building across the yards. The blue smoke no longer rolled from the tall stacks.

"They've turned on the gas," he told himself.

And he knew that in a few days as the furnaces grew hotter and hotter they would begin making new bottom—scattering the crushed magnesia over the thick magnesite brick flooring of the huge steel pans and waiting until the heat had set it in a solid mass; scattering another layer and fusing that and then another, building up the bottom little by little and layer by layer until it was thick enough to withstand the cutting and gashing and gnawing of the seething lakes of steel that were soon to bubble and roil and tumble about over their surfaces. He wanted to be there to see the work done, to help do it. And he wondered if the gas producers were working with precision and if the new feeding device for the stokers, which Mackenzy had worked out and which he himself had drafted, was proving satisfactory. And the checker chambers! If he could only slip over there and pull a loose brick out of some bulkhead and gaze into the flowing depths of the long gas-choked chamber! He had helped build those chambers—helped Hofer lay out their lines, driven stakes for the excavations, checked their dimensions, helped Foster with the drawings, traced the drawings!

Late one afternoon as he stood looking out of the square hole he saw gray-blue smoke coming from four of the stacks.

"They are charging!" He said the words aloud and something hurt him in the throat as he spoke them. "They are charging! They'll tap steel to-night perhaps—early to-morrow morning sure!"

Coming into the yards next morning he stopped half a dozen workmen going off night shift and asked them if steel had been tapped at the new plant. None could tell him—none seemed interested. Then he met a roundsman and put his question to him. No, they had not tapped—they wouldn't tap until about nine o'clock, the roundsman told him.

He found a cold dead heat in Number Eight, with the night furnaceman raging and swearing, declaring the furnace was hoodooed and asserting that he was through, that he would never work another turn on the furnace.

He set to work with his helper, pigging the cold heat. They pigged steadily for an hour with no results. Then his helper quit—he wasn't going to kill himself, he said. Another helper was sent to the furnace, but the man was half drunk and of no worth whatever, and for another hour Wally worked the obstreperous heat alone, heaving and tugging and lifting until he was bathed in perspiration and weak from weariness. Then the floor foreman came and told him Manning had sent for him.

"He wants to see you over at the new dump," he said. "This man will watch your furnace until you get back."

"It'll need something more than watching," laughed Wally as he started away. "Feed it pig! Feed it pig! I'll never get that heat out when I come back if you don't."

With his clothing black in spots where the perspiration from his body had soaked through it; with his hands covered with the dirt and dust picked up from the iron he had been handling, with his face smudged with grime and crisscrossed with crooked rivulets of dirty sweat; with his blue glasses pushed up over the top of his ragged cloth cap, Wally crossed the yards and climbed the iron stairs to the floor of the new open hearth.

His eyes glistened, his nerves tingled and there was a sharp intake of his breath as he looked at the scene before him—the long line of furnaces, all charged and aglow; the broad and roomy floor, smooth and clean; the heavy electric charging machines rolling along their runways, and the old gang at work before the furnaces, shoveling, barring, breaking tests, heaving in ore and pig, slamming their iron tools down upon the iron floor, yelling and talking and laughing as they labored—the same tough, noisy, good-natured, grouchy gang.

Over the pit he saw the new pouring cranes waiting, waiting for something to do—waiting to perform their first work. They were black and greasy as they had

(Concluded on Page 85)

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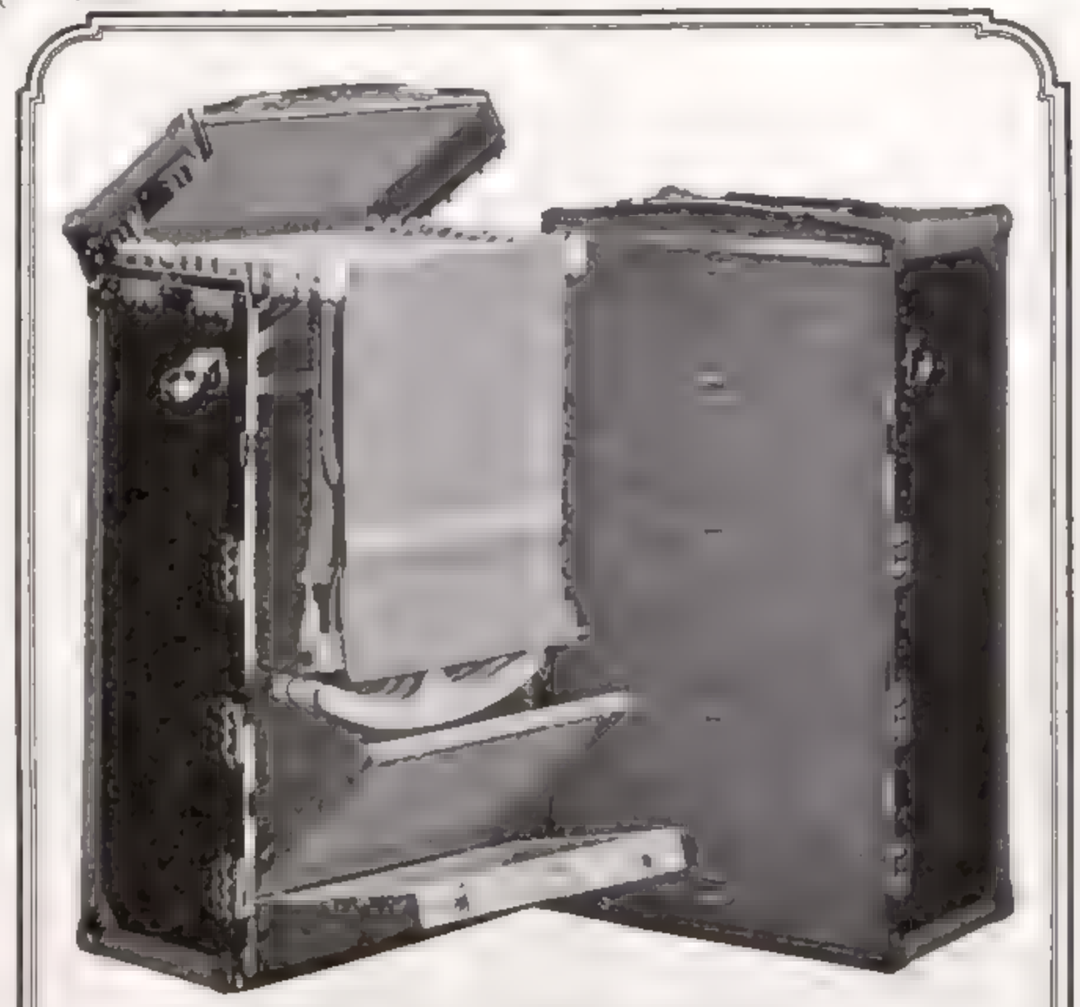

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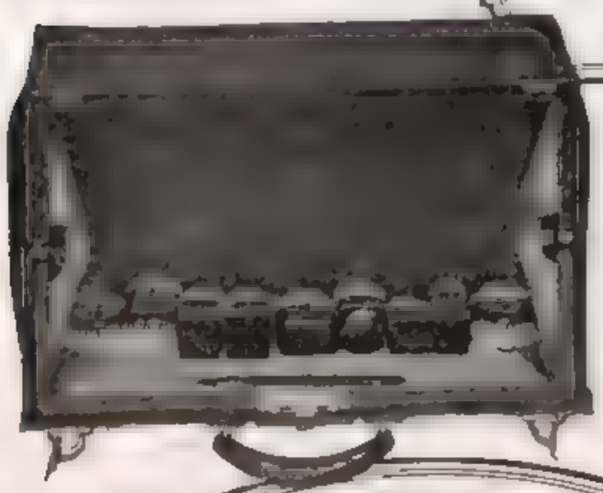

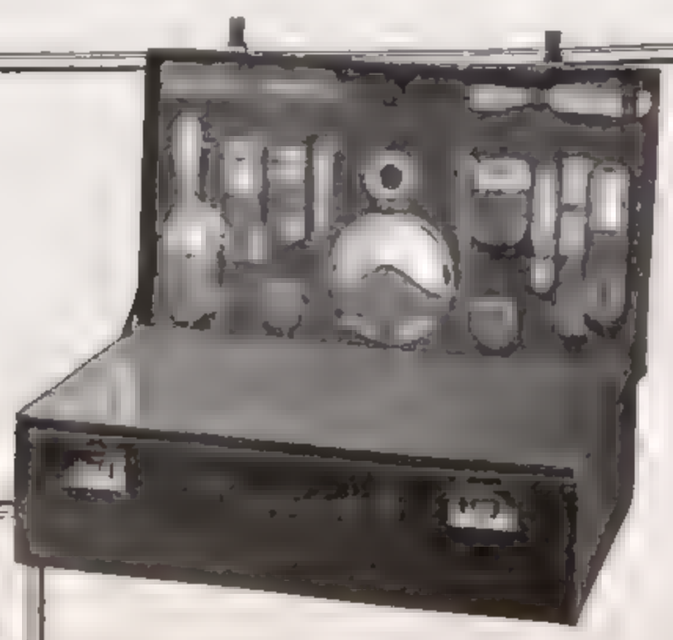

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left the shops and they were very huge and powerful. In their cabs sat the cranemen, waiting for something to do. And down in the pit that was now free of the débris of slag and scrap and broken molds and brick and bent bars and wrecked buggies that would soon clutter it he saw the steel pourers and their helpers and the mold men and the cappers and the shovelmen, standing about in idle groups waiting for something to do.

On the floor, as his eyes came back to it, he saw a group of men not in workmen's clothes, and they, too, were waiting—waiting to see that first heat of steel tapped. He passed quite near to them, but none of them looked at him—he was just a floorman—the dirtiest workman of them all. He saw General Manager Goodlow and some others whom he knew to be higher than Goodlow. He saw Mackenzy and Bolling. Billings was there, and Foster and a half dozen others from the drafting room who had worked to make all this possible. He saw Ackerman and McNutt and Jaster and Calla, and he noticed a shipping clerk whom he knew talking earnestly with one of the floormen.

He saw Manning coming toward him.

"Hello!" was the superintendent's greeting. "I thought maybe you'd like to look things over here while they are new. Take a glance at the furnace there."

Wally walked to the furnace in front of them, dropped his blue glasses over his eyes and stooped to peer in at the peepholes. He studied the bubbling white bath for a moment, then looked at the roof, then turned to watch the inrushing flames at the port's opening. He started and gave a murmur of surprise. That was his slope! That was his idea, the one he had set down on the drawing which he had tampered with! The great wave of flame was pouring down upon the bath, curving and twisting and playing over its agitated surface, and the roof above was as smooth and as white and as unmarred as is a frost-covered sidewalk of brick on a winter's morning before men step upon it. They had adopted his idea for this furnace!

He turned and looked at Manning. Manning smiled and pointed to the next furnace. Wally went to it and looked in. There again he saw his idea had been followed.

"They're all alike, Wally," said Manning, coming to join him. "Mackenzy agreed with you after he had studied your idea, though he did not tell you, and he convinced the rest of us. There isn't a bit of doubt that the thing will prove up in great shape. Now come down here—I've something else to show you."

They went to the farther end of the long floor.

"This is my new office," said Manning, opening the door of a small building and stepping inside. "What do you think of it?"

"Nifty enough," replied Wally, looking about him.

"I think so too. In here," and Manning went to a door opening out of the room in which they stood, "is your office."

"My—my what?" stammered Wally.

"Your office. Goodlow decided that I should have charge of both open hearths and I've got to have an assistant—a good one. You're to be that assistant."

Wally fell to trembling in every fiber of his body and his voice was unsteady as he spoke:

"But I I — No, no ——"

"Go in and see if it suits you," said Manning, pushing him through the doorway. "If you find that anything is missing let me know and I'll order it. I've got to go down now to Number Six. When you're through looking round come down there—I want you to take out the first heat of steel."

Wally shut the door behind him. The little room in which he stood was very new and very clean and there was a sharp odor of fresh paint and varnish. He saw a shiny new desk and a shiny new table between which stood a shiny new chair. He dropped down into the chair, still trembling. There were pens and pencils and blocks of paper on the desk and on its top stood a row of new leather-bound books. He wheeled his chair about. On the table lay a stack of blue prints. A glance told him the topmost one was the drawing of the furnace—the drawing he had altered. He dropped his arms upon the myriad white lines that covered the big blue sheet, buried his face in them and cried.

"What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly?" demanded a shipping clerk, popping into the office of Hawthorne Jelleby and taking a quick seat on the desk of that busy young man.

Hawthorne Jelleby looked up with a hint of annoyance in his eyes. He was just beginning his day's work.

"What d'ye know about it?" repeated the shipping clerk. "Here I'm more than half an hour late, with nine days' work ahead of me, and one of my helpers off on a picnic to-day! What d'ye know about it? Say, do you remember that chinless lump of human clay that clerked for McNutt a while—old Nosey-Nose? Squint-Lamps, some of the boys called him. Also Big-Beak, Two-Mugs, Curly-Locks. Well, he's learning to be a detective. What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly? He's pulled off two jobs already. Oh, my, yes! He found out who it was that stole Miss Single's hams and sides up in Vinegar Gully—the Belch gang. And he ran to earth the purloiners of the two dozen bull hides the slaughter-house lost—Bulgarians. What d'ye know about it?

"Got your long-green spit-quick with you? Just a wisp. Great old weed, isn't it? I've got a case now that I'd like to sick Squint-Lamps onto. He'd wear bells if he could solve this one. Here it is.

"I got a letter from my old home town the other day—Honeyburg on the White Fork, you know—and they tell me Milt Vechner is suing Darby Botts for fifteen hundred dollars for alienating his wife's affections. What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly?

"I guess Darby alienated the affections of Missus Vechner all right, for they've both gone over into Troy Township where they are staying with Darby's uncle. But—and here comes the alibi-ish twist. Darby Botts is a paralytic—been paralyzed from the hips down for twenty-five years; couldn't walk a step.

"Question One: How could Darby run away with another man's wife if he couldn't ambulate? But—and now listen carefully, Jellybelly—Darby had a derrick built in the lane in front of his house and whenever he wanted to go anywhere he'd have his horse and buggy brought up to the derrick. Missus Botts would roll him out from the house in a little two-wheeled giglet and derrick him into the buggy. See? What d'ye know about it?

"Now then, Question Two: Who operated that derrick when Darby left home to run away with Milt Vechner's wife? Missus Botts didn't, for she'd gone to Jackson County to visit Darby's mother.

"Question Three: Was it Missus Vechner? If it was Missus Vechner, then follows Question Four: Did Darby Botts steal away Milt Vechner's wife, or did Milt Vechner's wife steal away Missus Darby Botts' husband? Knotty, isn't it? Awfully knotty! What d'ye know about it? It'll all come out in the trial, I suppose, and if it's shown that Missus Vechner did operate the derrick, then you watch for a counter suit by Missus Botts for not less than two thousand. The Honeyburgers are all worked up. I must put Curly-Locks next to it. He might like to go down and gum-shoe things through—just for the experience.

"Well, I must be loping along, Jellybelly—loping along. All kinds of work ahead of me—never will get caught up. What d'ye know about it? A fellow has to plug some here to hold his job, eh? I was chatting with old Major Fronk up at the Falls House last night and he told me that one afternoon some time ago he heard somebody moving about in Wally Gay's room, which is next to his. What d'ye know about that? He thought it was Wally, and then he happened to remember that Wally was working days then. So he goes and opens the door, and who was it snooping about in there but old Nosey-Nose?

"The major jumped him. Nosey-Nose tried to make out he was tanked and had stumbled into the wrong room. But the major slammed him a bump with an umbrella and caught him on the toe of his boot as he went out. When Wally came in he and the major went over everything, but couldn't find anything missing. What d'ye know about it? Now, what did that chinless gink want in there? He wasn't tanked—not a bit of it! He's too stingy to get filled up to the first hoop.

"Well, Wally Gay is certainly cutting the cheese in big slices, isn't he? Assistant superintendent of one of the finest new open hearths in the country! Ruminate on it, Jellybelly, ruminate on it! And only a few years ago he was a roustabout here, cleaning out sewers and cesspools—everybody's goat! And I discovered him! Yes, sir, I was the first one to discover that Wally Gay could work his head—that he wasn't paralyzed from the ears up as Darby Botts is from the hips down. They tell me that Wally put some kind of a new hinky-dinky on those furnaces down there that makes them run like race horses on a gumbo track. Fastest furnaces ever built, I understand. The furnacemen are making more money than they ever made before. They'd do anything for Wally Gay. And you just watch, Jellybelly—and Wally Gay will be superintendent of Number One and Number Two Open Hearths some day just as sure as this long-green spit-quick of yours is hot stuff—and it is! Manning will get Lafe Murdock's job. Funny that Goodlow has left that open so long. Lafe is done—he's in, down and out. That ride the crazy Pole gave him over the pit took all the prance out of him. Nervous wreck. I saw him not so long ago and he was shaking all over, worse than a riddle on a bean fanner. He's changed, too—grown a beard—makes you think of two eyes lamping you out of a brush pile. What d'ye know about it? Aren't the days getting short? And don't they slip by? We're growing old fast, growing old fast, eh? Well, Jellybelly, what d'ye know about it? I must be galloping on—I'm in a hurry."

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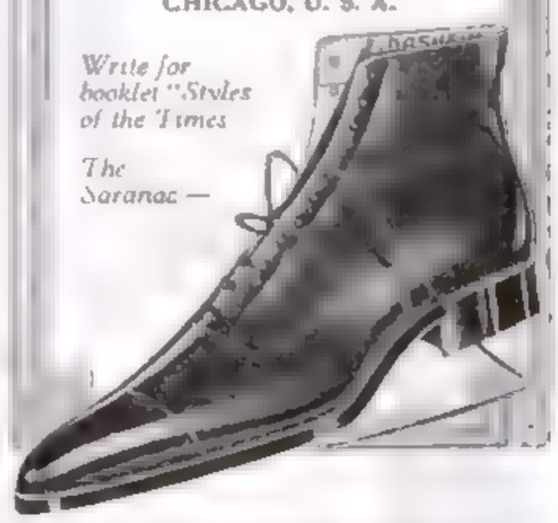

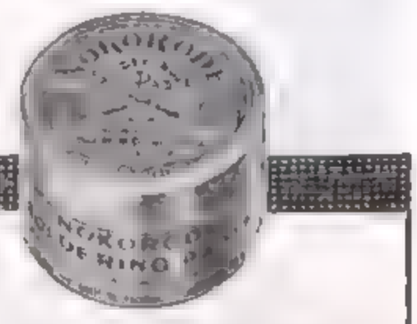

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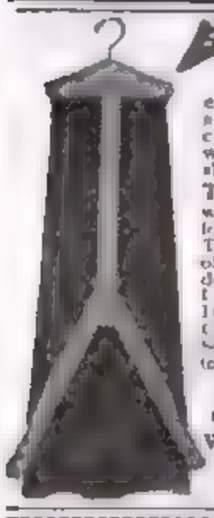

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THE CASE OF MRS. ALISON

(Continued from Page 7)

be refilled whenever high level was lowered by so much as a sip; that flattered crudely, causing one to feel beaten over the head with a club of adulation; that, when it felt it had ingratiated itself, would interject sly inquiries concerning one's opinion of certain speculative stocks; that would later say impressively to its friends: "As Hugh Mills was saying to me the other day——"

Hugh was not disposed to sit down with Giffin.

But there was Virginia. What a beautiful creature she was! What mystery in those great eyes of hers. She was a girl no longer, but a woman in full bloom. And he was enormously curious about her. What was she like? What had happened to her? Why was she with a man like Giffin? Major Buchanan was right, after all. He had merely misinterpreted the major. Virginia had indeed changed, though outwardly the change was trifling.

"Yes, Hugh," she urged; "do sit down for a little while."

"I'm with some people——"

"Give me one minute for every year you've been away."

It was her magnetism rather than her words that drew him down into the proffered seat.

"Waiter," commanded Mr. Giffin, as Hugh sat, "bring another quart."

Thinking matters over as he retired that night Hugh realized that, far from being satisfied, his curiosity had but been whetted by his brief visit with Virginia. He found himself full of new and strange impressions of her, but could not at the moment correlate them. She was more alert, more animated than she used to be. She talked more, made more gestures. As a girl she had been placid; now she seemed to be keyed up, restless, gay with a nervous kind of gayety, like a person trying to escape her own thoughts. She had been smoking a cigarette when he went to her table, and when he departed. He had seen few women convey as she did the impression of abandoning themselves so hungrily to the tobacco habit. Sometimes she did not stop smoking even when she talked, but let her cigarette dangle from her lips. So, too, with her champagne; she had not sipped as women usually do, but had drunk freely, like a careless man.

But what most puzzled him perhaps was an indefinable something about her suggesting a thin, hard, crystalline coating, a transparent yet protective armor through which one looked at her.

How much, how little was there left of the Virginia of old—the tender, gentle, sweet Virginia, the girl he used to dream of having some day for his wife? That above all was what he wished to know. And it was with a view to finding out for himself the answer to this question that before leaving her table he had invited her to lunch with him at his hotel upon the morrow.

IV

ON THE morning following that first meeting with her at the club, while Hugh was breakfasting in the hotel dining room at a table overlooking Michigan Avenue, a bellboy brought him Frank Carberry's card. He caused Frank to be shown in at once and offered him breakfast, but Frank declined.

"I breakfasted nearly an hour ago," he said. "I stopped in on my way to the office to speak to you about something. If the matter doesn't interest you I'll be glad if you will say so frankly."

"Certainly. Fire away."

Frank fingered a fork for a moment. Then he asked: "Have you ever looked into psychical matters?"

"Spiritism? Not seriously. I've read a little on the subject here and there, and of course I've seen people fool with ouija boards and try table lifting, and all that."

"But you've never come across a bona-fide medium?"

"No. I've always been inclined to doubt there was such a thing."

"Well, suppose there is. Would the subject interest you?"

"Everyone who thinks at all must have wondered what comes after death—whether there's another world, and whether, granting such a world, there can be communication with it."

"You'd like to know?"

"Of course I would—though, as I said, I'm skeptical about communication."

"I was a skeptic myself until about three years ago," Frank replied.

"You aren't any longer?"

"Investigation has convinced me that there is communication. Philip Fosdick, whom you met as you were leaving my house the other day, is a medium. We have organized a little circle to meet with him once or twice a month for purposes of research."

"Séances, you mean?"

"That's the usual word," Frank replied, "but we try to avoid it because it is so much employed by charlatans."

"But how can one be sure that any supposed medium is not a charlatan?"

"There are scientific tests," said Frank. "In the case of Fosdick, furthermore, he doesn't work for pay. He's a moderately successful business man—real estate. Has a nice home in Woodlawn, a wife and children, and keeps an automobile. We all know him intimately. He's as straight as a string. He doesn't understand the nature of this power he has any more than we do, and when he is in a trance he doesn't know what happens or what he says. We have to tell him afterward. He simply gives us the benefit of this gift to help us with our investigations."

"Does he make you see spirits?"

"No, we don't see them, though sometimes he does. He is a trance medium. He goes into a kind of sleep, and while he is in that sleep his controls enter his body and talk to us. One's an Indian named Black Eagle and the other an old soldier, a Major Thomas, who fought in the Civil War."

He recounted several instances in which, if the facts were as he gave them, Fosdick's supernatural power was strikingly exhibited.

"We are meeting at my house to-night," he said. "I wondered if it would interest you to come?"

Hugh thanked him. "It'd be interesting of course," he said. "But being skeptical, might I not prove objectionable to Mr. Fosdick, or the other members of your group, or perhaps even to the spirits?"

"No," said Frank. "I've already spoken to Fosdick. Skepticism is all right as long as it is open-minded skepticism. You're an experienced investigator in other lines. We can't have too many trained minds working on these questions. If you should be impressed you would be in position to carry on further researches on a scale quite beyond us. And if you were to become convinced of spirit communication you could not only carry on important work, but the prestige of your name, if you would permit its use, would help the general cause."

Hugh smiled faintly. "That is a very remote possibility," he said—"very remote. Suppose, rather, that I fail to be impressed, let alone convinced?"

"Even so," said Frank, "there's no harm done."

Hugh reflected briefly. By a coincidence that evening was the first since his arrival in Chicago for which he had made no engagement. In his mind he had set it apart as the evening on which he should look up Virginia. Now, however, he had already seen her, and would be seeing her again in a short time at luncheon.

"On that basis, then," he answered Frank, "I should like very much to come."

V

IF LIFE had trained Hugh to one thing more than another it was, he thought, to judge of people quickly and accurately. Yet after luncheon that day he was obliged to admit to himself that he had made little progress toward solving the enigma presented by Virginia. Now and then the Virginia of long ago had seemed to be seated there across the table. But she proved elusive. Just when he fancied he had recaptured her her mood would change and she would turn into a woman whom he felt he did not know at all—an erratic creature whose mind went darting off at tangents, who refused to talk seriously about anything, seeming to look at life through cynical and disillusioned eyes.

Could her nature actually have changed to this extent, he wondered, or was it that she chose for some unfathomable reason to assume this character? Hugh attempted in conversing with her to ignore the seeming change, to reject it, to insist upon addressing himself to the Virginia he used to know. At last she let him see that she perceived his effort.

"I hope, Hugh," she said, smiling, "that this terrible insistence on solemnity is not a fixed habit with you nowadays? Has it something to do with being a man of importance?"

"Nothing whatever," he returned. "I'm not always serious.

"But I can't deny that I have always been serious about you."

"Please don't be, any more. It's no use."

"It would be rather difficult," he said, "to give up the habit of twenty years."

"It's not so very difficult to give up old habits if you really try," she answered lightly. "I've given up a lot—and got a lot of new ones."

"And you are satisfied it was a wise thing to do?"

"Certainly."

"In what way?"

"Well, for one thing, I do as I please."

"And what do you please to do?"

"To have a good time. To lead my own life."

"I've heard people talk before of leading their own lives," Hugh answered with a half doubtful, half amused shake of the head. "Just what does it mean?"

"One thing it means," she answered with a short laugh, "is that one gets oneself talked about."

"Deservedly?"

"That is neither here nor there. The important fact for you, Hugh, is that you are lunching with a woman who is gossiped about. But no doubt you are aware of that already. Some of the women you know in Chicago are disposed to draw the line at me. You must understand that I've progressed since you knew me. You mustn't look upon me any more as a guileless young thing in dimity."

"That guileless young thing in dimity has for a long time occupied a very special niche in my heart," he answered gravely.

"She doesn't exist any more."

"I don't believe it."

"Ask some of the people you were with last night."

"I don't need to. I've had glimpses of her here to-day. And, anyway, she was too lovely a thing to be—extinguished."

"The loveliest things are often the most easily extinguished," she said. "That young thing in dimity was a fool, Hugh. She didn't understand life at all." Then with one of her sudden turns of manner she added: "But there—that's enough. Why will you insist on being solemn?"

"A man must have a little time to make his readjustments," he said. "If I'm to learn that you are not you at all it is bound to take a day or two."

"I tell you what I'm going to do," said she. "I'm going to give a little party for you some night and see if you're always like that. I'll just have one other couple—people who look at life as I do."

"When?" he asked.

"When do you want it?"

"Soon."

He spoke sincerely. Not only was his curiosity concerning her increasing steadily, but there was about her now, in place, as it seemed, of the youthful charm that he so well remembered, a new kind of allurement which though it did not appeal to his highest appreciations, was nevertheless beginning to rouse in him an almost savage kind of interest.

"Very soon?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Would to-night be too soon?"

"It wouldn't—not if I were free. But I have an engagement. I can't very well break it. It's a curious sort of engagement with an old friend of yours and mine—Frank Carberry. Could you make it to-morrow night, instead?"

"Yes. Call for me at my apartment about seven. We'll drive out somewhere for dinner." Then: "Tell me about Frank Carberry. I haven't seen him to talk to in years. And what's curious about the engagement?"

On the point of telling her of Frank's call upon him that morning, of their conference, and of the nature of their engagement, he stopped. To be sure, Frank had not specifically requested that the matter be kept confidential. Nevertheless, in view of what he had said Hugh thought he might perhaps desire it. It would be as well to be quite clear upon that point before making any revelations.

(Continued on Page 89)

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GETS THE DIRT—NOT THE CARPET

(Continued from Page 86)

"Oh," said Hugh vaguely, "Frank has changed too. He has changed as much as you have, I think—though apparently in the opposite direction."

"Just what does that mean?"

"He has lost his old, careless, happy-go-lucky ways entirely. He has turned serious while you've been turning—well ——"

She waited for a moment; then as he showed no sign of completing the remark she demanded: "While I've been turning how?"

"I've thought better of what I was going to say," he answered, smiling a little at her curiosity.

"But you admit that I have changed?"

He looked steadily into her eyes for an instant before answering: "I am not yet quite sure what the change in you really amounts to, Virginia."

"Would you like to know?" she demanded provocatively.

"More than almost anything."

She pressed the lighted end of her half-smoked cigarette against the metal of the ash tray, watching it as it became extinguished; then as she made ready to rise from table she looked up quickly and spoke.

"If you'd really try," she said, "I think you might find out."

VI

THE mention Hugh had made, while lunching with Virginia at the hotel, of something extraordinary in connection with his engagement for the evening with Frank Carberry had not escaped her. On the following night when he called to take her to the party she was giving for him she referred to the subject.

"I wanted to tell you yesterday," said Hugh, "but I wasn't sure Frank would wish me to. Since then he has absolved me from secrecy—though he doesn't wish the matter generally discussed."

"All this mystery suggests that Frank may be running a gambling house," she said playfully.

"No. It's much more mysterious than that. It's spooks."

"Not really?"

"Yes."

"Oh, why didn't you take me? I've always wanted to go to a séance."

"For two reasons: I had no way of telling that you'd care to go; and I wasn't invited to bring anyone else."

"Harvey went to several," she said. "There was an old woman over on the West Side that lots of people went to for a while. I begged him to take me, but he wouldn't."

It was the first time she had mentioned Harvey. Hugh tried to lead her to speak more of him.

"Was he impressed?"

"Not much."

"Why wouldn't he take you?"

"Harvey hadn't a very high opinion of the feminine mind," she answered. "I think he was afraid I might become too much interested. Of course it is dangerous for a person to do that. I suppose if I really believed in it I might be trying to get messages from him." She was silent for a space. Then she added:

"I'd like to know whether he is aware of certain things. It would be interesting to know." And after another pause: "Tell me about it."

Hugh described to her the previous night's meeting: Half a dozen men seated in a loose circle round the quaint old parlor of the Carberry house, with Fosdick at the head of the room; the lowering of lights and playing of soft music on the phonograph to induce a proper frame of mind; the medium's few moments of slumber in his chair, heavy breathing, some paroxysms, then the supposed arrival, in Fosdick's body, of the Indian spirit called Black Eagle. In the rôle of Indian, Fosdick sat cross-legged on the floor, spoke in guttural broken English, and even went so far as to expectorate occasionally upon the rug, with truly aboriginal insouciance. Members of the group addressed the visiting spirit, who answered questions and delivered messages from other spirits alleged to be hovering invisibly round him.

The departure of Black Eagle threw Fosdick again into slumber, whereafter, to the accompaniment of a second fit of shuddering, his body was possessed by the spirit of Major Thomas. In the guise of the major the medium rose and delivered a stupid little lecture on current political conditions, stroking, the while, an invisible beard. His manner, Hugh said, was that of a pompous old-school orator, ponderous, banal and didactic. His speech over, the major answered questions and gave spirit messages, as Black Eagle had done before him.

"Do you take any stock in it?" Virginia asked when she had heard the story.

"No," said Hugh. "The man may be an impostor or he may be self-deceived or self-hypnotized. At all events nothing occurred that seemed to me to justify a belief that the messages were from spirits."

"Did you yourself get any messages?"

"There was a lame attempt to suggest that my father wished to communicate with me. The Major Thomas spirit described his appearance accurately enough, as he used to look, and mentioned his name and mine, but the message he gave was practically nonsense—nothing that father would have said. He said he was happy—most of them said that—and that he was watching over me, and that he was often with me in a large office where I sat alone at a desk and worked. And then he said: 'Tell him not to sell the bonds he is thinking of selling.' Which is especially foolish since I am not at present thinking of selling any bonds whatsoever."

"But he described your father's looks."

"Yes, but several men there knew father. Fosdick may have seen him before he died for all I know. As for his talk about my private office, naturally all the partners in our firm sit in private offices. Moreover, if father could actually communicate with me there are things he could mention that were known only to him and to me—things of which he would undoubtedly wish to speak. And even so, even if a medium were to mention those things, that would not prove that the spirit of my father was present. It might perfectly well be some sort of thought transference from me to the medium.

"During the séance Frank whispered to me asking whether I was impressed. When I told him how I felt he asked the Major Thomas spirit to give me a sign, but the spirit answered in his self-important way: 'Let the stranger in your midst return at some subsequent time when I am in conference with your group, and I may then perhaps see fit to accede to his request.' For my part I should be sorry to believe that the next world could show so little progress over this one as would be indicated by the harboring there of such a tiresome grandiloquent old wind-bag as the major."

"But he said to come back. You're going to, aren't you?"

"I doubt it."

"Oh, do!"

"What do you care?"

"I want to go too."

"I don't think they'd let me take you. There were no ladies there last night. And they're a little afraid of being laughed at."

"I wouldn't laugh. You could fix it. You know you could." She rose, crossed to where he was sitting, and placed her hand upon his shoulder, coaxing: "Please, Hugh!"

It was hard to resist her when she looked like that.

"Oh, well," he replied evasively, "we'll see—we'll see." Then, still looking up at her, strongly aware of her allurement for him, he went on: "After all, what use is there in puzzling about some supposititious world and its inhabitants when there is still so much to be found out about this world and ourselves? Frankly, Virginia, I find it hard to think about spiritism when I'm with you. You've always fascinated me so much more than anything else in the world."

"Always?" she repeated. "Even when we were young?"

"You'd laugh," he said, "if you knew how hard it used to be for me to keep from begging you to marry me."

"No. I wouldn't laugh—not if it is true. I'd more likely weep. If you loved me, Hugh, why didn't you ever say so?"

"I had my way to make," he said. "But even that wouldn't have deterred me, I think, if I hadn't known you didn't want me to."

"But I did want you to."

"You've forgotten," said he. "You used to pat me on the back for being the old reliable who never made love."

"Yes, and pray that you'd stop being like that. And when you went away my heart nearly broke. That's the truth." She sighed, and with a little smile added: "But it's nice to find out—even now; isn't it? There's a little sadness that makes it sweeter." Then with one of her abrupt changes of manner, almost as though she regretted the lapse into the mood of tender reminiscence, she moved away toward the

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door, saying: "Come on. The others will be waiting. We'll be late for dinner."

Rising reluctantly he followed.

"Who are the others, and where are we to dine?"

"I thought it would be nice to go to the club again," she answered as they passed into the hall. "I've asked only one other couple—Lura McDonald and Chris DeCamp. Lura, by the way, is a divorcée. She and Chris are inseparable. They've been very nice to me—when lots of other people haven't been. I hope you'll like them."

Stopping a few minutes later at Mrs. McDonald's apartment, they found Mr. DeCamp in the process of making cocktails in a very large shaker—too many cocktails for four. They were served, too, in glasses of unusually liberal dimensions, and both Mrs. McDonald and DeCamp were, in Hugh's opinion, overzealous in the matter of replenishment. When presently they descended in the elevator he was conscious of having drunk more than he had wanted to. Mrs. McDonald, however, evidently felt differently.

"Well, Virginia," she said as they entered the automobile, "I think we've got your party nicely started anyhow."

She was undeniably a striking-looking woman—tall, deep-chested, graceful, full of the suggestion of vitality and strength. Her eyes were large, dark and warm. She looked at one brightly when she spoke, and her vivacity and the expressiveness of her face combined to convey an impression of extreme intelligence. Yet as the evening passed Hugh perceived that this suggestion was almost entirely pictorial, like the false suggestion of thoughtfulness in the beautiful luminous eyes of a cow. Her conversation was, in point of fact, not worth listening to; nevertheless, one was compelled to attend to her when she spoke, even if one did not actually listen, because of that flashing something in her face, because of an air of authority that she undoubtedly possessed, and also because her voice was as strong as her body. She had the attraction for the eye that some blooded animals have, causing us to look at them for the sheer joy of looking. And there was about her, moreover, something that called into play the masculine imagination. A man of experience would know somehow that she was a woman of experience; and many men seeing her would wish her to have been a part of their experience, and they a part of hers.

It was a type not unknown to Hugh, but one to which, unlike most men, he was not particularly susceptible. He had where women were concerned a certain fastidiousness; physical appeal, however great, was not in itself sufficient to exercise on him a very powerful attraction. Hugh neither liked nor disliked Mrs. McDonald, but the more he watched her with DeCamp the less he approved of her as a close friend for Virginia; for, though he would not have admitted it, he had an instinctive feeling that there existed between her and DeCamp more of an understanding than they cared to show. It was not that they were flirtatious or that DeCamp seemed unduly attentive; rather it was the reverse; their manner toward each other exhibited a kind of confident casualness like that of an accustomed married couple. Hugh's impression was not the result of any single piece of evidence, but of a series of slight indications. After dinner, for example, Mrs. McDonald wished to dance, but DeCamp showed, precisely as a husband might have shown it, that he did not wish to. Nor did the illuminating little incident stop there; for there was something very wifelike in the way that she insisted upon his dancing whether he desired to or not, reminding him of other evenings upon which she had let him have his own way, and winding up by telling him that he was getting fat.

"Are they engaged?" Hugh asked Virginia when, like a bored benedict, DeCamp had danced off with Mrs. McDonald.

"I suppose so," she said. "They've been going round like this for a long time."

"Why don't they marry?"

"I don't know. I wish Chris would marry her. I think she'd be happier. People discuss them of course; she pretends not to mind it, but she does. I think that's one reason they like so much to have me with them. It makes parties of four usually, and tends to make the fact that they are always together less conspicuous."

Naively she had voiced the very thought that had been forming itself in his own mind. Women of Mrs. McDonald's type and in her equivocal position were, he knew, prone to seek close companionship with finer women, using them as shields to fend off some at least of the poison-pointed social arrows directed at themselves. This process has, however, one important disadvantage—the shield is likely to be marred.

"Where does that leave you?" Hugh could not restrain himself from asking.

"Oh, I'd be talked about anyway," she said. "But I'm not like Lura. I don't mind."

It was incredible to him that she should be sincere in saying such a thing.

"You honestly don't mind?" he demanded, looking fixedly into her eyes.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I do!" he exclaimed almost angrily.

With a little laugh she pushed back her chair and rose from the table. "Do you?" she returned lightly. "All right, then. Come on—let's dance."

During the evening unattached men kept coming to beg dances of Virginia and Mrs. McDonald. Once when Hugh chanced to be alone at the table he caught sight of Mrs. Bowden, by whom he had sat in this same room on the night he had first seen Virginia. His impression concerning Mrs. McDonald was now so strong that, as a member of the party in which she also was, he hesitated to go and speak to Mrs. Bowden. Presently, however, she saw him and bowed so cordially that he felt himself invited to cross over to her.

"I see," she said, giving him her hand, "that the old friendship has been renewed." And when he assented she added: "What a beautiful creature—and how fascinating she can be."

"Yes," he answered. "I have thought more than once of what you said when I asked you who she was. You said, in effect, that she was too fascinating and too sweet for her own good."

"It was not meant unkindly."

"I know it. That is one reason I want to speak to you about it now. I am concerned about her—puzzled by her."

"She is a puzzle to everyone who used to know her," returned Mrs. Bowden. "During the last year or two of her husband's life I saw a good deal of them both. In those days she was utterly unlike her present self. Until his death she must have been quite as you knew her of old. Though there was some talk of his being wild I don't think she ever heard it or, if she did hear it, took any stock in it. And, really, as nearly as a man of his disposition could be devoted to one woman, he was devoted to her. She was always happy. When he died we expected her to be heartbroken. But not at all. It was as though his death unleashed some unsuspected side of her nature. Suddenly she was a different person. And what made it particularly conspicuous was that she wore mourning for just five days and then put it off."

Here was a new face on the matter; one that made it even more baffling than before. In Hugh's speculations he had hitherto always traced the blame to Harvey. He had feared from the first that Harvey would not make her a good husband, and this change in her had come like a confirmation of his fear. He knew that Harvey's influence upon women had been almost invariably detrimental, and he reasoned bitterly that his crowning work was represented in Virginia's deterioration.

Yet now he was informed that Harvey and Virginia had seemed happy in their married life; that the transformation in her had not come until after Harvey's death. What could it mean? What could be the explanation? Utterly at a loss for an answer he found himself filled with a curiosity more poignant than he had ever known.

VII

HARDLY a day passed after that without Hugh's seeing Virginia. Often when he called at her apartment other men dropped in as well, but Lura McDonald was the only woman he ever met there. One evening he found Giffin there when he arrived; at other times he met men who had come to Virginia's table at the club.

Of them all Hugh objected most to Giffin. He drank too much, spoke thickly, took a too familiar tone with Virginia, and once or twice, when she happened to be within reach, laid hands upon her. Though the others were personable enough there was not one among them who showed signs of any real substantiality of character, at best they were a light, sophisticated lot, some of them bachelors, some married men whose wives had not yet returned from summer outings. And though, with the exception of Giffin, Hugh could not definitely resent their manner with her, he nevertheless felt, not without irritation, that her apartment was used by them too much as though it were some cozy, half-questionable little club at which they could stop in, whenever the fancy struck them, to drink highballs, play bridge, dance or, above all, chat with a beautiful, intelligent, careless woman who, as Hugh heard one of them remark, could always be relied upon to meet a man on his own ground. And indeed with all Virginia was hail fellow well met.

Her apartment itself was charming in bijou fashion, with its old French furniture and chintzes, but the atmosphere created there by the easy-going ways of these numerous and too casual men, and her easy-going ways with them, was full of a suggestion which Hugh found distasteful, even painful.

Was there one of them who recognized her fineness—the remains of something noble lying beneath her surface manner like the ruins of a Roman temple under some flamboyant modern structure? Would he himself have suspected buried riches there, he wondered, had he not looked upon the temple in its glory long ago? Assuredly this modern edifice, this side she showed the world, was not without qualities sufficient to engage attention—qualities that might be likened to those of some gay place of refreshment and amusement; some chic pavilion of white stucco, brilliantly lighted and invitingly embellished with flower boxes and striped awnings. Praise heaven he saw more than that! He was, as it were, a devoted archæologist searching below for treasures he knew were there; rewarded now and then by a glimpse of some chaste marble fragment—a broken capital, a bit of cornice, a piece chipped from some sculpture chiseled by a master hand.

Wishing to be alone with her he fell into the way of driving her to dinner at outlying country clubs. Often it would be late when he took her home, but regardless of the hour she would invite him in. This resulted in the establishment by him of ten o'clock as the limiting hour. If they got back to her door by ten he would enter with her and visit for a while before going back to the hotel; if after ten he would leave her at the elevator.

Several times Virginia had protested that this self-imposed restriction was quixotic, but there came at last a night when she made more of the matter. They had driven out beyond Fort Sheridan for dinner, and the hands of the automobile clock pointed to eleven as their car entered the northern end of Lincoln Park. Hugh had been telling her that his business in Chicago was nearly completed; in a few days he would be leaving.

"I shall miss you a great deal," she said.

"And I shall miss you."

"We won't have many more evenings together before you go. And maybe you'll never come back."

"Oh, yes, I will."

"After fifteen more years?" she asked in a tone half humorous, half wistful.

"Much sooner. Now that I've found you again I'll ——"

"Found what's left of me," she put in.

"There's a great deal left. Quite enough to draw me back."

"But not enough to make you break your rule to-night—about coming in for a while?"

"Look at the time," he said.

"What difference does it make?"

"Appearances."

"But I've told you over and over that I care nothing for appearances."

"Well, you ought to. In any event, I care about them for you."

They were passing swiftly down the park's shore drive; the air was cool and fragrant with the night-time scents of shrubbery and flowers, over the lake to the eastward a strip of cloth of gold extended toward the moon.

"I'm not a young girl any more—worse luck," she said. "Other friends of mine call as late as this. Don't be puritanical, Hugh. Come in for a while. If you don't I'll not ask you again."

It was the sort of night on which good rules are likely to be laid aside. When a few minutes later the car drew up before the building in which she lived Hugh entered the elevator after her.

All through this evening his consciousness of her had been peculiarly acute. Her radiance harmonized with that of the night, brilliant and mysterious. To take her latchkey from her hand, unlock the door for her, step with her into the moment of darkness that lay between the threshold and the button that turned on the lamps—these things gave him sensations curious, illusory and charming, an enchanting sense of adventure, of irresponsibility, a brief fantastic feeling of mastery and possession.

He sank contentedly into a deep chintz-covered chair, and with a kind of vague expectancy watched her as she slipped off her light coat, removed her hat, laid it on the top of the small grand piano, and going to the mirror adjusted her hair with many birdlike turns of the head and quick little feminine gestures. She was to the eye like music to the ear. He was bewitched, and knew it. To him she was at once two beings: a creature blended of haunting memory and tempting reality; the girl of long ago, tender, sweet, ineffable; the woman of now, vivid, restless, rash, much to be desired. Strangely, too, the very things in her which he deplored were sources of attraction to him. Disapproving, he adored. She filled him with disappointment and delight.

He voiced something of his feelings, saying: "I never felt so many different ways about a person as I do about you. I'm almost glad I'm going so soon."

"I'm not," she said, taking her place on the cushioned window seat beside his chair.

"Of course in a way I'm not either. But—well, I'm not accustomed to having any woman so absorb my thoughts. You're a disturbing person."

"How? I haven't meant to be."

"You're like two people at once. Sometimes I think I know you very well; sometimes I think I don't know you at all. For years you've been a kind of religion with me. My first thought in coming to Chicago was that I should see you. I approached you as a man might approach a holy place. But when I found you it was a little bit like finding a cathedral full of masqueraders."

"I should think it would be rather interesting to see a cathedral full of masqueraders," she said.

"It is," he admitted. "It is really more interesting than it would be to find the regular service going on. But at the same time it is shocking. It offends one's sense of the fitness of things. It makes life look suddenly topsy-turvy. Worst of all, perhaps, it outrages one's reverential feeling."

"Why not forget all that and join in the masquerade?" she said. "Why not take things as you find them? You know how it is when you go to look for antique furniture—if you're looking for an old lacquered clock you find a Chippendale footstool; if you're looking for a highboy you find a Sheffield coffee urn. Why not take life in the same way? Isn't that the way to get the happiness out of it? If you go to church to pray and you find a masquerade there—join the masquerade and do your praying another time."

"That seems a simple and quite pagan philosophy," he answered. "But what about trying to stop the masquerade—driving the masqueraders out of the temple—preventing the desecration?"

"But suppose you can't do that? Suppose it's too late? Suppose it is something quite beyond you?"

"One can always try," he said, "even if one is finally thrown out."

"What's the use?"

"It's a fight for one's ideals."

"If one has any."

"You used to have. You must have still."

"I have found ideals the most perishable of commodities," she answered. "They're about as fit to stand the journey through life as Bohemian glass would be for a rough exploring expedition. What's the use in them? Most of them are only illusions anyway."

"Virginia," he exclaimed, rising from his chair, "it maddens me to hear you talking in that way! You're all wrong. Somehow you have got things terribly twisted. Don't you feel it? Don't you know it?" He was standing over her now.

She did not answer his questions, but looking up at him demanded: "Don't you like me as well as you used to?"

It became his turn not to answer.

"That's not the point," he insisted vehemently. "It's a matter of whether you are willing to sacrifice deliberately what is finest in you. Your whole environment, your whole scheme of life is wrong. Do you know how I feel when I'm here? I feel your fascination, but you aren't the woman I came to see. The one I came to see is hidden

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Each of the labels below represents a Division of the National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service.

woman will make a brand new home out of the old one. If you think NATIONAL MAZDA means nothing but a "lamp," ask the women.

Since the original MAZDA lamp there has been no development in home lighting of greater importance than this new tipless *white* MAZDA lamp shown here! It warms and softens and diffuses the light in a way that cannot be imagined—*it must be seen.* Ask your lamp dealer to show you the new white MAZDA lamp—and be sure to see it lighted.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national Christmas joy smoke

DOUBLE quick as *he* kicks out of the coverlids at peep-of-day on the twenty-fifth, pass him a whack on the back, a peppy "Merry Christmas"—and—*the smokesurprise of his life!*—a pound of Prince Albert in that joy'us crystal glass humidor!

Talk about "*happy* returns!" If you're kind-of-keen to glimpse the sunshine dividends doing the happy-hob-nob with the mistletoe, land on one of these radiant holiday handouts—Prince Albert all fussed up like a gold fish out for a strut in the holly woods!

Never was such Christmas, or all-year, smokejoy as Prince Albert puts across to any man keyed for the pleasure-punch of a jimmy pipe! *Never was such a glad-man-gift before or since!* P. A. is not only the sky-limit in smoke-delight-quality, but, *get it right*, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch! Prince Albert has won by a mile all over the nation—*it will win him!*

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PRINCE ALBERT

(Continued from Page 90)

somewhere. I suspect you of trying to keep her locked up so that no one will find her. But now and then she manages to steal out of her prison and I catch a glimpse of her."

Virginia rose and gazed up gravely at him.

"No," she said, "that woman doesn't exist any more. There's no use looking for her. She's gone—gone for good and all. If you're going to like me, Hugh, you must like me as I am. It's the best I have to offer. Won't it do?"

Her eyes, which by day showed gray flecked with hazel, now looked dark and lustrous. For a moment he stood hesitant, gazing into them. After all, as she had said, they were not children any more. They were a man and woman who by reason alike of years and circumstances were accountable only to themselves. Was there any use in this effort he was making to swim against the tide and draw her with him—especially when she made no move to help? And was there not in truth much to be said for the philosophy of life she had expounded—the philosophy of easy acceptance, that bids us take things as they come, and question not. He was as one who seeking water from some cool, refreshing spring is offered heady wine.

He looked away from her, and as he cast off the spell of her eyes he felt his strength returning. One sign of his strength, of which he had always been proud, was the ability to restrain himself from making love. With Virginia in the old days he had sometimes felt himself in danger; once or twice he had been upon the verge of sinking his material ambitions, yielding to love, begging her to marry him. But he had summoned strength to fight off that romantic impulse. Had he done so only to stoop, years later, to this—to the thought of love without the thought of marriage? If so he too had retrograded.

The vision of her as a girl, "a sweet young thing in dimity," as she had put it, came strongly to him. He saw her sitting on the porch of the old house—the house that was gone. "Men act so crazy," he seemed to hear her say again. "They don't ever seem satisfied just to be good friends." She had appeared infinitely pathetic to him as she said that. Was she the less pathetic now, for all her brave airs? She had called forth the protective instinct in him then. Was she less in need of his protection now?

And there were other things that she had said. "Do you know what I wish? I wish no man would ever fall in love with me again until the right one comes along and I fall in love with him too."

After a time Harvey had come along. It was unpleasant at this moment, the thought of Harvey. Poor Harvey, all weakness, passion and jealousy! If the spirits of the dead did by any chance look back into this world, as Frank Carberry and his friends believed, Harvey's lot must be a wretched one indeed.

With these thoughts in his mind Hugh allowed himself to look at her once more, but this time there was resolution in his eyes.

"Virginia," he said gravely, "this sort of thing will never, never do. It would be hideous folly, for us both, to spoil things now."

Taking her hand he lifted it gently to his lips. Then without another word he turned and left her.

VIII

SOME papers in the public-service corporation matter having to be signed late next day Hugh telephoned Virginia asking her to drive down to the hotel and meet him in time for dinner.

It was a principle with him that personal affairs should never be permitted to obtrude themselves where there was business to be done; yet several times that afternoon he found himself upon the point of dropping everything, jumping into a taxi and rushing out to see her, if only for a moment. For the first time in his life he felt, in the full, a lover's eagerness.

He was waiting for her in the hotel foyer when she came. At the sight of her he seemed to hear music. Yet being a mature lover his first words were of practical affairs.

"Where would you like to dine?" he asked.

"It is all one to me."

"Isn't there some place that you like a little better than the rest?"

He was especially anxious to-night that she should be pleased with everything. He wished they were in New York. There are certain places in New York which soar to gastronomic heights as yet not quite attained in any other city in the land.

They stood for a moment discussing various possibilities. Suddenly her gaze became fixed.

"Isn't that Frank Carberry over there by the desk?"

Hugh did not turn to see; instead he took her by the arm and started in the direction of the door.

"We'll get into the car," he said, "and then settle where we are to dine."

"But Frank may be here looking for you."

"He is. That's just it."

"But don't you want to see him?"

"Not to-night. I want to see only you to-night."

"But," she urged, pausing near the door, "he might want you to go to a séance."

"That's just what he does want. He's been after me on the phone all day."

"Oh, do talk to him, then!"

"No. Come on. That spiritualistic stuff doesn't interest me."

"It interests me," she said, still holding back. "Besides, I haven't seen Frank in years."

"I know what you're up to," said he. "They don't let women come."

"Then it's high time they did," she persevered. "You go and get Frank and bring him over to me. Let me see if I can't fix it."

"Listen, Virginia. As a matter of fact he left word for me. They're going to have their beastly spook meeting to-night. We don't want to waste time with a thing like that, when I'm going so soon."

"But it's my only chance." She looked up at him with appealing eyes. "Please, Hugh. For me."

"Oh, all right—damn it!"

She smiled at the masculineness of the surrender. They turned and moved back to the foyer, encountering Frank as he was about to leave.

"I was just looking for you, Hugh," he said. "I've been trying to reach you on the phone all day. Didn't you get the message I left?"

"I've been frightfully busy," said Hugh. "I had intended to call you up in the morning."

"But the meeting is to-night."

"I have a dinner engagement—you remember Virginia Alison?"

Virginia greeted him in her most cordial manner. It was pleasant to be greeted in Virginia's most cordial manner. Frank beamed.

"I didn't feel," said he to Hugh, "that the meeting you attended was as interesting as most. That's why I was particularly anxious to get you for to-night. I suppose you'll be leaving the city soon?"

"Yes, in a day or two. It's kind in you to want me, but you see ——"

"Hugh told me of the other meeting," put in Virginia. "I should think it would be enormously interesting! So much so that I shouldn't want our dinner engagement to interfere with his going, if ——"

It was Hugh's turn to interrupt.

"Nonsense!" he said, almost sharply.

"But it's not nonsense," she insisted. "If I were to have such an opportunity as Frank is offering you I should break almost any engagement to go."

Frank was evidently impressed by this avowal.

"The subject appeals to you, then?" he asked her.

"More than I can say."

For a moment he was silent, with the air of one who turns things over in his mind.

"Well, then," he said slowly, "why don't you both come—that is, if you won't mind being the only woman there, Virginia?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in eagerness. "I won't mind at all."

Perceiving that the game was lost, Hugh tried to give in gracefully.

"Stop and dine with us here, Frank," he invited, "and we'll all drive out to your house together, afterward."

"Yes," urged Virginia. "And you can explain things to me a little, so that I'll be better prepared."

While Frank was checking his hat Hugh managed a few words with her.

"You conscienceless little plotter!" he upbraided with reluctant appreciation.

"You were a good boy," she said, "to take it so well."

"I wouldn't have taken it so well," said he, "if this spook meeting were to be the end of our evening. But it's not. I'll let you stay until half past ten at the latest. You can pretend you have a headache—anything. But then we go, though I have to pick you up and carry you off."

"If I thought you'd pick me up and carry me off ——" She did not finish.

"If you don't think so," he returned with an intensity only thinly veiled by his smile, "you might just try it and see."

Though she sensed his emotion she chose to keep her light tone.

"So you've turned cave man?"

"Exactly."

"I wonder," she said, "if the cave men of long ago took the precaution to buy their railroad tickets for some other town before threatening to become violent. It would be interesting to know."

"Probably not," said Hugh. "I understand they believed in what is called direct action. They weren't handicapped by such things as consciences. A conscience is an awful drawback to anyone starting up in the cave-man business. It makes him slow in the get-away. Before he is in position to start any other rough work he has to club his own conscience into insensibility. And if his conscience happens to have considerable vitality, why then ——"

"Then," she finished for him, "it's pretty nearly time to take the train. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Hugh as Frank came toward them, "but until the train does go he is someone to be reckoned with."

All through dinner Frank talked spiritism, led on by Virginia's questions. He explained the leading theories on the subject, and outlined the experience of the little group which for three years had met with Fosdick.

The meal over they entered the car and sped out to the old Oakland neighborhood. Driving with these two friends of his youth through the streets so familiar yet so unfamiliar Hugh felt again the strange emotions he had known at the time of his first excursion thither several weeks earlier, and something told him that Virginia was touched by the experience also, for Oakland was only a little less strange to her now than to him. With Frank it was different; he still lived out here, and having witnessed the changes as they came, one by one, would never know the shock of taking in the total at a single glance.

"Life for us used to be practically included in a square half mile, didn't it?" Virginia said; and as they drove on she began recalling people and events, as Hugh had done before. There was the Burdicks' house, where she had gone to her first party wearing a little velvet dress with a lace collar. And over there the Lymans used to live—what had become of them?—and the Rogerses, next door.

And then of a sudden they all fell silent, and the silence was pregnant and uneasy, for they drove past the frame house where Harvey Alison had lived—the tragic ruin of a home they had all known, deserted now, its porch dropping away, the steps all but gone, the front door roughly boarded up as though in ironical protection of black emptiness within, the shutters sagging and falling apart, revealing windows that seemed to squint like a half-blind man who has lost his glasses.

IX

FOSDICK and the others were already waiting at the Carberry house when they arrived. For a little while there was an attempt at general conversation which reminded Virginia of the kind of conversation that takes place in a room where people are sitting waiting for a funeral service to begin—vacuous and labored talk on any subject but that of which all are thinking.

Presently Fosdick moved to an armchair at the head of the room, between the two front windows, and Frank took a small chair beside him. At this the others moved their seats to make an informal circle.

"I usually sit by him when he's going into a trance," Frank explained, looking at Virginia as he spoke, "because once or twice he has fallen on the floor."

At this Fosdick smiled a vague smile at her as though he expected her to be amused at the thought of his falling on the floor.

The lights were lowered, the soft music turned on. In the dimness she could see the medium close his eyes. For a few minutes he seemed to slumber peacefully. Then he began to twitch, breathing stertorously, and at length, following a slight convulsion, to speak in the broken English of the Indian, Black Eagle.

With the preliminaries she had found herself a little disappointed. The atmosphere had been so absurdly solemn, dull and commonplace. But now though the spirit of Black Eagle made no startling revelations she felt herself participating in the general feeling of impressment. Hugh, she supposed, was sitting back scrutinizing the performance, analyzing, picking it apart; but the others were all of them believers; and truth to tell, the drift of her mind was at first rather with theirs than with Hugh's. That is not to say she was convinced, or had even begun to be convinced, of anything. She was merely interested and nonresistant, like a spectator at a play. The truth or falseness of the thing that she was witnessing did not concern her. Enough that she was entertained.

Matters progressed to-night much as in Hugh's description of the earlier meeting. The manners of Black Eagle were anything but those of the drawing-room. Occupying Fosdick's body and wearing Fosdick's clothes he failed conspicuously to avail himself of Fosdick's pocket handkerchief. He talked of journeys to remote places, measured time by suns, and otherwise indicated that his voice was either that of an Indian or of a reader of Fenimore Cooper.

When the Indian spirit departed Fosdick slumbered, shuddered and became Major Thomas. The major chose to address the little gathering with a formal speech on negro slavery. This over he seated himself again in the armchair, remarking that a great many spirits were crowding round him to-night. Now and then he would make a gesture as of brushing them away; or again he would summon a certain spirit to draw near, and after tilting his head as though to hear better what the spirit said would give the message as Black Eagle had done before.

Nor were the messages delivered through the major of more consequence than those delivered through the Indian. Once, for example, there came a message purporting to be from the deceased uncle of a gentleman in the room. "He wants to know," said Fosdick, still in the rôle of Major Thomas, "if you remember the big apple trees in the yard of the old house at Elgin?" The gentleman replied eagerly that he did remember them. "And he wants to know if you remember the old wooden clock in the kitchen?" the medium continued. A second affirmative having been given, the spirit asked no further questions. "Is there anything else he wishes to say?" queried the gentleman. "No," returned the medium, "that spirit has gone, now. There's a little girl here. What's your name, little girl? . . . She says her name is Mary no, Maria . . . What is it, Maria? . . ." And then some incomprehensible or trivial prattle.

As the novelty wore off and Virginia perceived how uniformly inconsequential were the communications, her critical faculty came more into play. It seemed to her that were the spirits of the dead in fact able to communicate with this world some of their messages at least would be of more importance. Intelligent spirits would know what intelligent persons of this sphere desired to learn of the after life, and would attempt to picture it through the medium in some manner more graphic than that exemplified in the repeated assurances she had heard that "we are happy over here." There would be almost certainly some spirits bent on giving superior guidance to those left behind; or on communicating information of some real importance.

Yet she remembered on the other hand that Frank had taken pains to warn her at dinner not to expect too much. "A great deal of it is manifestly of no consequence," he had said, "but now and then something worth while does come through. We are simply trying to sort the wheat from the chaff—to save whatever is of value, and discard the rest."

The abundance of valueless matter, he had explained, was accounted for in various ways. It was the theory of some persons who had made a study of psychic phenomena that the more advanced spirits "over there" were engaged in engrossing work which removed them from contact with this world; wherefore communication was in the hands of spirits which, being in a period of transition, were closer to their former life. Sometimes, indeed, the messages suggested that "earthbound" spirits played round the medium like so many mischievous boys.

Frank, however, did not believe in this theory. It was his idea that when communication was established through a medium a condition rose that might be likened to some situation in which hundreds of people, all wishing to send telegrams would

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GOODYEAR

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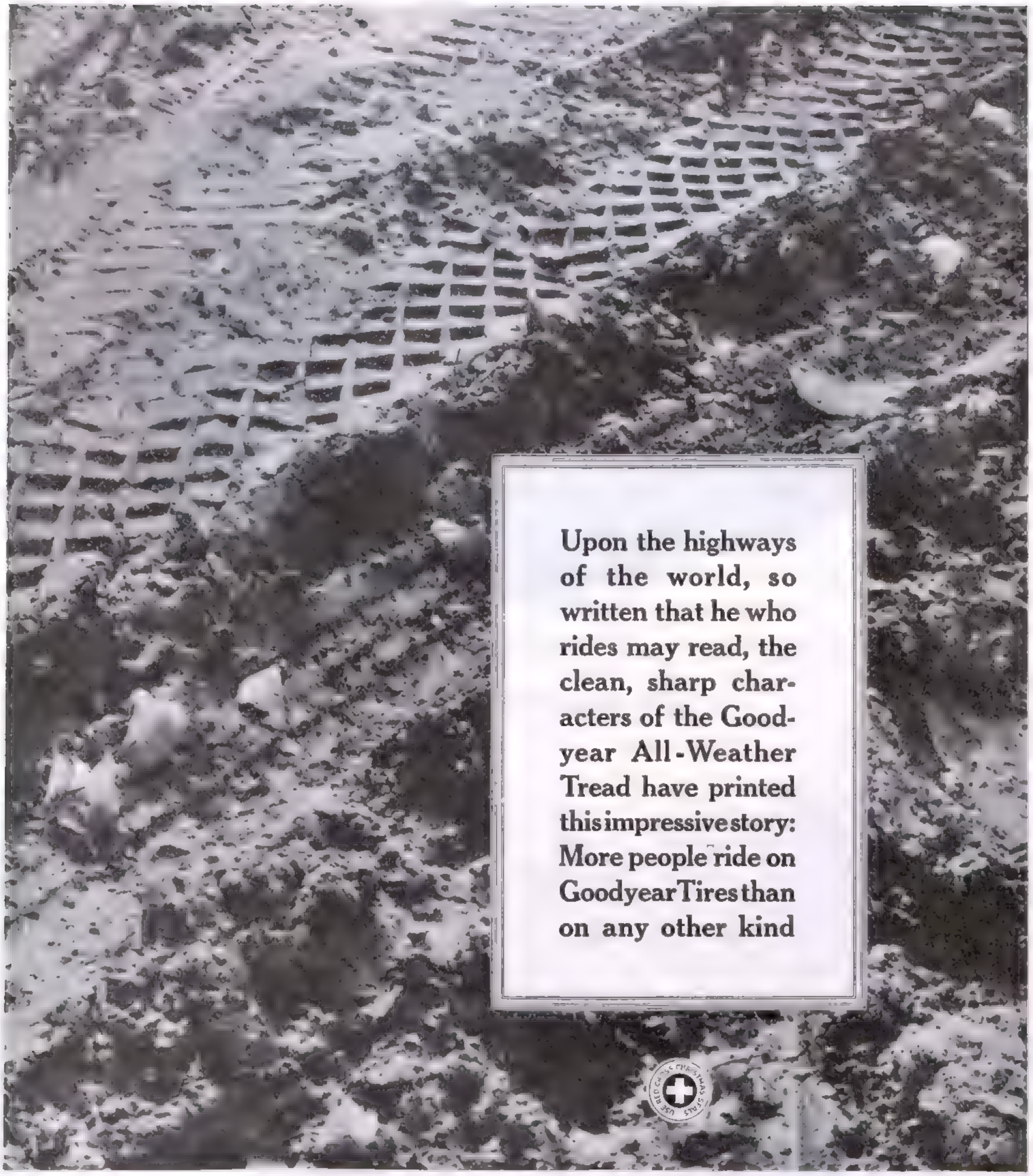
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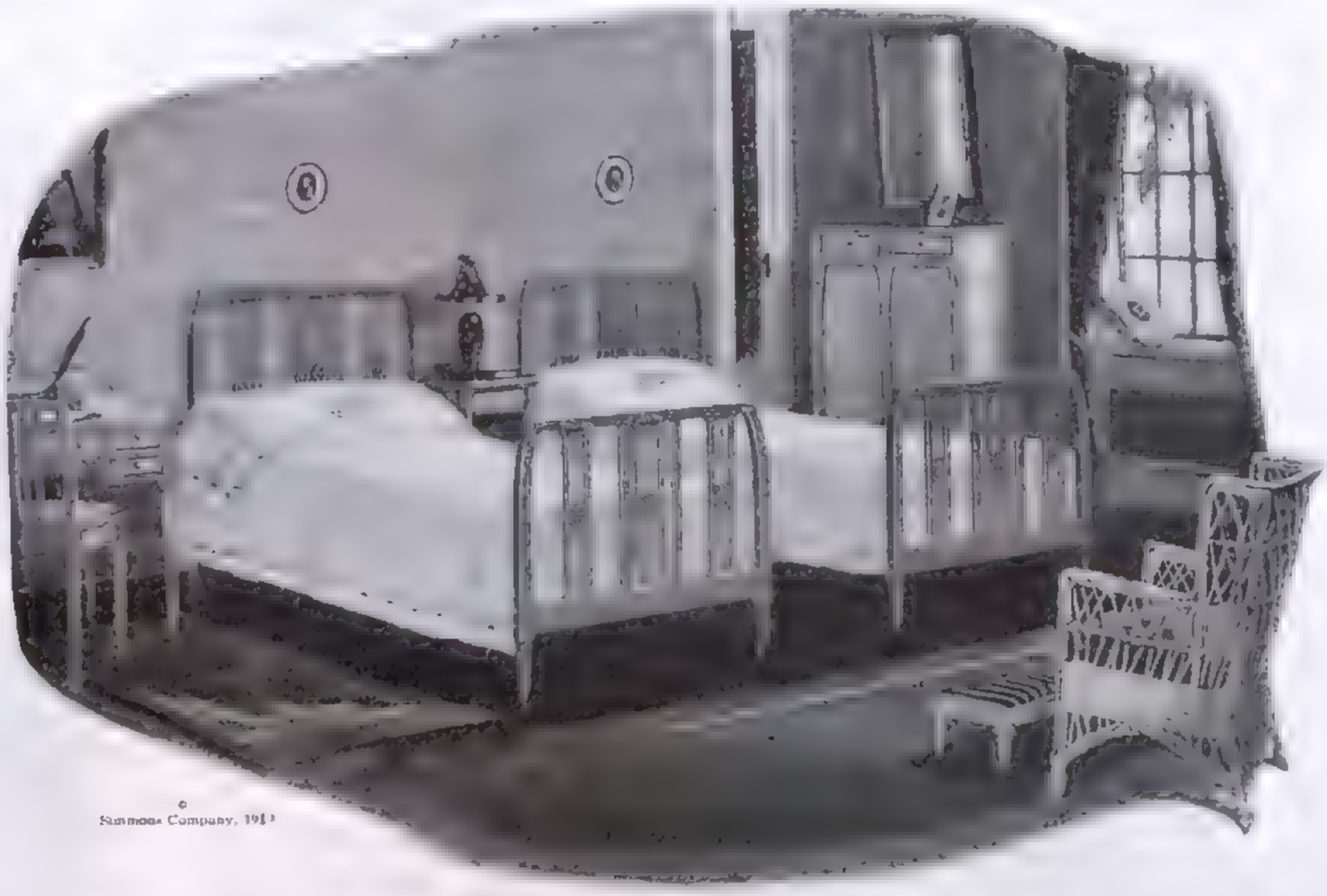

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If you have any trouble finding them, a post card to us will bring you the names of merchants who can give you what you want.

SIMMONS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS-*Built for Sleep*

(Concluded from Page 95)

come crowding round a single telegraph operator who could not possibly accept all the messages. In their haste most of them lost their wits.

Their opportunity, if any came to them, was of the briefest. They uttered what random sentiments entered their minds at the instant.

She fell to pondering these things. Undoubtedly Hugh was right: It was worth coming once, just to see what a séance was like, but it was a thing of which one could easily tire. Harvey could not have thought much of her intelligence if he really feared she might become too deeply interested. Hugh had not wanted her to come here. Had he perhaps feared the same thing? Why weren't women as well as men invited to these meetings? Did most men mistrust the feminine mind?

Thinking thus, and giving but half her attention to what was going on, she was shaken from her abstraction by the sound of her own name spoken by the medium.

"There is a spirit here who asks for someone named Virginia," he said.

"That is my name," she answered quickly. "Who is it?"

"He says he has been waiting a long time."

"For what?"

"To tell you. He wishes to tell you something."

"Does he give a name?"

The medium was silent for a moment. Then he said: "He says: 'I will give a sign. There was a rainstorm once, and the color came out of the cushions in a canoe.' . . . Is that it? . . . Yes, he says that is it. And he asks: 'Does she know me?'"

"Yes," Virginia said. "What does he wish to tell me?"

"He says: 'She must change her course. I will be in torment until she changes her course.'"

"Does he mean," she asked after a moment's reflection, "that there is someone—a woman—whose present course of action is causing him to suffer; and that he wants me to let her know?"

To which the medium replied: "He says: 'Yes, that is it. Virginia understands.'"

"Does he know," she asked, "of any reason why this woman does things that make him suffer?"

"He says," returned the medium, "'Revenge upon the dead is more terrible than revenge upon the living.'"

"Then it is revenge she seeks?"

"Yes. He keeps saying: 'Tell her pity and forgive.'"

"Ask if he knows for what she desires to be revenged?"

"He says: 'The letters,'" the medium replied.

There came a pause which in the half darkness seemed to Hugh perhaps longer than it really was.

Presently Virginia asked: "Is there anything further that he wishes to say?"

"No more," said the medium. "He is gone."

■

SOON after this the visitant Major Thomas bade the company a ceremonious good night, whereupon Fosdick fell into a slumber from which after sundry twitchings of the body he emerged in his own proper person. The lights were then turned up. Hugh's eyes were on Virginia. Though apparently composed she was very pale. She remained only long enough to thank Frank and Fosdick and say good night to the others. Then she and Hugh left.

Alone with him she relaxed. Stepping into the car she dropped down upon the cushions and closed her eyes.

"Oh, Hugh!" she breathed.

Laying his hand gently over hers he found it trembling.

"You aren't faint?"

"No, but—just let me be quiet for a while," she answered brokenly.

When they had driven for a time she withdrew her hand from his; but in the action there was no rebuff. Hugh felt rather that it signified acceptance of a solitude forced upon her by reason of something—he did not know what—that had fallen from the lips of the medium.

Her agitation was manifestly deep. The sight of her distress, the sense of her aloneness in it—moved him profoundly. More than ever before he longed to show her tenderness. Yet something told him that he must not; that the greatest kindness would consist in silence.

It was only when they had crossed the city and were nearing her door that she spoke.

"You'll come in, Hugh?"

It was almost eleven, but he did not refer to the hour now.

"If you're not too tired."

"No. I want to tell you something."

Once more he ascended with her in the elevator, took her latchkey, unlocked the front door for her, and entering turned on the lights; but where before in these circumstances he had felt venturesome and irresponsible he was now full of vague apprehensions and of concern for her.

Having removed her wrap Virginia sank into a chair and stared with dazed, unseeing eyes to where a window curtain was swaying gently in the soft lake breezes. Hugh meanwhile walked up and down the room with slow, measured steps.

"I'm afraid," he said presently, "that I don't quite understand."

"It was Harvey," she declared.

Hugh stopped walking.

"But Harvey's name wasn't mentioned," he said.

"He spoke of a rainstorm and the color coming out of the cushions in a canoe. We were at Lake Geneva the week before he died, and that very thing happened. It was the chill he got that day which brought on pneumonia."

"Still," said Hugh, "there was no reason why he couldn't give his name."

"Yes, there was. He wished me to understand, but not the others. It was just as though he were alive; he wouldn't want to plead to me like that before a roomful of people. It would be too humiliating."

"Was the part about the letters clear to you?"

"Clear!" she repeated. He saw that her hands were clenched tight in her lap.

"Perhaps you'd better not talk about it now," he suggested gently.

"You knew Harvey," she said. "You knew his failings—everybody did. After you went away I realized what you meant to me. It wasn't until you were gone that I knew for sure. I was miserable. I kept hoping you'd come back, but you never did. After a while I saw that I had to work my way out of it somehow. Harvey took me out more and more. I think he suspected what was troubling me. He was always jealous—particularly so of you. After a while he began asking me to marry him. He said he'd never let up—never. And he never did.

"There was a fascination about him. He was so imaginative, impulsive, intense. But I knew his reputation, and even when I began to think myself in love with him I was afraid of marriage because of his inconstancy. I told him that, but he was certain that with me for his wife he'd be a different man. All girls are flattered by that kind of talk. They want to believe it.

"So at last we married. He was as good as his word as far as I knew. After a time I ceased to be afraid about him. And I was proud of him and of my share in making him over.

"His sudden death overwhelmed me. But I knew it was best to keep going, so I began to busy myself at once over the disposition of his personal effects. In the confusion his trunk hadn't been unpacked after our return. The unpacking was one of the tasks left over for me. It was distressing—going over those things that seemed so much a part of him. Then I came across a package of letters. I had been crying and couldn't see clearly. I thought what I wanted to think—that they were my letters to him—that he had cared enough to save them and take them about with him. But they were love letters from another woman, the last ones very recent.

"That day I took off mourning. If he had been alive, if I could have told him I knew, it would have been different. We could have had it out. But there was no way to reach him. So I simply loathed his memory. You've been puzzled about me. Perhaps you aren't so puzzled now."

"Is there any way in which Fosdick or Frank could have known?"

"No. Until to-night, when the medium used the word, I did not myself realize that the thing I had been seeking was revenge. But that was it. Without asking myself why, I set out to be everything Harvey hadn't wanted me to be. He didn't like me to drink or smoke. I drank and smoked. He disapproved of Lura and Chris. I made them my special friends. He loathed Giffin—was jealous of him without cause. So I played round with Giffin. All down the line I got myself in wrong. And I used to hope that wherever Harvey was he knew. Now I'm sure he did know. I've paid him back. The score is settled and I'm through."

"Virginia," said Hugh, "though I can't account for the message I'm not convinced, as you are. But that makes no difference. The point is that, genuine or not, it expresses what Harvey would feel, and want to say, if he could. It's what I've been trying to say. Wherever it came from it was the right message. And you have given the right answer.

"There's only one thing that troubles me now, and that is my share in the blame. I made the great mistake of my life when I let ambition carry me away, leaving you behind. I'll never forgive myself for that. Yet even so, I'll go back with a lighter heart than I have had in years."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow."

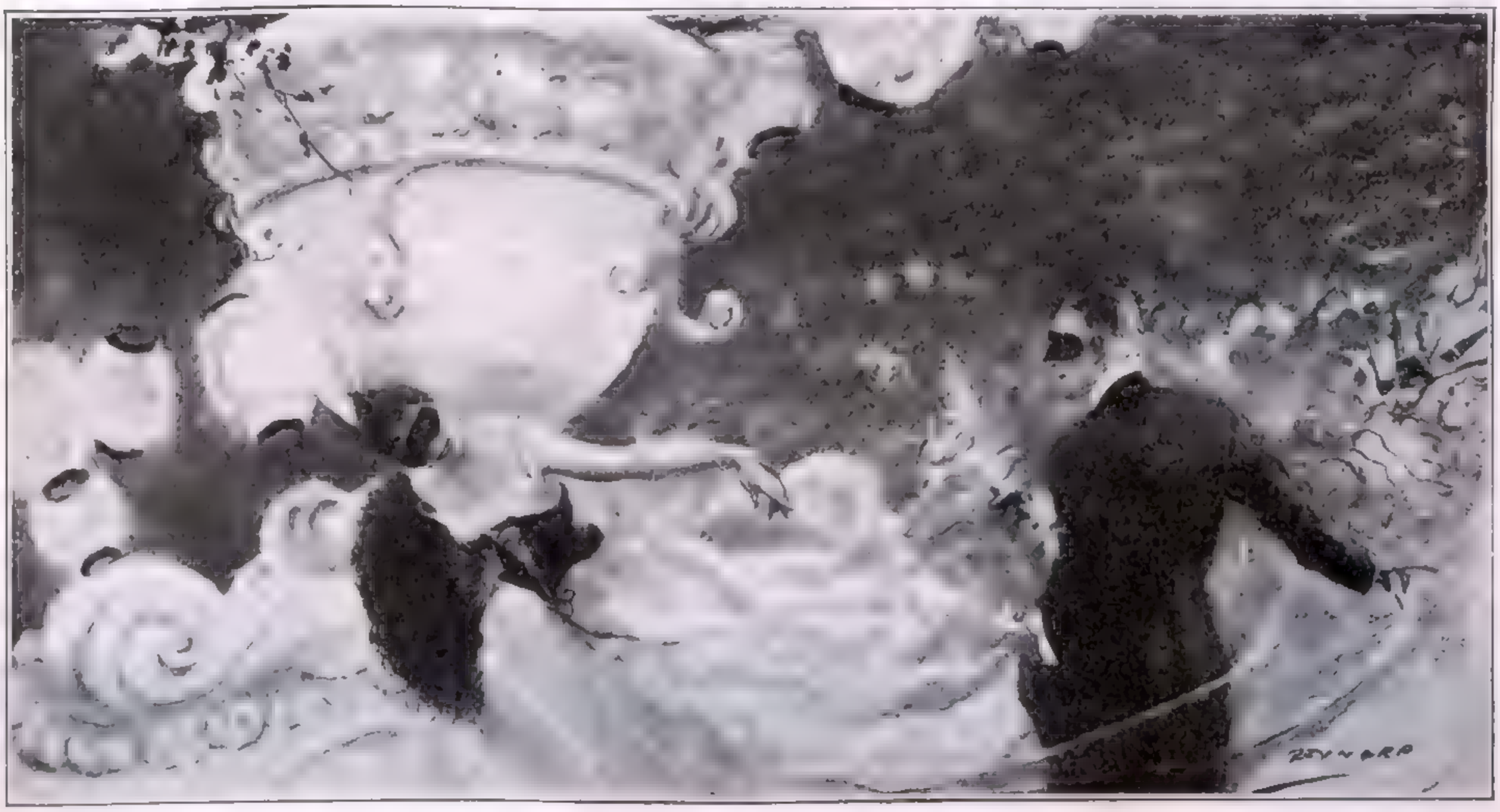
"Couldn't you wait a day or two more?"

He stood silent, gazing at her with an intensity that finally compelled her to raise her eyes to his.

"Will you come home with me—if I do?"

She rose and moved toward him.

Fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now, after what seemed a crowded lifetime, it came back—a word of pitiable poverty, he thought, in that supreme glory.



Locate Your New Plant

Where you can get *all* these marked advantages

The Du Pont Company chose Hopewell as a site for its colossal guncotton plant because of its unexcelled advantages with regard to labor, water, fuel, raw materials, climate and transportation.

Our conversion of Hopewell from war to peace industry has released its factories, power plants and other industrial equipment for general manufacturing purposes.

Hopewell, with these advantages—natural and acquired—now presents opportunities to manufacturers and prospective manufacturers which we believe without precedent in industrial history.

The Hopewell factories have floor areas running up to 150,000 square feet and are adaptable to many kinds of manufacturing. They are piped and wired ready to turn on steam or electric power.

For manufacturers preferring to build their own plants, Hopewell has 1200 acres available for sites. Most of these have *railway sidings already built.*

What the Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial District of Virginia Offers

Adequate supply of labor.
Freedom from labor troubles.
Splendid housing facilities.
Excellent rail and deep water transportation.
Low priced steam and electric power.
Abundance of pure water.
Accessible raw materials.
Best steam coal in the world.
Factories already built and available.
Factory sites with railway sidings.
Mild and healthful climate.
Low living cost to workers.
Fire protection without an equal.
Financial help for legitimate development and expansion.
A good place to live and rear a family.

The Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial District, of which Hopewell is a part, is at the junction of the Appomattox and James rivers, in reality a part of Chesapeake Bay. It is twenty-three miles south of Richmond and eighty miles west of Norfolk.

The District has splendid rail and deep water transportation facilities. Freight rates are as low as any on the Atlantic seaboard and give the area advantages over Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

The James River gives Hopewell its deep water outlet to the sea. Products may be loaded on smaller freighters or shipped on barges to larger ocean steamers at Norfolk or Newport News.

The District is served by three great trunk line roads which, with their connections, give manufacturers rail access to all important market centres, north, east, south and west.

Hopewell has many other features that make it not only a good place to do business but a good place to live and rear a family.

Hopewell is a city with all the utilities and conveniences that constitute a modern municipality.

It has hundreds of attractive homes, churches, schools, clubs, hotels, theatres, stores, commissary, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., trolleys, paved streets, electric lights, sewers, and the best fire and police protection in the world.

In short, Hopewell supplies the needs of a manufacturer seeking a more favorable place to move his plant; the manufacturer desiring a strategic location for a branch factory and the prospective manufacturer looking for a suitable locality to begin business.

Adequate financial assistance will be given manufacturers to take care of any legitimate requirements for development and expansion.

(See next page)

One of Hopewell's three modern power plants having a total capacity of 60,000 horse power. They deliver electric and steam power, light and heat at low price.

Photograph on left—A busy wharf scene at Hopewell. Boats are loaded directly from railway cars.

Photograph in left corner—A James River pier at Hopewell. From here tons of munitions were shipped to Europe.

Photograph below—A few of Hopewell's factories now available to manufacturers. These buildings are easily adaptable to the needs of various industries.

(Continued from opposite page)

We have prepared Hopewell for peace industry with as much thoroughness as it was built for war. We have obtained experts of nation-wide reputation to study the specific requirements and problems of various industries and to assist firms who come to Hopewell in getting their business started. These technical experts, after making a thorough study of your problems of labor, raw materials, manufacturing processes, transportation and finance, will give you an unbiased report as to how the resources of Hopewell fit your special needs. This service is without cost to you. We furnish this service in a big way for the same reason that we are advertising in a big way—to do a thorough and prompt job of disposing of our peace surplus and putting Hopewell on a peace basis. Demand is already keen and Hopewell will soon be sold.

Labor

The demand for greater production is becoming more and more insistent. The most serious drawbacks to production now are labor troubles and labor shortage. Many manufacturers are so handicapped in either or both respects as to make changes of plant location imperative.

Hopewell has no labor shortage and it is free from conditions that breed discontent and strikes. Its supply of workers, skilled and unskilled, male and female, is ample for all needs.

The Du Pont Company recruited 30,000 workers from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. These same workers, released from war industries, now are available to Hopewell manufacturers.

Wages

High wages are due largely to high living costs. Hopewell is free from both. So called "war wages" were not paid Hopewell workers. Yet their actual earnings were greater than at most war industry centres.

The region adjacent to the District produces great quantities of garden and farm products. These are supplied to Hopewell consumers at low cost. As the commissary at Hopewell operates on a low cost-plus basis, it is able to sell groceries and other household necessities at considerably below regular retail prices.

The Hopewell worker also benefits in the minimum outlay necessary for rent, heat, light, water, clothing, etc. The mild climate obviates the necessity for heavy clothing and any great amount of heat in houses.

Homes

The housing situation is of paramount importance to a manufacturer in considering a location for his plant. The scarcity of houses and consequent high rents lower the efficiency of labor as well as limit its supply.

Hopewell has no housing problem. It has accommodations at this date for 12,000 additional workers. It has hundreds of attractive cottages, bungalows and apartments for workers with families, and large cheerful dormitories for single men and women. These have lawns and gardens and are equipped with electricity and all modern conveniences. Rents range from $11 to $15 a month.

Power

Non-dependable power is expensive at any price. Hopewell's supply is constant and below standard costs. Three gigantic and modern power houses, having a total capacity of 60,000 horse power, are so connected that one or all can distribute service to any part of the industrial district.

This insures Hopewell manufacturers with a never-failing supply of steam and electric power, heat, light and air pressure. Electricity is furnished as low as 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

Fuel

Hopewell is exceptionally well favored in respect to coal supply. The three greatest tide-water coal carrying roads in the United States—the Norfolk and Western, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Virginian—pass through the District.

The famous Pocahontas and New River coal fields lie within short hauling distances. These are recognized as the best steam coals in America and are considered equal to the celebrated Cardiff coals of Wales.

Water

To industries requiring cheap and abundant pure water, Hopewell offers preferred opportunity. It has a purification plant with a daily capacity of over 50,000,000 gallons—enough to supply a city of 500,000 with all the water needed for industrial and domestic purposes.

The cost to the Hopewell consumer is as low as five cents a thousand gallons for filtered water and 2½ cents for unfiltered.

Climate

Hopewell has a climate most favorable to industrial activity and to health. Out of door work is continued throughout the year, and business is not subject to interruption by extremes of weather. Hopewell is free from the excessive heat that impairs the physical vitality and lowers the efficiency of workers in less favored localities.

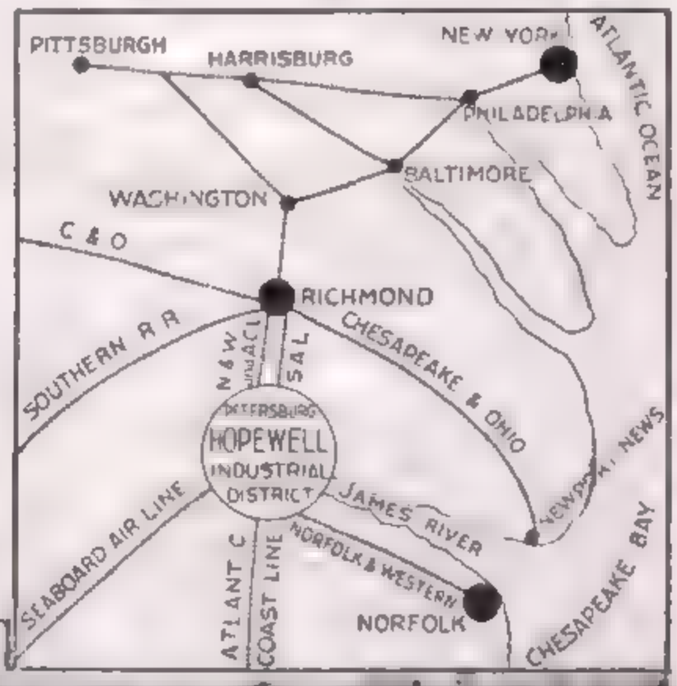
NOTE **The Du Pont Chemical Company, as its name implies, is not a real estate concern. We have this peace surplus equipment, however, which we mean to dispose of in the quickest possible time. It will be a matter of first come first served. Immediate action is advisable. Write or wire today.**

Du Pont Chemical Company

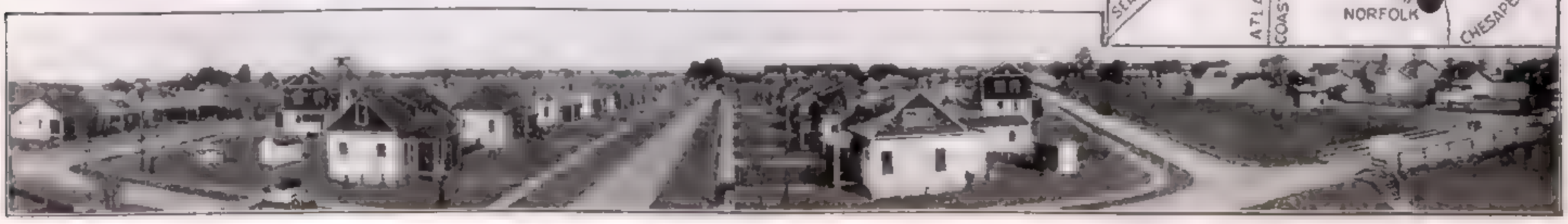
Incorporated

Wilmington, Delaware

Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.



Photograph below—This shows a part of Hopewell's residential area. Note the general attractiveness of the houses and the pretty lawns and well-paved streets surrounding them. There are housing accommodations at Hopewell for 12,000 additional workers.



ANCESTORS

(Continued from Page 21)

a relief to have such a big piece of work off your mind?"

"No, I don't think so—particularly."

"It is to Barbara though."

"No, I don't think so—particularly."

"She's looking better anyway."

"Yes, perhaps she is. But she's mercurial anyway. I doubt if it's due to the book." He shook his head soberly. "On the contrary she was so absorbed in it—you've no idea how absorbed she was in it. She worked as hard as I did. And she's been very active in the Pilgrim Association and the Colonial Society too. I don't know what I'd have done without Barbara."

Mr. Hawksford wanted to retort: "And I don't know what you've done with her," but he controlled himself.

"She's an unusual girl," said Mr. Hawksford with some warmth.

"I always want to be just," said Doctor Temple cautiously. "And I'm sure it's just to say that Barbara is an unusually dutiful child and an unusually intelligent amanuensis. Apart from that I could not truthfully say that she's unusual."

Mr. Hawksford winced.

"You parents look at life through bifocal lenses," he said. "And you're looking at Barbara, who's right in the foreground, through the distance half of them. Why, doctor, she's one in a hundred thousand!"

"I agree with you. I agree with you."

"But you just said ——"

"Perhaps you misunderstood me. I meant that whatever traits she has and what personal appearance and what disposition and what brains are not unusual under the circumstances. Bear in mind her ancestry, Mr. Hawksford. The attributes which you may possibly think are remarkable I consider inevitable. She couldn't possibly have been anything different from what she is."

He was profoundly sincere as he said this and not in the least vainglorious. He felt that he was merely stating a palpable fact, and his simplicity of manner even more than his words gave Mr. Hawksford a new insight into his terrific pride of birth. Later the gifted pedagogue spoke to Barbara about the doctor's singleness of purpose.

"Yes," she said, "he's all broken up about the future. He's been at it for forty years and now he says there isn't anything left for him to do."

"He must have had some very prominent ancestors, I take it."

"Why, no, not at all. That isn't it. His and mother's were all about the same—first farmers and then professional people. They weren't distinguished. What he's so proud of is that they were all nice, honest, ordinary people, without anybody in Congress or anybody in jail, and he isn't so much interested in names and dates as what the people did and what they were in the community."

Mr. Hawksford was at some pains to digest the thought.

"And has he traced every single line back as far as it will go?"

"Every single one."

Mr Hawksford, familiar with the interminable details of the law, shuddered at the scope of genealogy.

"He's sort of on my mind," he confessed. "I hate to see a man with all his mental energy feel that there is nothing for him to occupy himself with. If there's anything in the world *I* can do ——"

"Well, there is something. He likes you a lot. If you'll just manage to see him often and talk to him, that'll be as much as any of us can do."

"I intend to," said Mr. Hawksford. "And now—to change the subject completely—how about my lesson?"

The lessons were the natural result of Mr. Hawksford's car. Having once taken Barbara to the lake, he had then taken her a second time, and a few evenings later he had proved that all good things go by threes. On the third occasion she had remarked that it was silly for a normal man to refuse to learn to dance, and he had retorted banteringly that his own brains were in his head and not in his feet.

"Why, I could teach you in an hour," she had exclaimed impulsively, and then she had experienced a quick regret, for though Mr. Hawksford was very kind and considerate he was hardly the type of man that promises joy to the instructor.

"I defy you to," he had responded.

Fortunately her father's creed was broad enough to permit of her own indulgence, so that she didn't hesitate to give her pupil his first instruction in the living room.

"Come on then," said Barbara.

"Where do I come to?"

"Come here—you can count, can't you?"

"I can do logarithms in my head if it'll help any."

"Well, it won't! Can you count perfectly regularly—as though we had music?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Hawksford. "Is that all? Why, I play the violin a little myself."

"Splendid! We'll learn the one-step first, because that's the simplest. Ready?"

"Ready!"

His expression was that of a novice swimmer about to attempt his first dive.

"Well, put your arm round me."

Mr. Hawksford blushed, but he resolutely thrust out a long arm and gingerly brought it toward her.

"You'll have to do better than that," said Barbara. "It's awfully hard for a girl to dance with a mushroom. Suppose I stumbled or anything—you'd simply let me break my neck, would you?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Hawksford. "I shouldn't ever let you do that."

"Well, don't act like it then."

Obedient but still florid, he tightened his hold. Her right hand fluttered into his left. Mr. Hawksford swallowed.

"Now," she said, "when I go back with one foot you follow it with your foot and count two-four time. We'll go very slowly for a while—and keep going and don't step on my toes—and that's all there is to it."

"That's quite enough," said Mr. Hawksford breathlessly. "I feel like a baby learning to walk."

His awkwardness was increased by his consciousness of it, and the perspective he had of himself in a pier glass was small encouragement. He couldn't help contrasting himself with the youths he had seen at club dances and the contrast was embarrassing.

"Stop!" said Mr. Hawksford sharply.

"No, go on! You're doing beautifully. Now, one, two ——"

"Stop!" repeated Mr. Hawksford.

They were squarely before the pier glass now and he wanted to study the reflections. Barbara was her own dainty self, and he—could it be that he was the hideously uncouth manikin who bent from the waist like a broken lily and drooped over her? His suit was serviceable but wrinkled—and he suddenly recalled the symphony in dark blue and white. His hair was too low over his forehead and the slight exertion hadn't increased its seductiveness. He looked down at her, unseeing.

"Let her go!" said Mr. Hawksford almost savagely.

"Don't hold me—so tight!" she gasped.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! That better?"

"That's clammy. Now, one, two ——"

Mr. Hawksford tripped over nothing, recovered his balance, bit his lip and went on doggedly. Twice they made the circuit of the room—overturning only one chair. Barbara came to a standstill.

"That's absolutely the best first lesson I ever gave," she said. "I congratulate you."

Mr. Hawksford had blushed to put his arm round her; now he blushed as he removed it.

"Have you given many?"

"Billions," said Barbara, crushing his newborn vanity.

Mr. Hawksford fanned himself with his handkerchief.

"I'm beginning to understand the Chinese idea, though. They want to know what's the use of working so hard yourself when you can pay somebody else to do it and sit and watch."

"Don't you like it?"

"I like some parts of it," he said with utter accuracy. "And it's great exercise—great!"

"It's perfectly true—you're a born dancer. Why haven't you taken it up before?"

Mr. Hawksford pondered.

"I guess I've been too busy. You see, I had to work my way through college and then I worked pretty hard after that, and now I'm practicing and lecturing at the university too."

"There's one thing about you—you're awfully strong. Most beginners are just like jellyfish. Where'd you get all that muscle?"

Mr. Hawksford looked surprisedly at his sleeve.

"Oh, I always was pretty strong! In college I rowed and since then I've gone to a gym and ——"

She had pounced upon his forearm and found it hardly malleable. Her soft fingers made no impression upon it, and Mr. Hawksford was visited by an unaccustomed thrill at the new respect in her voice—respect which had a yolk of admiration in it.

"That's wonderful! Why, you could do anything! Do you?"

Mr. Hawksford laughed.

"Not much now. I'm too busy. All I do is to exercise in the gym and swim a bit. I guess I swim fairly well."

"I wish I could," she said regretfully.

"Can't you?"

"Not at all—not a stroke. I've been trying to learn for years, but I just don't seem to get it."

"It's the easiest thing in the world if you go at it right. I could teach you in ten lessons."

"I defy you to," she challenged him gayly.

Mr. Hawksford didn't smile.

"You take a bathing suit out to the club and tell me what afternoons you can spare and ——"

"But I thought you were so frightfully busy?"

"Er—I probably can't take the time for a regular vacation this summer, so I don't mind taking an afternoon off now and then—and I'd like to balance things."

"Well, see if you can teach me as much in one lesson as I will you. Ready?"

"Impatient," said Mr. Hawksford.

It was in August that Doctor Temple worried himself into bed and stayed there for ten of the sultriest days of the long summer. Mr. Hawksford finally buttonholed the attending physician and demanded a full and explicit diagnosis.

"That man," said the physician, "is in the state of mind of a good many children. Not that he's in his second childhood by any means, but he's got the same difficulties some children have. His mental resources have to be stimulated before he can draw on 'em. He thinks he's come to the end of his rope; he can't think up anything else to do. He's gone dry on that genealogical truck of his and he's written himself out on theology. If he doesn't get an inspiration pretty soon he'll start to crumble. And, by the way, you knocked the only prop he had clear out from under him yourself."

"I did?"

"You certainly did. He was wondering whether he'd begin to write a book about the human soul and he says you spoiled it."

Mr. Hawksford reflected diligently.

"I don't seem to recall—oh, yes, I do too! He asked me if I had any theories about the soul. I said that a man reminded me of a retail grocery store, spick-and-span and shining inside, with neat little packages for everybody to look at; but you never know what sort of store it really is until you go out in back where nobody's supposed to go. And maybe it's just as spick-and-span back there as it was in front; but pretty often it's a glory hole covered with half an inch of dirt and looking like a pigpen. So I said I couldn't see any use in bothering with theory, because you can't ever get a man to take you out in the back room of his soul's grocery store. It's not theory that's wanted—it's example. If the grocer doesn't want to clean up you can't preach him into it. You've got to show him the practical value. And it's the same with souls. Preaching doesn't work these days. Books on theology don't either. We don't want any more theory—we want examples. If you don't believe me, look at the churches."

"I've looked," said the physician. "Well, you squelched him anyway. He told me he couldn't go ahead with it. He said you'd made him so self-conscious about his own soul that he didn't have the heart to write about anybody else's. What he's going to do I don't know, but I do know this—somebody's got to find a job for him or he's going all to pieces by next winter. And as long as you've killed his one poor little budding thought I rather think it's up to you to find him another one."

"So do I," said Mr. Hawksford. "But, good Lord, I can't think of anything!"

It may have been Mr. Hawksford's interest in this subject or it may have been his abrupt improvement in certain outward aspects or it may have been both combined which was bringing Barbara a little closer to him and a little closer to him as August advanced.

Heretofore he had been rather contemptuous of men who cared for personal appearance; now with the symphony in blue and white advancing before him as a model he was discovering that pride is effective in two directions. And though the barber is rarely associated with romance, it is certain that Mr. Hawksford's barber was furthering his cause and that the singeing of the eyebrows was nothing less than a stroke of genius. Properly dressed and properly trimmed, Mr. Hawksford ceased to parade a neutral plainness. He was still far from handsome, but he was infinitely more interesting. The world had a chance to observe that his forehead was high and well shaped and that his eyes—after the removal of some of their protective ambush—were really fine and clear and convincing. He was suggestive of his own age instead of ten years more, and when he was animated his expression—to some people—was fascinating.

But of all Barbara's friends he alone was seriously concerned about her father's odd predicament. He brought books; he brought complicated problems in all subjects from chess to Christian ethics; he sat by the doctor's bedside and chatted for hours. It was sheer altruism, and whether or not it sustained the doctor it had its effect on Barbara.

"Anything new?" she would ask him hopefully.

"Not a sign," Mr. Hawksford would reply, downcast. "I was trying to stir him up to write a town history."

"Why, that sounds like it! What did he say?"

"Said the history of strangers didn't interest him. Then I shot in an idea about a church history."

"But he's done that already."

"I didn't know it. Well, what are we going to do with him?"

"I wish I knew," she said, very subdued. "I wish I knew. It used to seem perfectly awful to have to work with him on those old books of his and go to those meetings. It was—oh, you couldn't even imagine how awful it was, or the fun I had to miss and the bores I had to listen to! But if he'd just start another one somehow, I'd be willing to give up everything! I've been a pig to him—a pig!"

"Yet you've had the only decent summer you've ever had, and you've earned it and you needed it. This is the first time you've ever been truly young, isn't it?"

"That doesn't matter." She reached out to touch his hand. "You know what I mean."

Mr. Hawksford apparently did.

"I never expected to enjoy any summer so much, Barbara."

"Nor I either."

"It's all your doing too."

"Not all. I didn't do anything but teach you a few simple steps."

"But they let me step into a new sort of life, Barbara. New friends, new parties—everything."

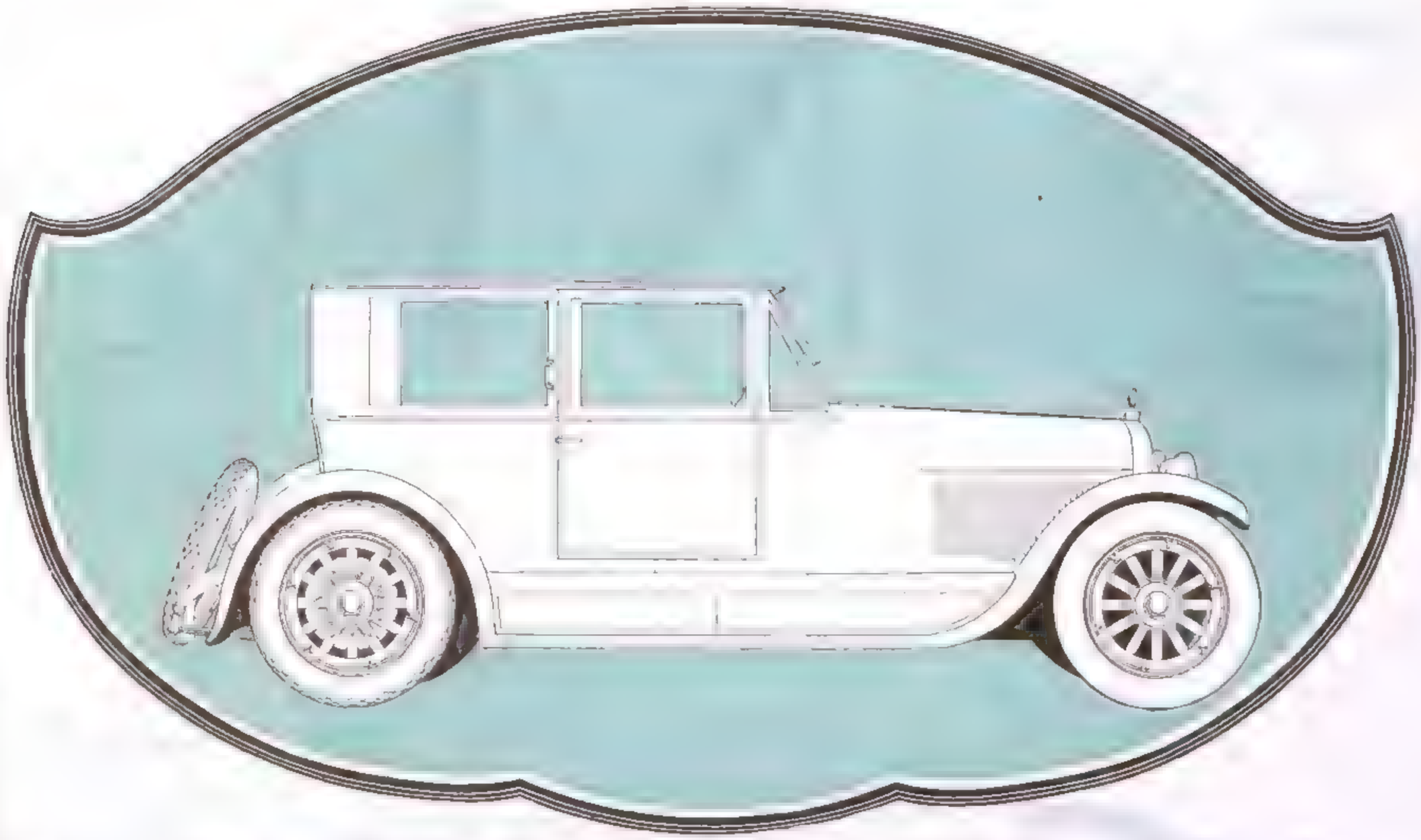
"You've done your own share and more too. Don't forget that."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hawksford, reddening. "You took to it like a duck."

They were interrupted on this particular occasion by the same young symphony in dark blue and white who had lately been assuming—in Mr. Hawksford's mind—a sinister character, and the tension was especially great because the symphony happened to be a first-year student in the law school. Mr Hawksford had already steeled himself to award the symphony next term a mark slightly higher than the highest he deserved in order that there might be no aftermath of regret for partiality.

It seemed to Mr. Hawksford that the symphony, strolling up the walk, was diabolic in his perfection. For one thing he was markedly handsome to the sight, and for another his conversation was modern and based on lightning repartee. More than that, he was the local tennis champion and his dancing made Mr. Hawksford writhe with envy. Finally, his parents had money and the symphony drove a car whose price

(Concluded on Page 106)



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The upholstery is of the finest imported character in shades to match the body colors.

The mouldings and hardware in delicate and beautiful designs combine to add beauty to the Jordan models.

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All Morris Supreme Canned Vegetables are delicious. You're sure of the quality when you get the kind packaged under the Morris yellow and black label.

MORRIS & COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 102)

would have bought a carload of the kind of car that Mr. Hawksford drove.

"Hello, Bab!" said the symphony cheerfully. "Good evening, Mr. Hawksford."

Mr. Hawksford managed to achieve a salutation, but it hurt him. He would have preferred the lists and the survival of the fittest.

"Hello, Bob," said Barbara with too much welcome.

Mr. Hawksford reflected grimly that Bab and Bob were names which blended mechanically. His own Christian name was Edwin; no one of his closest friends had ever called him anything but Edwin; and at the moment he was willing to believe that his name might as well be Lucifer for all that anyone cared.

"Going to the water carnival a week from Saturday?"

"Why, if father's well enough."

"Coming with me?"

His smile was a harpoon in Mr. Hawksford's gizzard, and he opened his mouth to interrupt. Too late!

"Why, thank you ever so much, Bob, I'd love to."

The symphony lingered but briefly. After he had gone Mr. Hawksford swung toward Barbara.

"That wasn't fair!" he said, and his tone showed something of his vast disappointment and chagrin.

"What wasn't?"

"To accept an invitation offhand like that before you'd turned me down."

She looked at him under arched eyebrows.

"I'm sorry if you're disappointed, but Bob and I've known each other ever since we were children and I've always played round a lot with him, and—and if you wanted me to go with you why didn't you ask me?"

His profession was founded on logic, but he reserved the privilege of being unreasonable in his private affairs.

"You knew I intended to," he said sternly. "Of course you knew."

"No, I didn't. How could I?"

"You knew," he persisted, and now his subconscious self was coming out to inquire of him why he should injure his own cause by growing angry. It was an emotion exactly contrary to what he knew he ought to display. "You knew, and you let somebody else walk right over me and ——"

"I didn't let him—you did."

"It's the same thing. I was looking forward to taking you to that carnival. I've had it in mind ever since it was announced. I don't think it was nice of you at all to ——"

"And I," said Barbara with much dignity, "don't think it's very nice of you to mention it, even if you don't."

Mr. Hawksford rose and endeavored to smile.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it."

Barbara leaped to her feet.

"Yes, we will too!" she flared. "I don't think you're behaving well at all! You haven't any right to talk to me like that! Just because you're twice as old as I am, that doesn't mean ——"

"I'm not anywhere nearly twice as old as you are," snapped Mr. Hawksford. "I'm eleven years older, since you had your birthday. You're not going to claim you're only eleven, are you?"

"That isn't the point anyway. You said ——"

"You might be a little more accurate without hurting anything though."

"Accurate!" she cried with intense scorn. "That's all you think about—accuracy! It doesn't make any difference to you whether you've hurt my feelings or not—all you think about is your old accuracy! I'd be pretty much ashamed of myself if I were you!"

"That," said Mr. Hawksford, quivering, "sounds very strange—coming from a genealogist. You're supposed to have a reputation for accuracy yourself."

Barbara froze in place. She looked at Mr. Hawksford out of blue eyes which were like the shadow of Arctic ice.

"Now," said Barbara quite simply, "I do hate you."

Mr. Hawksford had delivered many a lecture on the value of court strategy, but he was a rank amateur in the strategy of courting. His face fell and he picked up his hat. He would have been the most dazed and mystified man in the world if he could have been granted a flash of pure intuition at that moment and known that after a few seconds of preliminary he could have kissed her outright and settled matters infinitely beyond the date of the water carnival. But he followed the bachelor's instinct and took a wrathful maiden at her word, which was the worst thing he could possibly have done.

"I'd better go then, Barbara." He looked for a reprieve and took her silence as an indication that she was incapable of giving one. "If that's the case, perhaps I'd better go."

"Just as you like," said Barbara indifferently. "It rests entirely with you."

Mr. Hawksford bowed stuffily from the waist and put on his hat and went down the steps of the veranda, down the walk and climbed into his car. If he had glanced back he would have gained no hope. If he had come back—but Mr. Hawksford was an average man in circumstances like these. He hadn't the faintest conception of the fact that this unhappy scene was bringing them unavoidably together. He thought it was the end of a friendship.

He stayed away from Barbara's house for exactly twenty-four hours; and it does credit to his character that he sank his own inhibitions and risked the chance of Barbara's thinking that he was crawling back to heel, in order to make his customary visit upon her father. It was a difficult visit, but Mr. Hawksford was thinking not of his own troubles but of Doctor Temple's, and the doctor had no suspicion that anything was wrong.

"I do hope I'm going to be up for the September meeting of the Pilgrim Association," said the doctor plaintively. "I haven't missed one in fifteen years. I wish you were eligible for that association, Hawksford. It's one of the most durable satisfactions I have. And the people in it—they're exactly our kind. They've got brains and personality."

"Maybe I am eligible," said Mr. Hawksford cheerfully. "But if I am I don't know it. I don't so much as know my grandmother's maiden name."

"Don't you care?"

"Not a great deal."

"Don't you care who your ancestors were?"

"No more than they probably worried themselves about me—or yours about you."

Doctor Temple sighed profoundly.

"You're a hard man to understand sometimes."

"Possibly because I'm so transparent, doctor."

"No, for a man with as gentle a nature as yours you have a very bad habit of treading on people's toes. I don't believe you even know when you do it. I'm sure you don't. But you do it just the same. Barbara says so too."

"Oh, she does, does she?"

"You've evidently said something recently that's hurt her a good deal worse than your scorn of my—my principal pleasure—just hurt me."

"Oh, that's too bad! I didn't know I'd offended you, doctor."

"That's exactly what I said."

"And as far as offending Barbara ——"

"Listen to me, my son." The doctor sat up straighter. "I've known my daughter fairly well for nineteen years now. In the last half dozen she hasn't to my knowledge cried more than three times. She cried yesterday after you went away. I suppose she'd disown me if she knew I told you. The hardest thing in the world for a man of your intellectual capacity and your temperament is to make a good apology. You haven't actually apologized to me yet, though I know you think you have. It's there in your own mind, but you don't get it out. I sense it, because I'm a man. But if you value Barbara's good opinion I'd advise you to see her as soon as you can conveniently and get it over with."

Mr. Hawksford was crimson.

"I'll throw your words right back in your teeth, doctor. If I offended you I apologize."

"You're forgiven long ago."

"And I do thank you very much for being so good a friend as to tell me that. I'll see Barbara."

"I've always believed," said the doctor gently, "that her good opinion is very well worth while."

"So have I."

His tone caught the doctor's imagination, and he gazed steadily, inquiringly at Mr. Hawksford until the younger man dropped his eyes.

"Is it as important as that to you?"

"It's everything," said Mr. Hawksford under his breath.

The doctor gazed long and searchingly at him and finally with a faint smile, which was meant in benediction and not in humor, lifted his hand in a gesture which was familiar and consoling and required no words to accompany it; after which there was silence between them until Mr. Hawksford felt that it was time for him to go.

It distressed him beyond measure that a telegram summoned him out of town that night for consultation, and he was complex enough to argue that Barbara would indict him for the necessity of going before he had made peace with her. But courage returned to him when he recognized the feasibility of writing her a letter. He knew that he expressed himself more readily with a pen than with his tongue, and the few hundred miles between Barbara and himself provided an excuse which would hardly have been valid while they were in the same town.

Furthermore he was compelled to admit that the seventh draft of his letter was better than the first. It was dignified and it contained a very handsome apology, but two-thirds of it went to explain the urgency of the consultation. This—if he had only known it—was quite as significant as the apology itself.

In response he got a brief note of pardon, not too long and not too lenient to provide any basis for conceit. He could conjure up no excuse for a second letter to Barbara, so that he wrote to the doctor instead; and when the doctor had read it he smiled very quietly to himself and transferred the message to its real addressee. In the course of the week the doctor had two more of these illuminating documents. The final postscript said that Mr. Hakwsford would return home on the train arriving at eight-five. Mr. Hawksford knew that Barbara craved to attend the water carnival, and yet didn't like to leave her father unattended. He himself was not the least interested in the carnival; please tell Barbara to go right ahead and Mr. Hawksford would be at the house by eight-thirty prepared to spend the evening with the doctor.

On Saturday night the gifted pedagogue was five good minutes ahead of his schedule. He was admitted by the doctor's housekeeper, who preceded him, not upstairs but to the library. Astonished and relieved, he entered to find the venerable clergyman seated at the sacred desk. Doctor Temple's color was better, his eyes were brighter and he displayed more animation than Mr. Hawksford could remember.

"Well, this is mighty neighborly of you, my boy!"

"Doctor, you're looking great! What's happened?"

The clergyman chuckled in triumph.

"I told you I'd be up for that meeting. It doesn't come for eight or nine days either. Sit down, sit down, won't you? A good trip?"

"Fine, thank you."

"I appreciated your writing me."

"Oh, that was nothing. What's all this? Getting to work on something?"

"Oh, flo, no! Association matters." The doctor put on an expression of guileless appeal. "My boy, I do wish you'd tell me all you know about your family. I've set my heart on having you a member of that association. It means more to me than a young man like you can realize. And we need some younger members, too, to keep the interest alive. At least let me hunt back a little and see if there's any use in trying to qualify you."

"Well, I'm here to entertain you, doctor, and if that's what you want you can have it. I can tell you all I know in about four sentences."

"Please do," said the clergyman, squaring away with a very fat fountain pen.

He had apparently pumped Mr. Hawksford dry and he was leisurely assorting his notes when Mr. Hawksford, chancing to look out of the window, saw a well-remembered figure in the dusk of the lawn. Mr. Hawksford's chin went up in an instant.

"Why, isn't that Barbara out there?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Doctor Temple serenely.

"Isn't her — isn't she awfully late in getting started?"

"Why," said Doctor Temple without stress, "I think she decided she didn't care to go. It wouldn't disturb me in the slightest if you went out to say good evening to her, Edwin. I want to sort these notes anyway."

The doctor spoke to a man who was already on his way. Then slowly he rose and went over to the window. He was suffused with guilt, but this particular species of guilt was a strong tonic to him, and he absolved himself, because he couldn't hear their voices.

Mr. Hawksford went boldly over the lawn. Barbara, wearing the same pink-flowered organdie gown she had worn at the association meeting, with its same wide sash and seductive big bow, turned sharply at his footsteps.

"Why—why—when did you get here?"

Mr. Hawksford would have been similarly unconscious of publicity if they had stood in the middle of Main Street instead of in the protection of the bridal wreath.

"Why aren't you at that carnival?"

"I—I changed my mind. I suppose I've a right to change my mind if I want to, haven't I?"

Mr. Hawksford went a step nearer.

"Why did you change it, Barbara?"

She retreated as far as the hedges would permit and that was a little over a foot.

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

"Just because."

Mr. Hawksford reached out uncertainly and captured one of her hands. In the library window Doctor Temple caught his breath.

"Did you know I was coming to-night?"

"F-father told me how kind you were to offer ——"

"You didn't stay home on my account, did you?" He captured the other hand and there was nowhere for her to retreat. She looked up at him and her eyes were very wide and terrified, but far from terrifying Mr. Hawksford. "Did you? Answer me."

"I—won't!" said Barbara.

"You will too! I want you to tell me why you stayed?"

"Well—why, do you think?"

Mr. Hawksford delayed—as all right-minded men delay in similar crises—only long enough for the precious moment to engrave itself on his reason.

"I don't think—I know," said Mr. Hawksford in a tone which almost alarmed him by its mastery of the situation. And even if Barbara had tried to resist the sweeping power of his arms, even if she had attempted to struggle free from those flexed muscles, even if she had endeavored to escape his lips hunting for hers she would have been powerless. But she didn't.

And as Doctor Temple at the library window saw his daughter's pink organdie crushed and rendered useless for society, until the laundress had taken a hot iron to it, by the imperious eagerness of Mr. Hawksford he suddenly choked a little and turned away. And then with an extraordinarily cheerful smile he sat down at the sacred desk again and began to get his notes in order.

On the station platform Mr. Hawksford was delivering baggage checks to the proper official when Doctor Temple's physician hailed him blithely.

"Hello, there, Hawksford! Just back? How are you anyway—and how's Mrs. Hawksford?"

No one could possibly have thought the lawyer plain in any feature as he smiled.

"Just back. Oh, Bab's fine, thank you! How's the doctor?"

"Bully!" said the medical man with enthusiasm. "I was up there this afternoon. Haven't seen him so fit in ten years. And say, when you see what he's doing don't laugh! It hurts his feelings, and besides you might be an ancestor yourself some day. He's got one Pilgrim ancestor for you, but he says so many of your lines are so hard to trace he's got a life job ahead of him. But he says your children have got to have a complete genealogical record. Yes, the doctor's in wonderful shape. You gave him the big idea after all, didn't you? I told you what he needed, Hawksford. Wasn't I right? Wasn't I right?"

Mr. Smith had a horse~

Mr. Brown wanted to buy the horse, but he didn't know much about horses. Mr. Smith said if he didn't like the horse, he would give back Brown's money. But Mr. Brown figured that if the horse were right, Smith would let him try it out first, before he paid for it. So he didn't buy the horse, although he needed it badly.

Our Special Trial Offer

We'll let you prove to yourself, *before you buy it*, that the 1900 Cataract Washer saves time and money, as well as wear and tear on the clothes. The 1900 dealer in your town will demonstrate one in *your home*. After you've seen what it does, start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. But remember the 1900 dealer will demonstrate it first, in your own home.

The Figure 8 Movement

The 1900 Cataract Washer operates on a figure 8 principle, by which the sudsy, cleansing water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement which sends it through them *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer. This is an *exclusive* feature of the 1900 Washer.

The Swinging Reversible Wringer

You can swing the wringer—which works electrically—from the washer over to the rinse water, then to the blue water, and then to the clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch!

No Heavy Cylinders to Lift Out

The gleaming copper tub has no parts to rub against the clothes to cause wear and tear, and no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean after the wash is finished. Delicate waists, fine underwear or even bed and table linen can be washed in the 1900. This means a saving in laundry bills. And you have the comforting knowledge that *your* clothes are not being washed in the same water with *other people's!*

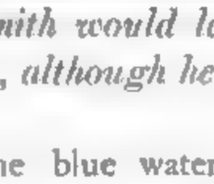
Easy to Operate

Just connect your 1900 with the electric light socket, and pull back the lever. Off it starts, and in less than 10 minutes, out come the clothes white and clean. Costs less than 2 cents an hour to operate, and the tubs come in two sizes, holding the equivalent of 8 and 12 sheets.

1900 WASHER CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office, 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto

1900 CATARACT WASHER



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes

The swinging wringer is reversible. No moving of the washer.

Just connect it with the electric light, and pull back the lever.

No heavy cylinders in the tub to lift out and clean. No parts to rub against the clothes.

1900 Washer Company
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me details of your trial offer and name of nearest 1900 dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 27)

Charity stood and looked down at the grieving figure through half-closed, speculative eyes. She could forgive the guilty Bickley Ryker. Pride had helped her to that; but the innocent Dorothy—that was a different matter. This girl was the extreme type of all that Charity was in arms against. Since childhood she had personified all that Charity had been taught to challenge. Her unconscious condescension, her persistent, unruffled courtesy, which seemed so natural and spontaneous but was in reality the result of generations of training, had become by degrees almost insupportable to Charity. Her proud dignity had been perceived by Charity to be the result of general admission of her superiority.

When the test of that superiority came, was it proved? Charity had been inwardly contemptuous. The girl had borne her grief well; but so had millions of others borne similar griefs. She nursed, and did all that nursing implied, but volunteer aid nurses were on duty only three half days a week, the convalescing officers who were sent to this hospital were a picked lot, and to Charity it was all rather an elegant social game than a sacrifice.

Charity had seen rough service in France, had been slightly wounded, had come home to real work, indispensable, filling a gap; and vaguely, but eagerly, she had hoped for a change. She had unconsciously expected to find the comradeship of France, the frank, unconscious equality, a handclasp from Dorothy as warm and genial as from the village dwellers. The handclasp had been warm and kindly, but the hand had been stretched down from above; there was always the invisible barrier. Their work threw them much together, but the barrier was never lifted.

Charity was inwardly bitter. Her talk with Bickley Ryker showed that. But she was too busy, too wholesomely exhilarated by hard work well done, and too cheerful hearted, to sulk or brood. But at moments resentment flamed. This was such a moment.

She looked down on the weeping Dorothy with a cold antagonism. This footling girl played at nursing, played at estate management, was always immaculate, and yet fancied herself a real worker. With her nice clean pinny on, and the red cross on her breast, which precisely suited her complexion, she had won Charity's man and then flung him away with an atrocious insult, an insult not alone personal to himself but to the whole British Army. Bickley Ryker was a cold-blooded cad, but he had been no coward when he had shaken this girl. Charity hoped that he had done it well and thoroughly.

It was just as she thought this that Dorothy sat up with a jerk. She saw through streaming, swollen eyes who was beside her. She caught Charity's hands in both hers and pressed them to her burning cheek.

"Charity," she mumbled with a sob.

In an instant Charity had knelt. One arm was about Dorothy, the other pressed Dorothy's head close to her breast.

"There, there," she crooned, and she rocked a little to and fro, and caressed the hot cheek as a mother would a baby's. The sobs became sighs as the head nestled against the cowman's smock.

"He understands," Charity murmured. "He has heard all about it of course. He met me on the doorstep and said he had hoped you wouldn't remember him, but you had, and had thought of them all together that day. He's a thorough gentleman—for all he's a common soldier."

Dorothy sat up and looked at her, but Charity, ashamed that she had planted that last dart, contrived to appear innocent.

Charity laughed. "I saw waffles in France," she said. "They are rather decent crisscrossed cakes that Yankees wolf up. Your cheek is a waffle from the smocking. Buck up, now. Come in the kitchen and we'll douse your head."

Dorothy smiled weakly. Then she flung her arms round Charity's neck and kissed her. There were tears in Charity's eyes as she supported Dorothy to the kitchen.

VIII

MEANWHILE, Roger was lying on a hillside under the shade of a lonely yew tree. How helpless she was, he was thinking, for all her proud bearing; and how utterly alone. What courage, what gallant bravery! No wonder that she had broken down at last, when that scene in the park had been so sharply recalled to her. She was worn out. Her responsibilities were too heavy. Would frankness help her? Should he go to her and declare himself? What comfort could he give? What sympathy would she accept from him? None, of course; he would be to her a cruel intruder. He must stand by—that was all; just stand by and do what he could. But what could that end in?

He raised himself and looked down at the park wall, at the fields stretching far away, at the blue water of the distant Channel; and for all the wide free space he felt himself imprisoned. The walls were intangible, but substantial for all that. He thought of Poe's story of the walls that noiselessly closed little by little each hour; so did these traditions and customs that bound these strange English seem to grasp and clasp him ever the more strongly. These solemn people, these schoolmasters and villagers and everybody, who seemed to know exactly how an heir ought to feel and think and do; who marked out his path for him and were so calmly sure that he would follow it without a kick; that farmer who had said, and seriously too—oh, this was not a joking nation—"We'll break un in, be he never so headstrong a colt."

Were they right in these things that they uttered in their stolid way? He lay back and stared up at the flocculent clouds. There was one unwritten law in the United States, he thought, and everybody could understand that. It meant a snap judgment and a quick trigger finger. Strangely enough, over here they had unwritten laws for everything but that. And how could a stranger know them, or understand how binding they were, or which was the real thing and which only the chatter of villagers?

You perceive the drift of all this perturbed jumble of protesting reflection; and in the end he asked himself the question straight out. Was it up to him to marry Dorothy? Everybody said so. Had anybody said so to her? Was she thinking about it? These things were more practically handled in this country, he understood, than they were in the States. There was nearly always a managing mother in the background, he recalled. In the older stories he had read, now that he thought them over, the daughters had not seemed to know what was going on and had danced into love without realizing that they were marionettes moved by unseen wires. In the newer yarns—some that he had read in hospitals—the girls had not been so bat-eyed and had played up to every move or had done it all for themselves.

Dorothy had nobody to work her oracle. Would she work it for herself? Would she expect the heir to propose? If he could get an answer to that question, that settled it; there was nothing for it but to propose. There was no other way of making things right for her.

The duchess? He remembered that he was to be shown over his own house the next day by the duchess. She would know all the confounded traditions and customs and regulations of this hidebound country. She would have at her finger ends the code of etiquette for miserable heirs who came from foreign lands and had to take over unwelcome estate.

His lips twitched in a smile as he thought of the singular nature of his reflection. It was not himself, it was the estate, which was the bridegroom, he thought, and so he was free to take any viewpoint, to examine from any angle, without vanity, without feeling, like an outsider, and with no want of respect for Dorothy. The property was here. It could not be shifted across the water. He could not, it seemed, pry himself loose from it. He must take it, subject to all its leases and covenants and contracts and easements and foreshore rights and rights of common and estover and all the rest of the legal lingo, and also with all its ghosts, if there were any, and immemorial past, and shadowy customs, and unwritten laws.

If Dorothy was a scheduled heirloom which went with the estate, all right.

He checked on this, suddenly grave. Was she still crying? Had Charity comforted her? Why had Charity taken it so lightly? Charity was as kind as the sun. You felt better when she came into the room. She was a real girl, a real worker.

"Well, soldier, having a siesta?"

Roger no more than opened his eyes. They saw only new chamois leather gloves, staring bright, unnatural things on a pair of hands in that country field. "Yes," he murmured, and drooped his lids.

He had no doubt but that these gloves incased the lily fingers of the spy with the field glasses, but curiosity in that direction was for the moment dead. He was wrought up, though he did not know that, and he was now profoundly serious in considering the grave decision to which he had been inexorably forced. This interruption was intensely distasteful, even though it came, as accent showed, from a fellow countryman. Roger was doubly prejudiced against the interrupter. He was ashamed to know that an American had furtively watched a girl through glasses. She a spy? That pretty dolled-up girl up there on the hilltop? Ridiculous! Even if she was, those glasses were much too large and glaring. It was like shooting a bird of paradise with a seventy-five millimeter.

The wearer of the gloves flung himself down on the ground.

"Perhaps you don't know what siesta means," he said with a nervous laugh meant to be affable.

Roger sensed a note of timidity in the utterance. He depressed his chin slightly to indicate that he did know. He had never learned the blunt English way of driving off intruders. He could not have emulated that icy manner if he would.

"Name, Starlow; from Sheffield. Overworked. Vacation in this dead section."

Roger's languid interest was roused by this obvious lie. No Englishman introduces himself in that direct way. An Englishman would be "taking a holiday in this quiet part." But he only depressed his chin once more.

"Have a cigar?" said the pertinacious Mr. Starlow.

"No, thanks."

The stranger took one from a large case, thereby furnishing further proof of nationality; for an Englishman rarely smokes cigars in the open. He bit off the end: still further proof. He carefully removed a glove to search for matches. Roger yawned and raised himself that he might the better examine that extraordinary hand. It was covered by milk-white skin, as fine and soft as that of a tiny baby. The veins beneath were so conspicuous that they suggested the blue delta of some wide-branching river. The nails were as old as the veins, but delicately trimmed and faintly yellowed like old ivory.

"Shell shock?" the American asked as he scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"No."

"I didn't know but you'd been shocked dumb."

Roger shook his head and raised his eyes to see if the face confirmed the hands, which could belong to only one kind of man—a gambler. He saw a good-looking man of thirty perhaps, with a clear, wholesome skin, reddish hair and evasive blue eyes, which turned away from his scrutiny.

"Discharged?" Roger asked.

"Exempt. Necessary industry."

"British subject?"

The man turned almost frightened eyes on him, then glanced away. "Yes—no," he stammered. "Been in this country some time though. Neat village, this." He puffed out smoke, which rose straight in the still air.

"Very pretty," Roger agreed.

"Nice view; clear to the horizon."

There is one amphibious word in the English language. At sea its accent is on the first syllable. It had just been so pronounced. Roger glanced up. A ship's officer? With those milk-white hands? Impossible. He saw the glove replaced with caressing pressures, such as a lady might employ; yet the man was no dandy. Well set up, he wore a neat tweed suit and fairly stout, well-made shoes; and both were of obvious American make.

"The war has rubbed all the moss off you," the stranger ventured with a glance of calculated approval.

"Was it on?" Roger asked, smiling.

"Bound to be if you were brought up in this little place. It wasn't your fault. How does it feel to come back?"

"Very restful."

"Yes, it's all that and more. Know everybody round, I s'pose? Notice any changes?"

"A farm," said Roger dryly, "has changed hands since the war, and there's more wheat and less pasture."

The questioner grinned at the recital of these mighty alterations, and proceeded on the path which was obviously to lead to the girl on the hilltop.

"They say there's a lot of strangers tucked away here somehow."

"Some, besides yourself."

"Others get broke up as well as me, I s'pose. I heard it was moss grown and so I said 'That's my place.' I had to hustle to get in. I favored that Lebanon farm on the hilltop, but they had just rented out the rooms—to some young lady, they said."

He looked with hopeful interest for the result of this cunning lead, but Roger only stared at a flying cuckoo which he thought was a hawk.

"Don't happen to know her perhaps?" Mr. Starlow turned his still hopeful eyes on the object of this subtle query.

Roger yawned and rose lazily.

"I thought"—the persistent man got up too—"she mightn't be staying long and I could get the rooms."

"Go and ask," was the curt rejoinder.

He caught a quick, indignant frown and saw more sparks in those blue eyes than he had thought could be flashed from their amiable depths, but an obtuse amiability quickly masked the outbreak.

"I didn't exactly like to butt in," Mr. Starlow explained.

"You seem to like it sometimes," Roger answered with a curt nod, and he strode off across the field, leaving a flushed and angry man staring after him.

"He's learned to be a detective in a correspondence school," Roger said to himself, and he headed straight for the hilltop. But as he walked—too fast, in his vexation, for those outraged lungs—he thought of a better plan than to tell the girl that she was being watched through glasses. He grinned and looked down toward the chimney of Ted Howarth's cottage. But he kept on his straight way through the farmyard and came down by the lane to the side of the garden. She was there beneath the Lebanon as gorgeously decorative as before, sitting motionless, looking down over the valley, her hands folded in her lap, and never a book near—looking, just looking.

His hand lingered on the gate latch as he wondered why he was here, what he was going to say and what excuse he would give. She repelled him as before by her cold isolation; she attracted him as before as the one beautiful thing in a drab world of workers. His curiosity was sharpened by the discovery that she was under the eye of an American watcher, a bungling amateur, too crude to be an official.

A clock in the house struck five. The girl nodded at each stroke and then burst into a peal of silver laughter, unrestrained, infectious. Roger opened the gate; she was just a girl after all. She turned her head and the laugh fell to gurgles and the gurgles to a chuckle and the chuckle ended in a smile.

"I have come to the right place after all," she called out gayly as he approached. "I laugh every time the clock strikes."

He was taken aback by the friendly intimacy of this offhand greeting.

"I'll go and set it an hour ahead right now," he said as he stretched his arms along the low branch and looked down at her. Over her cushions to-day was thrown a blue-silk cover, dotted with Japanese embroidery of butterflies, which seemed to have settled there the instant before.

"No," she said. "Once each sixty minutes is enough."

"But I have only heard it once."

"The clock has a note like a bell," she answered demurely, glancing up. Her face was alive, just as it had been in that instant the day before in which he had surprised her curious glance, but its expression now was only that of careless friendliness.

"I did not mean the clock."

"Oh, oh—and you don't even know why I laugh."

"I don't care as long as you laugh."

This soldier in his worn jacket, carelessly open, was on the edge, perhaps was over

(Continued on Page 111)

MIDWEST UTILITOR

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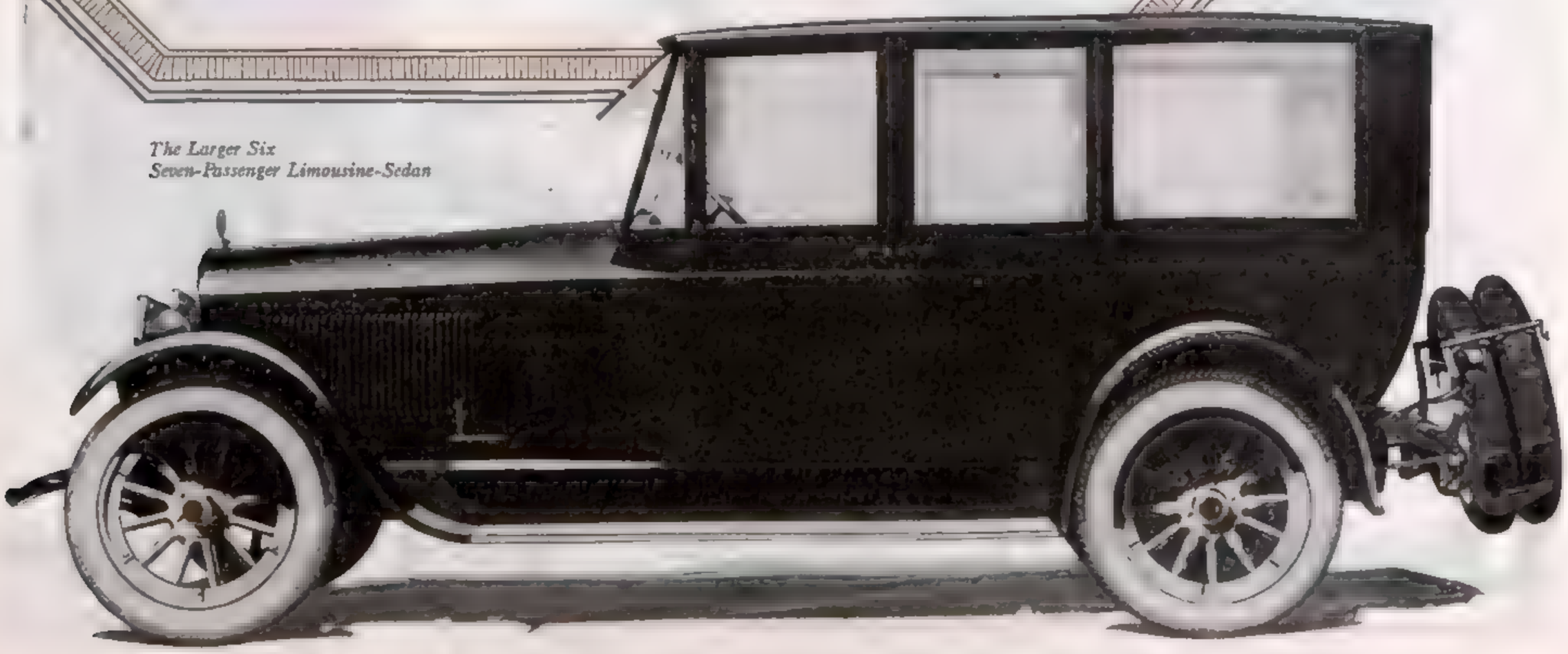

The Larger Six
Seven-Passenger Limousine-Sedan

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the edge, of flirtation, but the girl seemed not so much to mind as not to notice. He had the impression that she would have shared the joke with anybody who came along.

"What time is it?" she asked.

He glanced at his watch. "Why, the clock is an hour slow," he said.

She nodded, and her dancing eyes were lifted to his. "It has not accidentally gotten the habit," she said. "I only knew this afternoon. It's predestined, foreordained. We live an hour behind the world. The farmer says it's unholy and unchristian to change sacred things. So he has refused to adopt 'summer time.'"

Roger's laugh was as round and sound as hers was cheerful, and it started hers again.

"Listen," she cried, lifting a finger. "Even his cows protest. They know they are an hour behind all the rest. There they are, on the road." The small herd of milkers emerged from the belt of larches below, and Farmer Tudd was behind them.

"I came in to see what time you got your daily paper," Roger said.

She smiled as she answered: "Every Friday." "Oh, yes"—to his incredulous look—"they only take the country weekly."

"May I arrange ——"

"Would you? Could you?"

"Easily. There's always somebody coming this way every day."

"Oh, please do!" She smiled and nodded as he stepped back.

Roger swung down the road in very cheerful mood and paused for a friendly word with Farmer Tudd.

"Found 'em in the road, 'arf a mile away," said the farmer, jerking a hand crossly toward his cows. "Policeman seed 'em and I says: 'Ow can I keep up my 'edges? I ain't got no 'elp.' And he says: 'You'll get off light, farmer, only 'arf a crown a 'ead, most likely, and what's that to a farmer, all being so rich these days?' That's it everywheres. Farmers getting rich. And me buying meal at forty shillings the sack, and being robbed of income tax."

"Hard luck, farmer. But you've let your rooms well."

"They goes with the poultry to the wife."

He plodded on. Roger glanced back at him, then up the hill. He could see a spot of white against blue under the Lebanon. Then suddenly he said softly to himself: "She's American."

He walked slowly beneath the larches, asking how he knew this. As he had read Poe over again behind the trenches he had gained a hint that had led him in the trenches to spend hours in tracing links in trains of thought and in piecing together those apparently disconnected, flitting reflections that wander like vagrants through the mind. He caught it at length. The farmer had repeated her words about the cows, but he had found the herd in the road—she had seen them on it. Americans walk on the road, cross oceans on a steamer; English people travel in a steamer and walk in a road; a preposition proved the girl American. Was there other proof? Roger fished in memory for her sentences. Ah; the clock had not accidentally gotten a habit. That was decisive. "Gotten" as a past participle is as dead in England as "putten" is in both countries.

"She's like me," Roger said to himself. "She's been among the English so long that she's only kept the little American expressions."

He was depressed by his new knowledge. Forgotten censures and antagonisms of yesterday were revived. Her slippers and silk stockings to-day were mouse-colored. Her white dress in its costly simplicity seemed all right in his eyes, but it was immaculate, and no dress for working. The unpleasant suggestions of a lavish and wanton prodigality came back to him. She was alert, clever; how had he ever doubted that? Her laughter was honest and innocent. Only a cynic or a fool could think that she sold herself for this glittering stuff that made a solid farm room look like the den of a burglar's fence.

But she was an American girl under the secret surveillance of an American man. There was no hint, he thought, in the shape of her face or in pronounced cheek bones that she had German blood in her. But there might be; she might have a perverted sense of duty; there were useful things to be found out in this neighborhood. But if so, why should an intelligent girl attract attention to herself by going about with the fixings that were suitable only to the honey-mooning bride of an oil king's son?

"Oh, hang it!" Roger cried aloud.

He had two girls on his hands already. He was appalled to feel a sense of responsibility for a third. Yet feel it he did. She came from God's country; so did he. He stepped out of the larches in time to see a dim figure disappear from an open window. The fellow was at it again—well, it was his last hour with his glasses. They were going where they'd watch more dangerous things than a girl under a Lebanon tree. Roger went on with eyes fixed on the window, but nobody appeared there.

"Law is Law," said Roger sententiously. "Ignorance is No Excuse. Will You Come With Me Now to the Police at Castlechepe?"

He met Ted Howarth in the road. They had fraternized for ten minutes the night before. In different battalions in different places, but the same experiences; so they were friends with a word. Howarth was a quarryman's son, a giant of twenty-two, with a hand like a steam hammer and weak eyes of watery gray. His fourteen days' leave expired the next morning.

"Off to-night, mate?"

"Yes."

"Three miles to train?"

"Yes."

"And your kit weighs seventy-eight pounds."

The big soldier looked at Roger with envy. "I wish I'd got it too. I'm fed up."

"I'm lucky," Roger admitted. No soldier who had had half of four years ever pretended that he wanted to go back. "What's a pair of good glasses worth over there?"

"Fifteen Bradbury's; or more."

"Righto. I'll hire a trap and drive you in and you shall have a pair of glasses to sell over there." He explained about an alien snooping about and what he thought ought to be done.

"I'm on," Howarth said promptly.

"Then come to my house at ten o'clock to-night in parade dress with your rifle," Roger said, and he turned away to the wheelwright.

"Can't be done," the latter explained. "I can't hire the pony out nights. You see he's too hot to be turned out when he comes in and straw's rationed and I ain't got none to bed him down in the stable."

In the end Roger openly stole a truss of straw from Charity's cherished store at the Home Farm and so was promised the trap.

He was surprised to find Charity bending over the table in her sitting room.

"There," she cried, "I've finished the last one." She licked the gum on the envelope with a tongue as red as that of a wholesome dog: one of Nature's most convincing banners of health. She snatched up a dozen letters. "They had to go to-night; I did them on my own. I hope she'll approve." She laughed. "Her eyes were too red and swollen for the street," she ran on cheerfully. "We sneaked down the garden and she climbed the wall and bolted home by the fields."

"You talk as though you were glad she broke down."

"I am," Charity cried. "It did her a lot of good. Me too. Yes, it was good for us both."

Roger laughed, just because Charity seemed in such unaccountable spirits. She was always bright, but she brimmed over to-night.

"It's a rum thing, Miss Turle," he said, bending forward, "but even in those boots you dance about as though you jolly well enjoyed life, and even in that smock you look mighty pretty."

Charity flushed with frank pleasure at words so spontaneously uttered. Her old occupation had trained her to blunt compliments, and taught her which were sincere.

"I've not been praised for years," she said. "It sounds like a peal of joy bells."

"Hear another," he said, pointing to the letters. "I'm clerk. Miss Lingard takes me on."

"Oh," Charity exclaimed. "Everything? Paying wages, keeping the accounts?"

"Everything." He felt quite safe in saying it. Dorothy would not be round for a couple of days. By that time he would be so firmly intrenched that she could not move him.

"How I hate it," Charity said. "I'm so glad." She looked as if she were going to kiss him. He wished that she would. Rather she than the girl on the hill, he thought in hasty comparison. Charity was as pretty and a heap more useful.

He turned artless eyes on the clock. The moment had come to surprise and test her.

"There's a curious hole in that pedestal door," he said. "Looks like a bullet hole."

"It is," Charity said. "The clock belonged to the vicar a hundred years ago. I've often heard my uncle tell the tale. After dinner and port, the vicar bet he would put a bull's-eye through the pendulum. He listened for the tick, fired on the tick, and won."

Roger opened the door and was examining the brass circle as it swung.

"It's right," he said; "here's the hole, plugged with lead. Hello, what's this?" He had pretended accidentally to knock aside the false bottom. He picked up coins and let them fall in a stream.

"Well, I never!" Charity exclaimed, running to him.

"A hidden hoard!" Roger cried dramatically as he retreated to a seat and watched the excited girl scoop handfuls to the table.

"My uncle!" she gasped.

"My prophetic soul—my uncle!" he echoed, grinning at her surprise. "Yours, now. I have brought you luck. I'm awfully glad."

"How splendid for Tom! Oh, I say, what luck. Yes, you brought it."

"Only half Tom's," he corrected. "Half yours."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it is. Fancy uncle ——"

But she stopped short to scan a slip of yellowed paper. Roger frowned. He had not known of this. "February 8, 1889, five shillings," she read aloud. "February 15, 22, March 1 ——" She glanced at the bottom of the sheet. "Oh," she said, and she repeated it once more; and then she sat down and looked ruefully at the coins.

"It's the Yankee's," she announced after an instant.

Roger muttered a most improper word.

"It's rent," she said. "It's written at the bottom here. 'Total rent due for the year, 13 pounds.' Poor old uncle."

"Rotten nonsense!" Roger exploded. "It's yours—yours and Tom's. He needs it. So do you."

She looked a little surprised.

"Would you take it if ——"

"Take it?" he interrupted hotly. "So quick you'd never see it disappear! Do you want to give everything to the Yankee?"

"I want to give him nothing," she said despondently, "but he's got to have what's his."

"Honesty run mad," he said angrily.

She did not hear him. She was looking out of the window. Suddenly she spoke as to herself. "There's more. There must be. Uncle did not save for one year only. I must search the house."

Roger was rabid now. He sprang in front of her as she jumped up.

"It's not legally his," he protested.

She stared at him. "You take this mightily to heart, sergeant," she said; "more than I do."

"Because I hate to see you making a quixotic fool of yourself."

She considered. "Do you really think there's a doubt?" she asked at length.

"Doubt be hanged! There's none. It's yours."

"I'll ask Lawyer Ball."

"Oh, if you do that—a bare legal right. Lawyers can't see beyond that."

She looked at him with grave disapproval. "I will not ask him," she said coldly. "I know why uncle saved and scraped and what he did it for. What he meant is what I'll do." She looked accusingly at Roger.

He flung up his hands. Not only had his plan utterly failed but he had forfeited Charity's confidence.

(Continued on Page 114)

Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 111)

"All right," he said decisively. "I leave this house this minute."

"Leave? Why?" She looked perplexed.

"Because I tell you what the Canadian law is about treasure-trove and you look at me and talk to me as though I was advising you to be a thief. And you say there's more about, and, of course, I'm not to be trusted ——"

Charity laughed. "You are talking like an angry kid," she said. "Now hide that away." She pointed to the heap on the table. "I must run."

She snatched up her letters and bolted. Roger's profound vexation was soothed by Charity's flight. He thought her quick, decided retreat the kindest, most tactful tribute he had ever received. She left him—no more than a stranger—with unknown hoards.

He shoveled the money back into the clock as though it was so much coal. Everything he touched, he thought, stuck to him like burs in California to sheep. Everything went with the estate, it seemed—except Charity. He wished that it was she, not Dorothy; this was a time for girls who laughed, not girls who cried.

He rushed at the work waiting for him, was staggered at the utter confusion and astonished at the magnitude of some figures, especially those covering sales of timber. He worked on and on, forgetting supper, only once permitting an interruption, which cost him five minutes. This came from a thought which knocked at his brain until he heard it. It was the conviction that he must expose all the hoards in the house—four of them. His position was too delicate to permit any tricks. If only he had dug down to the bottom of that pile, found that paper and destroyed it, Charity would have taken her share.

He jumped up at Ted Howarth's knock and glanced incredulously at the clock.

"Sit down. I'll be back in a minute." He handed out cigarettes.

"Strewth," the soldier said, glancing about the comfortable room. When Roger came back he was still swearing blasphemous oaths. That such rooms existed, that a private soldier lived in them, that he himself had to go back to the Front ——

"Whatever you do," Roger admonished, "don't stick him."

"I wish I could stick you," was the morose answer as the bayonet was viciously lunged into the air.

"I know I'm in luck," Roger soothed, buttoning his parade tunic. "And don't talk. Leave that to me. Come along."

It was a cloudy night and so there was only a hint of lingering summer twilight.

"He may not be a spy," Roger said, "and he may have a permit. But I ask you why should you be over there in all the muck and aliens with baby hands should be loafing about your village with field glasses?"

"It's bloody well wrong," Ted growled. This universal English adjective enriched every sentence. It was still a mystery to Roger why half a nation expressed every thought, feeling, emotion, reflection, idea and vision by one word, and equally mysterious that that coarse but unmeaning word should be regarded with such frightened horror by the other half.

The three cottages on the hillside were separated from the village by fields. That made Roger's plans possible. Any disturbance that might bring a commissioned officer on the scene meant failure and trouble for him. There was no fear of policemen. They met at the point beneath the oak tree once in a while—one from Castlechepe, one from Minturn—but Roger had heard that none had been seen in the village since Abel Barnes had hanged himself nine years before.

"Halt!" Sergeant Hill's voice rang through the night with a fiery menace.

As prearranged the rifle butt came to the ground with a rattle of steel. Then the door—no trifling, ready-made thing from Sweden—resounded and shook beneath hammering blows, until flung open from within. "What the hell ——"

Mr. Starlow of Sheffield stood pointing a large army service revolver.

Roger saluted. The soldier presented arms. The threatening pistol wavered and was then pointed downward.

Roger advanced. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said with stern politeness, "but I have come to inspect your permit to have, preserve and maintain field glasses in your possession."

He had often observed the effect of the stolid, unbendable polite English method. He had also noted the value of semilegal jargon. It supported the power of the law by giving impersonality to the law's representative. It transformed the representative into an animated legal paper, without humor, without compassion, impressive, not to be cajoled or tempted or turned aside.

"Permit?" Mr. Starlow uttered in a sharp, questioning accent. "Come in."

"Stand here in the open doorway," Roger ordered, and the soldier's rifle butt clanged on the sill in the spot indicated.

"Permit?" Mr. Starlow said again, laying the pistol gingerly on the bare pine table, on which stood a lamp burning dully.

"If you please."

"I did not know I had to have one." Mr. Starlow's eyes, far from evasive, looked into Roger's with a challenge and his jaws were snapped shut with power.

"You ought to have known. You lived so long in Sheffield, you know."

The eyes drooped for an instant, then shot defiance. "Who are you?" the man asked.

"Sergeant; military police." This lie might mean a court-martial, but Roger dared not hesitate.

"I am a citizen of the United States, an ally," Mr. Starlow explained with repressed indignation.

"Law is law," said Roger sententiously. "Ignorance is no excuse. Will you come with me now to the police at Castlechepe?"

Mr. Starlow stepped back. "Now—to the police?" He was visibly troubled.

"I don't insist. If you give up the glasses ——"

The American turned without a word, climbed a ladderlike flight of stairs, and returned with a fine pair of binoculars.

But Roger was still unsatisfied. "Your permit for the pistol?" he demanded in an implacable voice.

Mr. Starlow's chin protruded, his eyes narrowed, he looked into Roger's face with flaming pugnacity. He was white now, with unmistakable, fearless anger. After a long exchange of glances he pointed with one of the white fingers which had helped to mislead Roger into thinking him a coward.

Roger picked up the weapon. "Thank you," he said courteously. He walked out, followed by his faithful sentinel, who stopped down the road.

"Education and cheek," Howarth muttered. "Cheek and education."

"Well, what of them?"

"If I had 'em I'd be gassed too, and living in a bloody palace that pretends to be a cottage, and collecting glasses and pistols as I fancy."

Later, driving in, he was led to express an opinion on the American. "He took the knock like an Englishman," he said.

"I think so too," Roger agreed, pleased that his fellow countryman had met defeat with reasonable dignity and utter fearlessness. "I like the glasses. Take two pounds cash for 'em?"

The soldier was only too pleased. At the station he shook hands silently and got into the train with a muttered oath. It was a horror to go back, but he would fight none the worse because he returned unwillingly.

They were running three shifts at the munition works and one had just come off duty. The midnight street was thronged. The wheelwright's never-curried pony, alarmed by the bustle and the flares, was too dispirited to show it. He had had no oats for months, and cut-up chaff had more than its share of straw. Civilian ponies, like civilian human beings, must take what they could get.

At the police station Roger handed over with regret a pair of glasses and a pistol on the barrel of which was stamped: "The property of the United States Government."

"An American at St. Dyfrigs didn't know he had to have permits for these," Roger explained to the inspector, "and he thought he had better send them in till he's fixed it all up."

The inspector nodded commendation of this wise and open procedure; but he found that Mr. Starlow was not registered as an alien.

"There's only one alien there," he said as he glanced at his records. "Miss Elliott."

"I know her!" Roger cried. "Let me see, where does she come from?"

The inspector chuckled. "I could tell you how old she is too—but I won't."

He was very affable. That was because the sergeant's Mons ribbon was on the tunic. Princes and peasants honored that when sometimes the greatest glory of all passed unnoticed; for few recognized the rarely seen V. C. ribbon.

"Mr. Starlow only came yesterday," Roger explained. "I dare say he'll turn up to-morrow."

"He should have got permission before he came at all. If his papers are all right ——"

"Yes, you'll look into them of course."

"Of course; and we'll let him off light, seeing that he sent these along."

Roger sang as he drove home, pleased with his busy day. He did not know whether his disposal of the pistol and glasses was due to consideration for himself or for his fellow American. This American was not the kind of man to let the thing drop, so Roger had saved himself, and in doing that had done Starlow a good turn. It would have been unthinkable that he should, without the best of reasons, excite the suspicions of the police against a fellow countryman. Well, it was up to the police now; and there were no glasses to spy on Miss Elliott. He repeated her name several times in a low voice. He tried several Christian names with it. They all sounded well.

At a spot made dark by trees he overtook a shapeless, animated bundle walking heavily along. He pulled up.

"Have a lift?" he asked.

The beast of burden, heavy kit on back, silently unpacked it into the trap and clambered in.

"Leave?" Roger asked.

"Aye."

"Where from?"

"Wypers."

"Live in St. Dyfrigs?"

"Aye."

"Name?"

"William Jones."

"Not Bill Jones, with the pretty missus and—say—the kid, just two weeks old?"

"Aye."

"How long since you've been home?"

"Michaelmas."

"I say—and you'll have your first look at your first child."

"Aye."

"Did you telegraph?"

"Noa."

"You ought, Bill. She won't have anything to eat in the house."

"Cost ninepence."

"Things pretty hot out there?"

"Aye."

"But looking well though; we're getting 'em on the run?"

"Aye."

Then there was silence.

The pony drew up in front of Jones' cottage. It was so low that Roger could lash the closed bedroom window with the whip. The curtain moved before Bill had got all his belongings unloaded. The trap light shone on the door. It opened cautiously, slowly, one inch.

"It's your husband," Roger cried eagerly.

"It's me," said the husband deliberately.

"Yes—yes—I know," came in a tremulous gasp. "But—but ——"

Bill's shoulder heaved against the door, but a foot within was evidently levered against it.

"Bill."

"Aye, Florrie."

"Bill, there's summat I must know."

A silence.

"Bill, art lousy?"

A great gust of laughter from Bill, an open door, clasped arms, a smacking of lips. Roger drove away roaring, to return with a loaf of bread, a can of beef and one of apricots. The baby, sleeping, was lying on the table. The father stood bending, his mouth wide open, his round face flushed. The mother, wrapped in a blanket, her hair down, turned from the fire she was lighting.

"Bill sees as William Louvain is his living image," she said. She turned shining eyes from Roger to father and son.

"William Louvain? Jolly good name. Which do you call him, Mrs. Jones?"

"Louvy, sergeant. But if his father shouldn't never come back again I'd call him Bill of course."

"He'll always be Louvy," Roger said.

He was wrong. The father was killed within a week after his return to the Front.

IX

IN THE library—now called the commandant's room—at the manor house the Duchess of Clwyne sat at a large table signing forms, reports and letters, most of which bore the initials of the highly paid professional matron. At another table by the open window Dorothy Lingard, consulting requisitions, was measuring out in gills precious old brandy from the cellars. A nurse, tall and dignified, waiting for these supplies, eyed Dorothy with stony contempt.

Her look expressed no more than the universal antagonism of the professional for the amateur. The two trained and paid nurses at the hospital regarded the volunteers as an actress regards society girls doing a morning performance for charity. These volunteers had had two years' experience, by the way, but the professionals never unbent for all that, even to the duchess. That was the way in all the V. A. D. hospitals.

From the adjoining justice room—so called because in an older day Lingards had held summary court there—the click of typewriters came and fused with the murmur of bees which floated through the open windows. The Persian carpet was stored with the rarer furniture in the conservatory off the dining room, where the hot-water pipes had been kept going to repel damp, until January, when no more fuel was to be obtained. The littered table at which Dorothy sat was plain pine from the kitchen, but her chair was a genuine Heppelwhite. The soft old pigskin chairs had all gone into her dead mother's rooms in the second story, now used as smoking and reading rooms. One of the oak bookcases built into the walls held bottles of old wines and brandy and whisky, which Dorothy herself had brought from the cellars and dispensed as needed. As the house at least nominally belonged to her and had been by her tendered to the government, she was, notwithstanding her youth, deputy in the absence of the duchess, and also her own cellarman. Every manservant had gone either to war or to national service, and so Dorothy once a week dived into subterranean depths with a dim lamp and two convalescing officers.

Until the month before she had had an electric torch, but now she could get no refills, and must all but feel her way among depleted bins. Sometimes she laughed when her helpers, under her direction, looted a special precious lot. It was all her property by descent, as next of kin, but sacred custom prescribed that it should be left intact until the heir-at-law should have the first chance of taking it over.

Sometimes a captain or lieutenant colonel who knew about the United States would joke about dry states and picture the heir as coming with a great thirst to find an empty cellar. Dorothy's position was of course known to all her friends and she and they often made a jest of it and ludicrously speculated on what kind of man would turn up and evict her. She retained her humor rigidly for her own circle, however, and kept no cellar books. All these ruby or golden mellowed liquids were a silent, unnoted gift to the British Government.

The nurse and the tray gone, Dorothy dashed off a note to Charity. It thanked Charity for her kind sympathy and help the day before, "when I was a bit run down and I crumpled up." It said that Sergeant Hill had no special interest in the village and no claim to be there. It asked that Charity no longer shelter him.

"You will understand," Dorothy wrote. "It annoys me to run against him. He saw me break down."

Dorothy glanced across at the duchess as she sealed the envelope, wondering at her grace's odd freakish fancies for Canadians, at the things she put up with from the lower classes, at her deliberate encouragement of the spirit of unrest, at her blind indifference to the breaking down of authority. The duke had actually anticipated the law about minimum wages for farm laborers. He was paying more than these people knew how to spend properly, and more than farming would stand. Dorothy honored the duke and loved the duchess, but their acts were incomprehensible.

Kindness, fairness, firmness, perhaps even sternness—her father's policy; he knew; it had always worked. If war brought unrest on a larger scale, so must it be repressed in a larger sterner way. That was what the newspaper which she read hinted at. That was what her soldier father would have said. He had made only one mistake in dealing with his tenants, and that a trifle: that was when he had brought the police into the humiliating incident of the right of way. She remembered that because this

(Continued on Page 117)

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At Your Dealer's

(Continued from Page 114)

Sergeant Hill had thrust himself in there. It was odd that this soldier should be connected with so many vexatious incidents in her life, and it was time that he was banished. He was due there in a few minutes. She would not even condescend to avoid him. She bent her aristocratic nose to a bowl of damask roses and the scent banished annoying thoughts.

Tim Parfitt, stamping by outside the window, smiled because she looked so pretty, and then grinned because of what she was going to say to him and what he was going to answer. Parfitt was an ex-footman who had once with measured tread advanced across the lawn to Charity Turle and told her not to trespass even with her eyes. He was also an ex-sergeant of sappers and he feared neither God, man, the devil, barbed wire nor young ladies. His genuine regard for his former young mistress had once been externally servile, but even then his imitation of her in a tantrum had been the delight of the servants' hall.

Parfitt, two minutes later, was brought into the room by Lady Millicent Barbour, a niece of the duchess, and a nursing sister in the hospital.

"Here's Tim Parfitt," she cried. "Tim, let me see your leg."

Lady Milly was twenty-two, but looked seventeen. She was small, fairylike in figure, and with the face of a good-natured imp. She danced to a chair. "Lift it here," she ordered.

Tim planted a large boot on the chair and drew up his trousers leg.

"It's as good as a live one," Lady Milly exclaimed; "and your foot can never go to sleep. That's a good thing." She felt buckles, peered at springs, stepped back and examined the swelling curve of the calf. She turned to the smiling duchess, then looked across at the frowning Dorothy. "You would look all right in silk stockings," she said. "Tim, do you remember the day you were promoted from buttons to livery?"

"Very well, my lady. You stuck a pin in me and I jumped."

"That's so. You'd stand like a statue now. You are partly a statue. That's another advantage."

"Is it quite all right, Parfitt?" the duchess asked with genuine interest. "The socket fits? No pain; no friction?"

"It's perfect, Your Grace. I had to have a second operation so's to get more flap, but that came off all right and now I have a good stump."

"Perform, Tim," Lady Milly commanded, and she watched him stamp and back and proudly flex his knee and all but pirouette.

Aunt and niece applauded. "You should go in for the Russian ballet," the duchess said, smiling.

"No one," cried little Lady Milly with a laugh like the sound of a fairy horn, "would know that you weren't all there. I don't mean in your head, of course, but in your foot. How did you learn those tango steps?"

"They put me in a garden, my lady," he answered, "with rocks and little hills ——"

"I know, I know!" she broke in. "Like the imitation landscape in the Zoo for the bears and lions to moon about in. And you jumped and you climbed ——"

"That's it, my lady."

Lady Milly turned to Dorothy. "He wants to see you, Dorothy," she called out; then she danced out of the room.

She was blinking back tears from the eyes with the impishly curved lids. She was so weary, so tired, and so utterly sick at all these horrible maimings and broken lives. He was the fiftieth—it must be fifty, at least, she thought—to whom she had talked just as she had now, and all of them had answered and acted just as Tim Parfitt had. But she knew—she knew. The blind were the worst.

Meanwhile the sergeant sapper had crossed to Dorothy. "Every consideration shall be shown, Parfitt," Dorothy said. "Your place is open to you of course. If you find you can't get about as you used to do we'll look up something else."

The tall soldier laughed, to Dorothy's intense surprise. The laugh rang naturally, with a tang of real merriment such as no footman's laugh should hold. He looked down at her with a glance of good-natured pity; but she never dreamed of that meaning.

"Do you really think, Miss Lingard, that I'm going to powder my hair and carry tea-trays out on the lawn? A bull in a china shop couldn't make the wreck I would in a pantry."

"It was for your sake I spoke, Parfitt," Dorothy said with a cold but patient dignity. She had learned to make reasonable allowance for the strange indiscipline among the lower orders which army discipline had wrought. She studied him with a reflective air. "It is hard for you. You were getting on so well and had such a good manner, and such a thumb for polishing plate. You would have been butler by the time you were thirty. Still, you have your pension; that's something. What can I do for you? Have you thought of anything? Of course I'll do all I can."

"They've taught me boot repairing, thank you, Miss Lingard," he said. "I'm settling down in my father's cottage and I see a good living. It's the old man I wanted to speak about. He's been made secretary of the Agricultural Laborers' Union ——"

"It's you!" Dorothy burst out, flaring instantly at the hated name of this organization. "Your father can hardly read. He may sign his name. No more than that. And you pretend to be a cobbler and live in one of the estate cottages and make bad feeling and spread revolution and Bolshevism, I dare say. So you've come back a firebrand and an agitator, have you? Old Tim Parfitt, secretary!" She repeated the word with such contempt that young Tim reddened.

She did not lower her voice, though she had seen that someone had come in and was talking to the duchess. "Your father's rheumatism prevents his working most of the time. He ——"

"Yes, Miss Lingard," Tim said hotly. "He got that in the service of your family and because the house your family gave him to live in was damp. He should be pensioned. The full workers want the legal money, thirty-six shillings a week and the fifty-four-hour week. I ——"

"You shall not settle on this estate," Dorothy interrupted. "You ——"

Then the duchess came over.

"Pardon, Dorothy," she said. "Spare Parfitt a few minutes. Would you mind, Parfitt? This is Mr. Hill. He has been through it over there too. I promised he should see the house. Will you take him to the show places?"

"Of course, Your Grace." Parfitt eyed the young gentleman in the London-made clothes. "Come along, sir," he said.

Roger followed with a flush on his face. He had bowed to Dorothy and she had only stared at him blankly. Bursting with anger at Parfitt, bewildered by the change in Sergeant Kellie Hill, she had not known what she was doing.

"Parfitt," the duchess called, "bring Mr. Hill back in half an hour, and we'll all have tea in here."

"Yes, Your Grace"; and the door closed behind him.

The duchess laughed in Dorothy's astounded face. "Parfitt," she said, "will run wild in the picture gallery. Fancy the things he will say about your ancestors. Your fault, Dorothy. He went away a pasty, powdered cringer and he's come back a hulking cobbler, and you treat him just the same."

"Should I kiss him?" asked the flaming Dorothy.

"Even that," the duchess answered, "if it makes him your friend. He matters. Shoemakers always matter. My grandfather would never allow one on any of his estates. They sit on their benches and think that they think, and then they talk what they think they think. Parfitt won a decoration. He is mutilated. He's a hero, deserves to be one, is looked up to. The people will listen to him. And you antagonize him."

"I shouldn't wish to seem unsympathetic," Dorothy said slowly, "but a trades union—at St. Dyfrigs." She was a little alarmed at the gravity of the duchess, who generally skimmed lightly over life's thin surfaces.

"Trades union! As if that was all that was coming." The duchess shrugged her shoulders. "There are nobles in Petrograd shoveling dirt whose ancestors for five hundred years never touched hand except to sword. There are ladies in Moscow whose pedigrees are as long as yours or mine, holding twig brooms at street corners."

"But—but—this is England."

"An unknown England. A new England. Nobody knows. Nobody talks in public. Our order went to the guillotine in flocks once. They went gayly, laughing. But they had not our chance to foresee and prepare. We must laugh too. War demands that. But we can laugh last if we will."

The duchess paused to nod and smile through the window. A limping officer was passing, his hand resting lightly on the charming, sloping shoulders of tiny Lady Millicent.

"Milly's at it," the duchess said. "Captain Soames is a good fighter, but bitter as gall. He was a socialistic schoolmaster and fought his way from the ranks. Is he going back to teaching children for half the wages of a riveter in a shipbuilding yard? Not he. There are hundreds like him to lead thousands of the dissatisfied."

Dorothy sat back, looking wide-eyed surprise.

"Is that," she asked, "why Milly's always picking out the outsiders?"

"My poor Dorothy, I've meant this talk for weeks. Everybody is but you. It isn't all self-interest either. Call it an awakened conscience if you like. But that sounds awful cant, doesn't it? Still, here it is. Why did we take so much of the good things, why leave the workers so little? Why did they admit our superiority so willingly? I can't think. We had better manners and we washed all over; that was the only difference. Well, nobody minds dirt now, and manners have gone to the devil. So what has aristocracy left? Brains? The workmen's leaders have those. Education? They have their own colleges. We meet them on level ground. We must bend, bend over like reeds in the Thames when a motor boat swirls the backwash from the banks. We must concede much. We must give before it's taken from us. Land may be nationalized. Who can say with what compensation to owners?"

Dorothy, profoundly impressed, was bending forward, eagerly listening, her eyes fixed on the duchess, her mind intently concentrated. She had never seen the duchess so serious.

"Your men," the duchess resumed in a voice of tenderness, "have all gone. You are alone. There's been nobody to tell you that the world has been turned upside down. The duke wants all the landowners about to understand, to work together. No patronage, no favors, just calm, quiet business relations with farmers and tenants and cottagers and everybody. That's what people want. Equality—that's it in one word. Tim Parfitt and the Canadian are coming to tea with us. That's no folly, Dorothy, and we're not going to overdo it or burlesque it. Treat them as you would Lord Hartoun or Johnny Carruthers; naturally, kindly. Don't wangle. Be it. It comes so easy, once you've made up your mind. I asked them—for you to practice on."

Dorothy burst into laughter almost hysterical. "The footman," she said, "will not sit down; but the Canadian will." She repeated that aggressively: "Oh, yes; the Canadian will."

"What's that about the Canadian?" Lady Milly darted through the window. "Poor Captain Soames couldn't go very far."

"Your shoulders," her aunt said with a smile, "slope such a lot."

Lady Milly looked down at the hock-bottle shoulders of which she was justly proud. "Jealousy!" she cried with a toss of the head.

"Come to tea," Dorothy exclaimed, "with Parfitt and a Canadian sergeant."

Lady Milly shot intelligent sharp glances from her aunt to Dorothy. "So you're on at last," she exclaimed, showing two rows of seed pearls in a pleasant smile. "Nobody ever said you were middle-aged, Dollykins, but everyone knows you live in the Middle Ages. Play up, to cement the empire. I'm a perfect stonemason, I've done so much cementing. And your Canadian is a lovely person. I saw him peep in the front door the other night. He stared as though he was looking down a cathedral nave. Oh, you were there, Dolly. Perhaps it was you. But you're too dark for a stained-glass saint. He saw something, dreamed something, anyhow." Lady Milly weaved back and forth, always on the move, tapping with tiny feet on the floor or with fingers on the table. "I saw him to-day again. He came in, dreaming, dressed like a gentleman, and looking like a poet. You're lucky, Dolly. Tim's amusing, and the Canadian looks interesting."

"Come, then."

"No; on duty. Oh, did you tell her about Adeline?"

Adeline was a married sister of Lady Milly's, a beautiful, solid, stolid Juno, who sometimes achieved miracles of folly in speech, and weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

"We had a meeting at our house about all this, and what to do, and how to do it," Lady Milly ran on. "Auntie made a lovely speech and said 'Lay up your crusts so that after many days they shall return to thee,' or something like that, and Adeline got quite excited—fancy Adeline excited—and she suddenly struck an attitude like Britannia and said that if any proletarian ever tried to take her by force ——"

Dorothy broke again into peals of laughter.

"—— she'd kill herself, Adeline said, and I stood up by her side at my full height and swore they should never take me by force, and Adeline was so pleased she grabbed me and lifted me shoulder high and I cried out no, I would go willingly; and she dropped me bump to the floor and mother laughed so hard the tears streaked her rouge. Remember, Dolly"—the tiny figure straightened and a sudden seriousness came in the twinkling eyes—"the duke expects every girl to do her duty, and the watchword is Man to man."

Then she darted through the window and disappeared.

"Man to man." The duchess repeated the words; then once again. "*Le mot juste*," she exclaimed. "I adopt it. It says everything. That's the attitude, Dorothy. That's your watchword."

The duchess went back to her desk.

Dorothy, frowning, watched the door, fearing to see it open, but prepared for action when it did. Profoundly impressed, she was ready to bend, to bend as did the reeds in the Thames. That image struck hard. She had seen them bow in the swirl of her motor boat till their heads touched the water, serried ranks of them all successively abasing themselves as she rushed by.

But they had recovered. She had often looked back and seen them standing straight, their untroubled heads pointing proudly to the sky. They were strong because they could bend. Aristocracy would bend, too, while these upstart lower classes hustled by.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 11)

gave hint as to its purpose appeared to engage the forearms like a surgical device, supporting their weight below the bend of the elbows. With quickening and enhanced sympathy the little woman winced.

Then she started, her gaze lifting quickly. Of a sudden she became aware that the girl was regarding her straightforwardly with those haggard eyes.

"Can you tell what the—the trouble is with me?" she asked.

She spoke under her breath, the wraith of a weary little smile about her mouth.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," answered Miss Smith contritely. "But please believe me—it was not mere cheap inquisitiveness that made me look."

"I think I know," said the girl softly. "You were sorry. And it doesn't matter much—your seeing. Somehow I don't mind your seeing."

"But I haven't really seen—I only caught a glimpse. And I'm afraid now that I've been pressing too closely against your side; perhaps giving you pain by touching your arms."

"My arms are not hurting me," said the girl, still with that queer ghost of a smile at her lips. "I've not been hurt or injured in any way."

"Not hurt? Then why ——"

She choked the involuntary question even as she was framing it.

"This—this has been done, I suppose, to keep me from hurting anyone else."

"But—but I don't understand."

"Don't you—yet? Then lift a fold of my wrap—carefully, so no one else can see while you are looking. I'd rather you did," she continued, seeing how Miss Smith hesitated.

"But I am a stranger to you. I don't wish to pry. I ——"

"Please do! Then perhaps you won't be worrying later on about—about me if you know the truth now."

With one hand Miss Smith turned back the edge of the cape, enlarging slightly the opening, and what she saw shocked her more deeply than though she had beheld some hideous mutilation. She saw that about both of the girl's wrists were snugly strapped broad leather bands, designed something after the fashion of the armlets sometimes worn by athletes and artisans, excepting that here the buckle fastenings were set upon the tops of the wrists instead of upon the inner sides; saw, too, that these cuffs were made fast to a wide leather belt, which in an unbroken band encircled the girl's trunk, so that her prisoned forearms were pressed in and confined closely against her body at the line of her waist. Her elbows she might move slightly and her fingers freely; but the hands were held well apart and the fingers in play might touch only the face of the broad girthing, which presumably was made fast by buckles or lacings at her back. As if the better to indicate how firmly she was secured, the wearer of these strange bonds flexed her arm muscles slightly; the result was a little creaking sound as the harness answered the strain. Then the girl relaxed and the sound ended.

"Oh, you poor child!" The gasped exclamation came involuntarily, carrying all the deeper burden of compassion because it was uttered in a half whisper. Quickly she snugged the cloak in to cover the ugly thing she had looked upon. "What have you done that you should be treated so?"

Indignation was in the asking—that and an incredulous disbelief that here had been any wrongdoing.

"It isn't what I've done—exactly. I imagine it is their fear of what they think I might do if my hands were free."

"But where are you going? Where are these people taking you? You're no criminal I know you're not. You couldn't be!"

"I am being taken to a place up the road to be confined as a dangerous lunatic."

In the accenting of the words was no trace of rebellion or even of self-pity, but merely there was the dead weight and numbness of a hopeless resignation to make the words sound flat and listless.

"I don't believe one word of it!" exclaimed Miss Smith, then broke off short, realizing that the shock of the girl's piteous admission had sent her own voice lifting and that now she had a second listener. The woman diagonally across from her was sitting bolt upright and a pair of small eyes were narrowing upon her in a squint of watchful and hostile suspicion. Instantly she stood up—a small, competent, determined body.

"I'll be back," she stated, disregarding the elder woman and speaking to the younger. "And I'm going to find out more about you, too, before I'm done."

Her step, departing, was brisk and resolute.

In the aisle near the forward door she encountered the flagman.

"There is a man in the smoker I must see at once," she said. "Will you please go in there and find him and tell him I wish—no never mind. I see him coming now."

She went a step or two on to meet the person she sought, halting him in the untenanted space at the end of the coach.

"I want to speak with you, please," she began.

"Well, you'll have to hurry," he told her, "because I'm getting off with my party in less'n five minutes from now. What was it you wanted to say to me?"

"That young girl yonder—I became interested in her. I thought perhaps she had been injured. Then more or less by chance I found out the true facts. I spoke to her; she told me a little about her plight."

"Well, if you've been talking to her what's the big idea in talkin' to me?"

His tone was churlish.

"This isn't mere vulgar curiosity on my part. I have a perfectly proper motive, I think, in inquiring into her case. What is her name?"

"Margaret Vinsolving."

"Spell it for me, please—the last name?"

He spelled it out, and she after him to fix it in her mind.

"Where does she live—I mean where is her home?"

"Village of Pleasantdale, this county," shortly.

"Who are her people?"

"She's got a mother and that's all, far as I know."

"What asylum are you taking her to?"

"No asylum. We're taking her to Doctor Shorter's Sanitarium back of Peekskill two miles—Dr. Clement Shorter, specialist in nervous disorders—he's the head."

"It is a private place then and not a state asylum?"

"You said it."

"You are connected with this Doctor Shorter's place, I assume?"

"Yep."

"In what capacity?"

"Oh, sort of an outside man—look after the grounds and help out generally with the patients and all. And now, say, lady, if that'll satisfy you I guess I better be steppin' along. I got to see about gettin' this here patient and the matron off the train; that's the matron that's settin' with her."

"Just a moment more, please."

She felt in a fob set under the cuff of her left sleeve and brought forth a small gold badge and held it cupped in her gloved hand for him to see. As he bent his head and made out the meaning of the badge the gruff air dropped from him magically.

"Oh, I see!" he said. "Secret Service, eh? All right, ma'am, what more did you want to know? Only I'd ask you speak brisk because there ain't so much time."

"Tell me briefly what you know of that child."

"Not such a lot, excepting she's a dangerous lunatic, having been legally adjudged so yestiddy. And her mother's paying for her keep at a high-class place where she can have special treatment and special care instead of letting her be put away in one of the state asylums. And so I'm taking her there—me and the matron yonder. That's about all, I guess."

"I don't believe it."

"You don't believe what?"

He was beginning to bristle anew.

"Don't believe she is insane at all, much less dangerously so. Why, I've just been talking with her. We exchanged only a few words, but in all that she said she was so perfectly rational, so perfectly sensible. Besides one has only to look at her to feel sure some terrible mistake or some terrible injustice is being done. Surely there is nothing eccentric, nothing erratic about her, now is there? You must have been studying her. Don't you yourself feel that there might have been something wrong about her commitment?"

He shook his head.

"Not a chancet. Everything's been positively regular and aboveboard. You can't railroad folks into Doctor Shorter's place; he's got too high a standing. Shorter takes no chances with anybody."

"But she seemed so absolutely normal in speech, manner—everything. I've seen insane persons before now and ——"

"Excuse me, but about how many have you seen?"

"Not many, I admit, but ——"

"Well, excuse me again, lady, but I thought as much. Well, I have—plenty of 'em I've seen in my time. See 'em every day for the matter of that. Listen to me! For instance, now, we've got a case up there with us now. He's been there goin' on fifteen years; used to be a preacher, highly educated and all that. Look at him and you wouldn't see a thing out of the way with him except that he'd be wearing a strait-jacket. Talk to him for maybe a week and you wouldn't notice a single thing wrong about him. He'd just strike you all along as being one of the nicest, mildest, old Christian gents you ever met up with in your whole life. But get him on a certain subject; just mention a certain word to him and he'd tear your throat out with his bare hands if he could get at you."

"But this poor girl, surely her case is different? Was it really necessary to bind her hands as you've done?"

"Lady, about these here violent ones you can't never tell. Me, I never saw her in my life before I went down after her this morning, and up to now she hasn't made me a mite of trouble. But I had my warning from them that turned her over to me. Anyhow, all I needed was the story of her own mother, as fine a lady as you'd care to see and just about broken-hearted over all this. You'd think from the way she carried on she was the one that was being put away and not the daughter. And yet, what did the mother swear to on her sacred oath? She swore to the daughter's having tried, not once but half a dozen separate times to kill her, till she was afraid for her own life—positively!

"Besides, lady, it's been my experience, and I've had a heap of it, that it's the quiet-acting ones that are apt to strike the quickest and do the most damage when the fit comes on 'em. So taking everything into consideration, I felt like as if I oughter be purty careful handing her on this trip. But she's all right. Probably nobody on this train, outside of you, knows there's anything wrong with her and it was accidental-like, so you tell me, the way you come to find out you taking that seat alongside her and getting into talk with her whilst I was in yonder smoking. It's better she should be under control thataway than that she should maybe get a spell on her right here in this car or somewheres and me be forced to hold her down by main strength and possibly have to handle her pretty rough. I put it to you now, ain't it? The way she's fixed she can't harm herself nor no one else. You take it from me, lady, that while I've been in this business for so long I don't always get my private feelings harrowed up over the case of a nice-looking young girl like this one is, like an outsider might, still at that I ain't hard-hearted and I ain't aiming to be severe just because I can. But what else is there for me to do except what I'm doing? I ask you. Say, it's funny she talked to you. She ain't said hardly a word to us since she started. Didn't even say nothing when I put the hobbles on her."

"I'm not questioning your judgment," said Miss Smith, "but she is so pitiable! She seemed to me like some dumb, frightened, wild creature caught in a trap. And despite what you say I'm sure she can't be mad. Please, may I speak with her again—if she herself doesn't mind?"

"I'm afeared it's too late," he said not unkindly. "We're slowing down for Peekskill now. I'll have to step lively as it is to get 'em off shipshape. But if you've still got any doubts left in your mind you can look up the court records at White Plains. You'll find everything's been done positively legal and regular. And if you should want to reach me any time to find out how she's getting along or anything like that, why my name is Abram Foley, care of Doctor Shorter."

He cast this farewell information back over his shoulder as he hurried from her.

Half convinced yet doubting still, and filled wholly with an overmastering pity, Miss Smith stood where she was while the train jerkily came to a standstill. There she stayed, watching, as the trio quitted the car. Past her where she stood the man Foley led the way, burdened with the heavy suitcase. Next came his charge, walking steadily erect, mercifully cloaked to her knees in the blue garment; and the matron, in turn behind her, bearing a hand bag and an odd parcel or two. About the departing group a casual onlooker would have sensed nothing unusual. But our Miss Smith, knowing what she did know, held a clenched hand to the lump that had formed in her throat. She was minded to speak in farewell to the prisoner, and yet a second impulse held her mute.

She fell in behind the three of them though, following as far as the platform, being minded to witness the last visible act of the tragedy upon which she had stumbled. Her eyes and her heart went with them as they crossed through the open shed of the station, the man still leading, the matron with one hand guiding their unresisting ward toward where a closed automobile, a sort of hybrid between a town car and an ambulance, was drawn up on the driveway just beyond the eaves of the building. A driver in a gray livery opened the door of the car for its occupants.

Alongside the automobile the girl swung herself round, her head thrown back, as a felon might face about at the gateway of his prison—for a last view of the free world he was leaving behind. Seemingly the vigilant woman misinterpreted this movement as the first indication of a spirit of kindling obstinacy. Alarmed, she caught at the girl to restrain her. Her grasp closed upon the shoulder of the cape and as the wrenched garment came away in her hand the prisoner stood revealed in her bonds—a slim graceful figure, for all the disfigurement of the clumsy harness work which fettered her.

An instant later the cape had been replaced upon her shoulders, hiding her state from curious eyes, but in that same brief space of time she must have seen leaning from the train, which now again was in motion, the shape of her unknown champion, for she nodded her head as though in gratitude and good-by and her white face suddenly was lighted with what the passenger upon the car platform, seeing this through a sudden mist of tears, thought to be the bravest, most pitiable smile that ever she had seen.

The train doubled round an abrupt curve, in the sharpness of its swing almost throwing her off her feet, and when she had regained her balance and looked again the station was furlongs behind her, hidden from sight by intervening buildings.

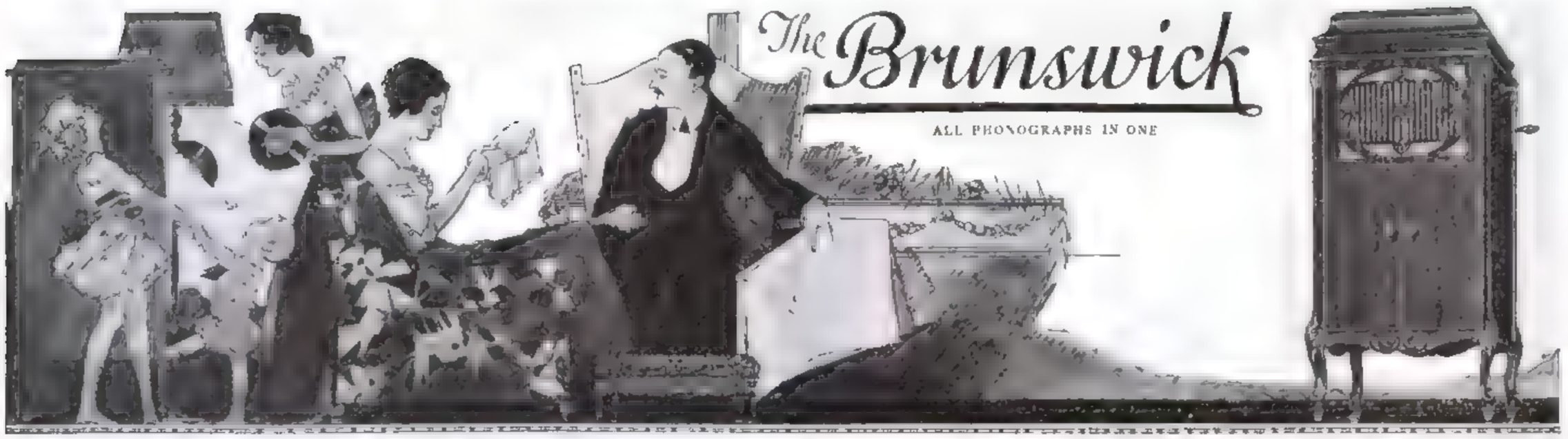
It was that smile of farewell which acted as a flux to carry into the recipient's mind a resolution already forming. Into things her emotions were likely to lead her headlong and impetuously, but for a way out of them this somewhat unusual young woman named Smith generally had for her guide a certain clear quality of reasoning, backed by an intuition which helped her frequently to achieve satisfactory results. So it was with her in this instance.

Her share of the business in Troy completed, as speedily it was, she stayed in Albany for half a day on her way back and called upon the governor. At first sight he liked her, for her good looks, for her trigness, her directness and more than any of these for the excellent mental poise which so patently was a part of it. The outcome of her visit to him and his enthusiastic admiration for her was that the district attorney of Westchester County shortly thereafter instituted an investigation, the chief fruitage of that investigation being embodied in a somewhat longish letter from him, which Miss Smith read in her studio apartment one afternoon perhaps three weeks after the date of her meeting on trainboard with that adjudged maniac, the girl Margaret Vinsolving.

To the letter was a polite preamble. She skipped it. We may do well to follow her lead and come to the body of it, which ran like this:

"Mrs. Janet Vinsolving is the widow of a colonel in our Regular Army. My information is that she is a woman of culture

(Continued on Page 123)



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(Continued from Page 120)

and refinement. Since the death of her husband some eight years ago she has been residing in a small home which she owns in the outskirts of Pleasantdale village in this county. From the fact that she keeps no servants and from other facts brought to me I gather that she is in very modest circumstances. She has been living quite alone except for the daughter, Margaret, who is her only child. The daughter was educated in the public schools of the county. Lately she has been studying applied designing with a view to becoming an interior decorator."

"Ah, now I know another reason why I was drawn to her!" interpolated the reader, speaking to herself. With heightened interest she read on:

"On inquiry it appears that among her former schoolmates and teachers she was popular, though not inclined to make intimates. She is reputed to have been rather high-tempered, but seemingly throughout her childhood and young girlhood there was nothing about her conduct or appearance to indicate a disordered mind. Indeed there was no suggestion of mental aberration on her part from any source until within the past month. However, I should add that it is rather hard to arrive at any accurate estimate of her general behavior by reason of the fact that mother and daughter led so secluded a life. They had acquaintances in the community, but apparently no close friends there or elsewhere.

"About four weeks ago, on the twenty-eighth of last month to be exact, the mother, described to me as being in a state of great distress, visited Justice Cannavan, then sitting in chambers at White Plains, and asking for a private interview with him, requested an inquiry into the sanity of the girl Margaret, with a view, as she explained, of protecting her own life. Her daughter, she alleged, had without warning developed a homicidal tendency aimed at the applicant.

"According to Mrs. Vinsolving, the girl, who always theretofore had been a devoted and affectionate child, had made at least five separate and distinct attempts to kill her, first by putting poison into her food and later by attempting to strangle her at night in her bed. Next only to a natural desire to have her own physical safety insured, the mother was apparently inspired by a wish to surround the truth regarding her beloved child's aberration with as much secrecy as possible. At the same time she realized that a certain amount of publicity was inevitable.

"Acting under the statutes, the justice appointed two reputable practicing physicians of the county, namely Dr. Ernest Malt, of Wincorah, and Dr. James P. McGlore, of Pleasantdale, to sit as a commission for the purpose of inquiring into Miss Vinsolving's mental state. The mother, still exhibiting every evidence of maternal grief, appeared before these gentlemen and repeated in detail the account of the attacks made upon her, as previously described to His Honor.

"The girl was then brought before the commission. It was explained to her that under the law she had the right to demand a hearing in open court before a jury chosen to pass upon her sanity. This she waived, but from this point on throughout the inquiry she steadfastly declined to make answers to the questions propounded to her by the members of the commission in an effort to ascertain her mental status, but on the contrary persistently maintained a silence which they interpreted as a phase of insane cunning characteristic of a type of abnormality not often encountered, but in their opinion the more sinister and significant because of its rarity.

"They accordingly drew up a finding setting forth that in their opinion and deliberate judgment the unfortunate young woman was suffering from a progressive and therefore probably incurable form of dementia. The justice immediately signed the necessary orders for her detention and commitment. To save the daughter from being sent to a state institution the mother provided funds sufficient for her care at Doctor Shorter's sanitarium, an establishment of unimpeachable reputation, and she accordingly was taken there in proper custody, as you yourself are aware.

"My information from the sanitarium, which I procured in response to your request, and the governor's instructions to me for a full inquiry into all the circumstances is that since her confinement Miss Vinsolving has been under constant observation. She has been orderly and obedient and except for slightly melancholic tendencies, which might easily be provoked by the nature of her environment, is quite natural in her behavior. I draw the inference, however, that this docility may be merely the forerunner of an outburst at any time.

"Altogether my investigation convinces me that no miscarriage of the law could possibly have occurred in this instance. There is certainly no ground for suspecting that the mother had any ulterior or improper motive in seeking to have her daughter and sole companion deprived of liberty. Neither the mother nor any other person alive can hope to profit in a financial sense by reason of the girl's temporary or permanent detention.

"The girl herself is without means of her own. The mother for her maintenance is largely dependent upon the pension she receives from the United States Government. The girl had no income or estate of her own and no expectancy of any inheritance from any imaginable source other than the small estate she will legally inherit at the death of her mother. Finally I may add that nowhere in the case has there developed any suggestion of a scandal in the life of mother or daughter or of any clandestine love affair on the part of either.

"These briefly are the available facts as compiled by a trustworthy member of my staff, Assistant District Attorney Horace Wilkes, to whom I detailed the duty of making a painstaking inquiry. If I may hereafter be of service to you in this matter or any other matter, kindly command me. I have the honor to be,

"Yours etc., etc."

With a little gesture of despairful resignation Miss Smith laid the letter down. Well, there was nothing more she could do; nothing more to be done. She had come to a blind end. The proof was conclusive of the worst. But in her thoughts, waking and sleeping, persisted the image of that gallant, pathetic little figure which she had seen last at the Peekskill station, bound, helpless, alone and all so courageously facing what to most of us would be worse than death itself. Awake or in sleep she could not get it out of her mind.

At length one night following on a day which for the greater part she had spent in a study of the somewhat curious laws that in New York State—as well as in divers other states of the Union—govern the procedure touching certain classes coming within purview of the code, she awoke in the little hours preceding the dawn to find herself saying aloud: "There's something wrong—there must be—there has to be!"

Until daylight and after she lay there planning a course of action until finally she had it completed. True, it was a grasping at feeble straws, but even so she meant to follow along the only course which seemed open to her.

First she did some long-distance telephoning. Then immediately after breakfast she sent to the garage round the corner for her runabout and in it she rode up through the city and on into Westchester, now beginning to flaunt the circus colors of a gorgeous Indian summer. An hour and a half of steady driving brought her to the village of Pleasantdale. She found it a place well named, seeing that it was tucked down in a cove among the hills between the Hudson on the one side and the Sound on the other.

Following the directions given her by a lone policeman on duty in the tiny public square, she ran two blocks along the main street and drew up where a window sign giving name and hours advertised that James P. McGlore, M. D., here professionally received patients in his office on the lower floor of his place of residence. A maidservant answered the caller's knock, and showing her into a chamber furnished like a parlor which had started out to be a reception room and then had tried—too late—to change back again into a parlor, bade her wait. She did not have long to wait. Almost immediately an inner door opened and in the opening appeared the short and blocky figure of a somewhat elderly, old-fashioned-looking man with a square homely face—a face which instantly she classified as belonging to a rather stupid, very dogmatic and utterly honest man. He had outjutting, belligerent eyebrows and a stubborn underjaw that was badly undershot. He spoke as he entered and his tone was noticeably not cordial.

"The girl tells me your name is Smith. I suppose from that you're the young person that the district attorney telephoned me about an hour or so ago. Well, how can I serve you?"

"Perhaps, doctor, the district attorney told you I had interested myself in the case of the Vinsolving girl—Margaret Vinsolving," she began. "I had intended to call also upon your associate, Doctor Malt, over at Wincorah, but I learn he is away."

"Yes, yes," he said with a sort of hurried petulance. "Know all about that. Malt's like a lot of these young new physicians—always running off on vacations. Mustn't hold me responsible for his absences. Got no time to think about the other fellow. Own affairs are enough—keep me busy. Well, go on, why don't you? You were speaking of the Vinsolving girl. Well, what of her?"

"I was saying that I had interested myself in her case and ——"

He snapped in: "One moment. Let's get this all straightened out before we start. May I inquire if you are closely related to the young person in question?"

"I am not. I never saw her but once."

"Are you by any chance a close friend of the young woman?"

He towered over her, for she was seated and he had not offered to sit down. Indeed throughout the interview he remained standing.

Looking up at him, where he glowered above her, she answered back promptly:

"As I was saying, I never saw her but once—that was on the day she was carried away to be placed in confinement. So I cannot call myself her friend exactly, though I would like to be her friend. It was because of the sympathy which her position—and I might add, her personality—roused in me that I have taken the liberty of coming here to see you about her."

Under his breath he growled and grunted and puffed certain sounds. She caught the purport of at least two of the words.

"Pardon me, doctor," she said briskly, "but I am not an amateur philanthropist. I trust I'm not an amateur anything. I am a business woman earning my own living by my own labors and I pay taxes and for the past year or so I have been a citizen and a voter. Please do not regard me merely as an officious meddler—a busybody with nothing to do except to mind other people's affairs. It was quite by chance that I came upon this poor child and learned something of her unhappy state."

The choleric brows went up like twin stress marks accenting unspoken skepticism.

"A child—of twenty-four?" he commented ironically.

"A child, measured by my age or yours. As I told you, I met her quite accidentally. She appealed to me so—such a plucky, helpless, friendless little thing she seemed with those hideous leather hobbles binding her."

"Do you mean to imply that she was being mistreated by those who had her in charge?"

"No, her escorts—or attendants or warders or guards or whatever one might call them—seemed kindly enough, according to their lights. But she was so quiet, so passive that I ——"

"Well, would you expect anyone who felt a proper sense of responsibility to suffer dangerous maniacs to run at large without restraint or control of any sort upon their limbs and their actions?"

"But, doctor, that is just the point—are you so entirely sure that she is a dangerous maniac? That is what I want to ask you—whether there isn't a possibility, however remote, that a mistake may conceivably have been made? Please don't misunderstand me," she interjected quickly, seeing how he—already stiff and bristly—had at her words stiffened and bristled still more. "I do not mean to intimate that anything unethical has been done: In fact I am quite sure that everything has been quite ethical. And I am not questioning your professional standing or decrying your abilities.

"But as I understand it, neither you nor Doctor Malt is avowedly an alienist. I assume that neither of you has ever specialized in nervous or mental disorders. Such being the case, don't you agree with me—this idea has just occurred to me—that if an alienist, a man especially versed in these things rather than a general practitioner, however experienced and competent, were called in even now ——"

"And you just said you were not reflecting upon my professional abilities!"

His tone was heavily sarcastic.

"Of course I am not! I beg your pardon if my poor choice of language has conveyed any such impression. What I am trying to get at, doctor, in my inexpert way, is that I talked with this girl, and while I exchanged only a few words with her nevertheless what she said—yes, and her bearing as well,

She Rode Through the City and on Into Westchester, Now Beginning to Flaunt the Circus Colors of a Gorgeous Indian Summer

her look, everything about her—impressed me as being entirely rational."

He fixed her with a hostile glare and at her he aimed a blunt gimlet of a forefinger.

"Are you quite sure you are entirely sane yourself?"

"I trust I am fairly normal."

"Got any little funny quirks in your brain? Any little temperamental crotchets in which you differ from the run of people round you? Think now!"

"Well," she confessed, "I don't like cats—I hate cats. And I don't like figured wall paper. And I don't like ——"

"That will be sufficient. Take the first point: You hate cats. On that count alone any confirmed cat lover would regard you as being as crazy as a March hare. But until you start going round trying to kill other people's cats or trying to kill other people who own cats there's probably no danger that anyone will prefer charges of lunacy against you and have you locked up."

She smiled a little in spite of her earnestness.

"Perhaps it is symptomatic of a lesion in my brain that I should be concerning myself in the case of a strange girl whom I have seen but once—is that also in your thoughts, Doctor McGlore?"

"We'll waive that," he said. "For the sake of argument we'll concede that your indicative peculiarities assume a harmless phase at present. But this Vinsolving girl's case is different—hers were not harmless. Her acts were amply conclusive to establish proof of her mental condition."

"From the district attorney's statement to me I rather got the impression that she did not indulge in any abnormal conduct while before you for examination."

"Did he tell you of her blank refusal to answer the simplest of the questions my associate and I put to her?"

"Doctor," she countered, seeking to woo him into a better humor, "would you construe silence on a woman's part as necessarily a mark of insanity? It is a rare thing, I concede. But might it not sometimes be an admirable thing as well?"

But this gruff old man was not to be cajoled into pleasanter channels than the course his mood steered for him.

"We'll waive that too. Anyhow, the mother's evidence was enough."

"But was there anything else other than the mother's unsupported story for you to go on and be guided by?"

"What else was needed?" he retorted angrily. "What motive could the mother have except the motives that were prompted by mother love? That was a devoted, desolated woman if ever I saw one. Look here! A daughter without cause suddenly turns upon her mother and tries to kill her. Well, then, either she's turned criminal or she has gone crazy!

"But why should I go on debating with you a matter which you don't know anything about in the first place and in which you have no call to interfere in the second place?

"I don't want to be sharp with you, young woman, but that's the plain fact. The duty which I undertook under the law and as a reputable physician was not a pleasant one, and it becomes all the less pleasant when an unqualified layman—laywoman if you prefer to phrase it that way—cross-examines me on my judgment."

"Doctor, let me repeat again I have not sought to cross-question you or belittle your knowledge. But you speak of the law. Do you not think it a monstrous thing that two men, even though they be of high standing in their profession as general practitioners, but without special acquaintance with mental derangements—I am not speaking of this particular case now but of hundreds of other cases—do you not think it a wrong thing that two such persons may pass upon a third person's sanity and upon the uncorroborated testimony of some fourth person recommend the confinement of the accused third person in an asylum for the insane?"

"I suppose you know a person so complained of—or accused, as you put it—has the right to a jury trial in open court. This girl that you're so worked up about had that right. She waived it."

"But is a presumably demented person a fit judge of his or her own best course of conduct? In your opinion shouldn't there be other safeguards in their interests to insure against what conceivably might be a terrible error or a terrible injustice?"

He didn't exactly sneer, but he indulged himself in the first cousin of a sneer.

"You've evidently been fortifying yourself to give me a battle—reading up on the subject, eh?"

"I've been reading up on the subject—not, though, for the purpose of entering into a joint debate on the subject with anyone. But, doctor, I have read enough to startle me. I never knew before there were such laws on the statute books. And I have learned about another case, the case of that rich man—a multimillionaire the papers called him, which means I suppose that at least he was well-to-do. You remember about him, I am sure? A commission declared him of unsound mind. He got away to another state where the legal processes of this state could not reach him. The courts of that other state declared him mentally competent and capable of managing his own affairs—and for a period of years he did manage them. Here the other month, under a pledge of safe conduct, he returned to New York on legal business and while he was here he carried his cause to a higher court and that court ruled him to be sane and entitled to his complete freedom of body and action. But for years he had been a pseudofugitive in enforced exile and for years he had carried the stigma of having been adjudged insane. This thing happened, incredible as it sounds. It might happen again to-day or to-morrow. It ——"

"Excuse me for interrupting your flow of eloquence," he said with a labored politeness, "but I thought you came here to discuss the case of a girl named Vinsolving, not the case of a man I never heard of before. Now, at least I'm not going to discuss generalities with you and I'm not going to sit here and join with you in questioning the workings of the law either. The laws are good enough for me as they stand. I'm a law-abiding citizen, not one of these red-eyed socialistic Bolsheviks that are forever trying to tear down things. I believe in taking the laws as I find them. Let well enough alone—that's my motto, young woman. And there are a whole lot more like me in this country."

"Pardon me for breaking in on you, sir," she said, fighting hard to keep her temper, "but neither am I either a socialist or a Bolshevik."

"Then I reckon probably you're one of these rampant suffragists. Anyhow, what's the use of discussing abstracts? If you don't like the law why don't you have it changed?"

"That's one of the very things I hope before long to try to do," she replied.

"It'll keep you pretty busy," he responded with a sniff of profound disapproval. "But then you seem to have a lot of spare time on your hands to spend in crusading round. Well, I haven't. I've got my patients to see to. One of 'em is waiting for me now—if you'll kindly excuse me?"

She rose.

"I'm sorry," she said sincerely, "if either my mission or my language has irritated you. I seem somehow to have defeated the purpose that brought me—I mean a faint hope that perhaps somehow I might help that girl. Something tells me—call it intuition or sentimentality or what you will—but something tells me I must keep on trying to help her. I only wish I could make you share my point of view."

"Well, you can't. Say, see here, why don't you go to see the mother? I judge she might convince you that you are on the wrong tack, even if I can't."

"That's exactly what I mean to do," she declared.

Something inside her brain gave a little jump. It was curious that she had not thought of it before; even more curious that his labored sarcasms had been required to set her on this new trail.

"Well, at that, you'd better think twice before you go," he retorted. "She was a mighty badly broken-up woman the last time I saw her, but even so I judge she's still got spunk enough left in her to resent having an unauthorized and uninvited stranger coming about, seeking to pry into her own private sorrow. But it's your affair, not mine. Besides, judging by everything, you probably don't think my advice is worth much anyhow."

"Oh, yes, but I do—I do indeed! And I thank you for it."

"Don't mention it! And good day!"

The slamming of the inner door behind him made an appropriate exclamation point to punctuate the brevity of his offended and indignant departure. For a moment she felt like laughing outright. Then she felt like crying. Then she did neither. She left.

"Poor, old opinionated, stupid old, conscientious old thing!" she was saying to herself as she let herself, unattended, out of the front door. "And yet I'll wager he would sit up all night and work his fingers to the bone trying to save a life. And when it comes to serving poor people without expecting payment or even asking for it, I know he is a perfect dear. Besides, I should be grateful to him—he gave me an idea. I don't know where he got it from either—I don't believe he ever had so very many of his own."

Again the handy cop in the communal center set her upon her way. But when she came to the destination she sought—a small, rather shabby cottage standing a mile or so westward from the middle of things communal, out in the fringes of the village where outlying homesteads tailed away into avowed farmsteads—the house itself was closed up fast and tight. The shutters all were closely drawn and against the gatepost was fastened a newly painted sign reading: "For Sale or Rent. Apply to Searle, the Up-to-Date Real Estate Man, Next Door to Pythian Hall."

Not quite sure she had stopped at the right place, Miss Smith hailed a man puttering in a chrysanthemum bed in the yard of the adjoining cottage.

"Mrs. Vinsolving?" he said, lifting a tousled head above his palings. "Yessum, she lives there—leastwise she did. She moved away only the day before yesterday. Sort of sudden, I think it must have been. I didn't know she was going till she was gone." He grinned in extenuation of the unaccountable failure of a small-town man to acquaint himself with all available facts regarding a neighbor's private affairs. "But then she never wasn't much of a hand, Mrs. Vinsolving wasn't, for mixing with folks. I'll say she wasn't!"

Back she turned to seek out Searle, he of up-to-date real estate. In a dingy office upstairs over the local harness store a lean and rangy gentleman raised a brindled beard above a roll-top desk and in answer to her first question crisply remarked, "Can't tell."

"But surely if she put her property in your hands for disposal she must have given you some address where you might communicate with her?" pressed Miss Smith.

"Oh, yes, she done that all right, but that ain't the question you ast me first. You ast me if I could tell you where she was—and that I can't do."

"I see. Then I presume she left instructions with you not to give her present whereabouts to anyone?"

"Well, you might figger it out that way and mebbe not so far wrong," said the cryptic Mr. Searle. "But if you think you'd like to buy or rent her place I'm fully empowered to act. Got the keys right here and a car standing outside—take you right on out there in a jiffy if you say the word."

He rose up and followed her halfway down the steps, plainly torn between a desire to make a commission and a regret that under orders from his client he could furnish no details regarding her late movements.

"If you're interested in any other piece of property in this vicinity ——" were the last words she heard floating down the stair well as she passed out upon the uneven sidewalk.

She knew exactly what she meant to do next. At sight of her badge, as shown to him through his wicketed window marked "General Delivery," the village postmaster gave her a number on a side street well uptown in New York, adding: "Going away, Mrs. Vinsolving particularly asked me not to tell anybody where her mail was to be sent on to. Kind of a secretive woman anyhow, she was, and besides she's had some very pressing trouble come on her lately. I presume you've heard something about that matter?"

She nodded.

"I suppose now," went on the postmaster, his features sharpening with curiosity, "that the Federal authorities ain't looking into that particular matter? Not that I care to know myself, but I just thought it wouldn't be any harm to ask."

"No," said Miss Smith, "I merely wanted to see her on a personal matter and I only let you see my credential in order to learn her forwarding address."

Provided with the requisite information, she figured that before night she would interview the widow or know good reasons why. That the other woman had quitted her home seemingly in a hurry and with efforts at secrecy gave zest to the quest and added a trace of bepuzzlement to it too. Even so, she did not herself know what she meant to say to the woman when she had found her in her present abiding place or what questions she would ask. Only she knew that an inner prompting stronger than any reasoned-out process drove her forward upon her vague and blinded mission. Fool's errand it might be—probably was—yet she meant to see it through.

But she had not reckoned upon the contingency that on this fine October forenoon, for the first time since buying his new touring car, Mr. Moe Goebel, shirt-waist manufacturer in a small way in Broome Street and head of a family in a large way in West One Hundred and Ninety-ninth Street, would be undertaking to drive the said car unaided and untutored by a more experienced charioteer on a trial spin up the Albany Post Road, accompanied—it being merely a five-passenger car—only by Mrs. Rosa Goebel, wife of the above, six little Goebels of assorted sizes and ages and Mrs. Goebel's unmated sister, Miss Freda Hirschfeld of Rivington Street. In Getty Square, Yonkers, about noontime occurred a head-on collision, the subsequent upshots of which were variously that divers of those figuring in the accident went in the following directions:

Miss Smith to a doctor's office near by to have a sprained wrist bandaged; and thence home in a hired automobile.

Her runabout to a Yonkers repair shop and garage.

Mr. Goebel, with lamentations, to the office of an attorney making a specialty of handling damage suits, thence home by train with the seven members of his family party, all uninjured as to their limbs and members but in a highly distracted state nervously.

Mr. Goebel's car to another repair shop and garage.

The traffic policeman on duty in Getty Square to the station house to make a report of the fifth smash-up personally officered by him within eight hours—on a Sunday his casualty list would have been longer, but this was a week day, when pleasure travel was less fraught with highway perilousness.

It so happened that Mullinix came to town from Washington next morning and, following his custom, rang up his unpaid but none the less valued aid to inquire whether he might come a-calling. No, he might not, Miss Smith being confined to her room with cold compresses on her injured wrist, but he might render a service for her if so minded—and he was. To him, then, over the wire Miss Smith stated her requirements.

"I want you please to go to this address"—giving it—"and see whether you find there a Mrs. Janet Vinsolving, a widow. I rather imagine the place may be a boarding house, though I won't be sure as to that. It will not be necessary for you to see her in person; in fact I'd rather you did not. What I want you to do is to learn whether she is still there, and if so how long she expects to stay there, and generally anything you can about her movements. She went there only three days ago and inasmuch as she has a reputation in her former town for keeping very much to herself this may be a more difficult job than it sounds. But do the best you can, won't you, and then notify me of the results by telephone? No, it is a personal affair—nothing to do with any of our official undertakings. I'll tell you more about it when I see you. I expect I shall be able to receive visitors in a day or two; just now I feel a bit shaken up and unstrung. That's all, and thank you ever so much."

Within an hour he had her on the telephone again.

"Hello!" she said. "Yes, this is Miss Smith. Oh, it's you, is it? Well, what luck? . . . Oh, so it was a boarding house, after all. . . . And you found her there? . . . No? Then where is she? . . . What? Where did you say? Bellevue! . . . I knew it, I knew it, something told me! . . . No, no, never mind my ravings! Go on, please, go on! . . . Yes, all right. Now then, listen please: You jump in a taxi and get here to my apartments as soon as you can. I'll be dressed and ready when you arrive to go over there with you. . . . What? . . . Oh, bother the doctor's

(Concluded on Page 127

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(Concluded from Page 124)

instructions. It's only a sprain anyhow and I feel perfectly fit by now, honestly I do. . . . tell you I'd get up out of my dying bed to go. . . . Yes, indeed, it is important—much more important than you think! Come on for me, I'll be waiting."

When fifteen minutes later the perplexed Mullinix halted a taxi at the Deansworth Studio Building she was at the curbing, her left arm in a sling and her eyes ablaze with barely controlled emotions. Before he could move to get out and help her in she was already in.

"Bellevue Hospital, psychopathic ward," he told the driver as she climbed nimbly inside.

As the taxi started she turned to Mullinix, demanding: "Now tell it to me all over again. When you are through, then I'll explain to you why I am so interested."

"Well," he said," "there isn't so very much to tell. The address you gave me turned out to be a boarding house just as you suspected it might—a second-rate place but apparently highly respectable, kept by a Mrs. Sheehan. It's been under the same management at the same place for a good many years. It wasn't very much trouble for me to find out what you wanted to know, because the whole place was in turmoil after what had happened just an hour or so before I got there. And when it developed that I had come to inquire about the cause of all the excitement every old-lady boarder in the house wanted to tell me about it all at the same time.

"It seems that three days ago this Mrs. Vinsolving applied at the place for room and board. Mrs. Sheehan vaguely remembered her as having been her guest for a short time ten or twelve years ago. At that time she was with her husband, Colonel Vinsolving, who it appears has since died, and a daughter about ten years or twelve years of age—a little girl with red hair, as Mrs. Sheehan recalls. This time, though, she came alone, carrying only hand baggage. Except that she seemed to be nervous and rather harassed and unhappy looking, there was nothing noticeably unusual about her. Mrs. Sheehan took her in willingly enough.

"She went straight to her room on the third floor and stayed there, having her meals brought up to her. But this morning early she went to the landlady and begged for protection, saying she was in fear of her life. Mrs. Sheehan very naturally inquired to know what was up—and then Mrs. Vinsolving told her this story:

"She said she had discovered a conspiracy to murder her, headed by—guess who? The late Kaiser, no less! She said that the Kaiser in disguise had escaped from Holland, leaving behind him in his recent place of exile over there a double made up to look like him, and was now in hiding in this country for the sole purpose of having Mrs. Vinsolving assassinated in revenge, because her late husband, while an officer in the Army, had perfected a poison gas deadlier than any other known, which, being kept a secret by this Government and used against the German army in the war, had brought about the victory for our side and led to the overthrow of the Kaiser's outfit.

"She went on to say she had run away from some suburban town or other to hide in New York and that was why she had taken refuge at Mrs. Sheehan's, thinking she would be in safety. But now she knew the plotters had tracked her, because she had just detected that the maid who had been bringing up her meals to her was really a German agent, and acting under orders from the Kaiser had put poison into her food. All of which naturally surprised Mrs. Sheehan considerably, especially as the accused servant happened to be a perfectly reliable Finnish girl who has been working for Mrs. Sheehan for five years and who had two brothers in the Seventy-seventh Division overseas.

"It didn't take Mrs. Sheehan two minutes—she being a pretty level-headed person evidently—to see what ailed her new boarder. She managed to get Mrs. Vinsolving quieted down and get her back again into her room, and then she called in the policeman on the post and inside of an hour the woman had been smuggled out of the house and was on her way to Bellevue in an ambulance with a doctor and a policeman guarding her. But by that time, of course, the news had leaked out among the other boarders and the whole place was beginning to stew with excitement. It was still stewing when I got there.

"Well, as soon as you told me over the telephone that you were bent and determined on going to Bellevue, though I do not see why you should be in such a hurry about it and taking chances on setting up an inflammation in your injured arm, because even though you do know the poor crazed creature you can't be of any help ——"

"I don't know her. I never saw her in my life."

"Then why ——"

"That part can wait. I'll explain later. You were saying that as soon as you talked with me over the telephone you did something. What was it?"

"Oh, yes, I called up Doctor Steele, chief surgeon in the psychopathic ward, who happens to be a friend of mine and one of us besides"—he tapped the badge he wore under his coat lapel—"and told him I was bringing you down to see this woman, and he volunteered some information of the case in advance of your coming. I've forgotten just what he called the form of insanity which has seized her—it's a jawbreaking Latin name—but anyhow, he said his preliminary diagnosis convinced him that it must have been coming on her for some time; that it was marked by delusions of persecution and by an exaggerated ego, causing its victims to imagine themselves the objects of plots engineered by the most distinguished personages, such as rulers and high dignitaries; and that while in this state a man or a woman suffering from this particular brand of lunacy was apt to shift his or her suspicion from one person to another—first perhaps accusing some perfectly harmless and well-meaning individual, who might be a relative or a near friend, and then nearly always progressing to the point in his or her madness where the charge was directed against some famous character."

"Did you hear anywhere any mention made of a daughter—the red-haired child of twelve years ago?" inquired Miss Smith.

"To be sure I did, but I'd forgotten about her," said Mullinix. "Mrs. Sheehan told me that somewhere in her excited narrative Mrs. Vinsolving did say something about the daughter. As nearly as I can recall, she told Mrs. Sheehan that five or six weeks ago, or some such matter, her daughter had tried to kill her and that she thought then the daughter had gone mad, but that now she knew the girl had joined the Kaiser's gang for pay. I made a mental note of this part of the rigmarole at the time Mrs. Sheehan was repeating it to me, and then it slipped my mind. But now putting that yarn alongside of what Doctor Steele tells me about the symptoms of the disease, I see the connection—first the daughter, then the strange servant girl and finally the Kaiser. But say, I wonder why the daughter hasn't been keeping some sort of a guard over the poor demented creature? What can she have been thinking about herself to let her mother go running footloose round the country, nursing these changing delusions?"

"She couldn't very well help herself," put in Miss Smith. "The daughter is in an asylum—put there five weeks ago on the mother's complaint."

"But heavens alive, how could that have happened?"

"Very easily—under the laws of this state," she answered grimly. Then speaking more quickly: "I've changed my mind about going to Bellevue with you. Please tell the driver to take me to the Grand Central Station. I don't know what train I'm going to catch, except that it's the next one leaving on the Hudson River Division for up state. You go on then, please, to the hospital and find out all you can about this case and call me on the long-distance tonight—no, that won't do either. I don't know where I'll be. I may be in Peekskill or in Albany—I can't say which. I tell you—I'll call you at eight o'clock; that will be better.

"No, no!" she went on impetuously, reading on his face the protest he meant to utter. "My wrist is well bandaged and giving me no pain. I'm thinking now of what a poor brave girl had on both her wrists when last I saw her and of what she must have been enduring since then. I'll explain the biggest chapter of the story to you on the way over before you drop me at the station."

At the Grand Central she left behind a thoroughly astonished gentleman. He was clear on some points which had been puzzling him from time to time during this exceedingly busy morning, but still much mystified to make out the meaning of Miss Smith's farewell remark as he put her aboard her train.

"I only wish one thing," she had said. "I only wish I might take the time to stop at the village of Pleasantdale and break the news to a certain Doctor McGlore who lives there. I trust I am not unduly catfish, but I dearly would love to watch the expression on his face when he heard it. I think I'd do it, too, if I were not starting on the most imperative errand that ever called me in my life."

A week later, to the day, two expected visitors were ushered into the private chamber of the governor at Albany—one of them a small, exceedingly well-groomed and good-looking woman in her thirties, and one a slender pretty girl with big brown eyes and wonderful auburn hair. We know them both—one fairly well, the other slightly.

"Governor," said Miss Smith, "I want the pleasure of introducing to you the gamest girl in the whole world—Margaret Vinsolving."

He took the firm young hand she offered him. "Miss Vinsolving," he said, "in the name of the State of New York and on behalf of it I ask your forgiveness for the great and cruel wrong which unintentionally was done to you."

"And I want to thank you for what you have done for me, sir," she answered him simply.

"Don't thank me," he said. "You know the one to thank. If I had not set the machinery of my office in motion on your behalf within five minutes after your benefactress here reached me the other day I should have deserved impeachment. But I should never have lived to face impeachment. I'm sure the slightest sign of hesitation on my part would have been the signal for your advocate to brain me with my own inkstand." His face sobered. "But, my child, for my own information there are some things I want cleared up. Why in the face of the monstrous charges laid against you did you keep silent—that is one of the things I want to know?"

Before answering, the girl glanced inquiringly at her companion.

"Tell him," counseled Miss Smith.

Steadily the girl made answer.

"When my poor mother accused me of trying to kill her I realized for the first time that her mind had become affected. No one else, though, appeared to suspect the real truth. Perhaps this was because she seemed so normal on every other subject. So I decided to keep silent. I thought that if I were taken away from her for a while possibly the separation and with it the lifting of the imaginary fear of injury at my hands, which had upset her, might help her to regain her reason and no outsider be ever the wiser for it. I am young and strong; I believed I could bear the imprisonment without serious injury to me. I believe yet—for her sake—I could have borne it. And I knew—I realized what would happen to her if she were placed in such surroundings as I have been in and made to pass through such experiences as those through which I have passed. I felt that all hope of a cure for her would then be gone forever. And I love my mother." She faltered, her voice trembling a bit, then added: "That is why I kept silent, sir."

"But, my dear child," he said, "what a wrong thing for you to have done. It was a splendid, chivalrous, gallant sacrifice, but it was wrong. And if you don't mind I'd like to shake hands with you again."

"You see, sir, there was no one with whom I might advise in the emergency that came upon me without warning," she explained. "I had no confidante except my mother, and she—through madness—had turned against me. I had no friend then—I have one now, though."

And she went to Miss Smith and put her head on the elder woman's shoulder.

With her arms about the girl, Miss Smith addressed the governor.

"We are going away a while together for a rest," she told him. "We both need it. And when we come back she is going to join me in my work. Some day Margaret will be a better interior decorator than her teacher can ever hope to be."

"Then from now on, so far as you two are concerned, this ghastly thing should be only an unhappy dream which you'll strive to forget, I'm sure," he said. "It's all over and done with, isn't it?"

"Over and done with for her—yes," said Miss Smith. "But how about your duty as governor? How about my duty as a citizen? Shouldn't we each of us, you in your big way and I in my small way, work to bring about a reform in the statutes under which such errors are possible? Think, governor, of what happened to this child! It may happen again to-day or to-morrow to some other equally innocent sufferer. It might happen to any one of us—to me or to someone dear to you."

"Miss Smith," he stated, "if ever it happens to you I shall take the witness stand on your account and testify to two things: First, that you are the sanest human being in this state; and second, that you certainly do know how to play a hunch when you get one. If I had your intuition, plus my ambition, I wouldn't be governor—I'd be running for president. And I'd win out too!"

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Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 4)

the subject of syndicalism was deemed of so little importance that it was not given a place in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Before proceeding with a description and analysis of conditions in the different European countries that the writer believes justify the above conclusions, it is proper to allow the Bolshevik to state his case. It is necessary, in the interest of fairness, to allow the proponents of what its advocates call the new Idea—spelled with a capital I—to state their own case, with their own exaggerations but free of the exaggerations of the opponent. It is also good policy, because in matters of controversy it does no good to put up straw men in order to knock them down. The term Bolshevism, used in the title, is employed in its common American sense of extreme radicalism with respect to industrial and political society—revolution by direct action. Strictly speaking, in Russia the Bolsheviks are a group occupying about the center of the labor movement in the matter of radicalism, with some fifteen or twenty self-constituted parties on either side. At the extreme left are the anarchists, who believe in no government and who have been severely repressed by the Bolsheviks for preaching this heresy. The Menscheviks, at the far right, occupy about the position of traditional German socialists. A Bolshevik in the strict sense means an individual who more or less arbitrarily combines the theory of communism in industry with a theory of the soviet in government. The particular theory of the soviet happens to be the soviet of the proletariat. As will be later elucidated, however, the Bolshevik has changed his spots very deceptively during recent months.

In order to present a statement of the views of the Bolshevik the writer believes it will be more illuminating to offer a personal discussion than a formal statement. In the spring the writer had an interview in one of the cities of Central Europe with the leading Bolshevistic agitator, or, as he termed himself, "the prophet." He was a man of education and refinement. Nothing in his personal appearance suggested the Red. He was living very unostentatiously, and though he possessed abundant funds for purposes of propaganda he was leading anything but a luxurious existence. The interview with this propagandist was apparently provoked entirely by the desire on his part to explain the movement and to dissipate what Bolsheviks regard as a counter propaganda of false statements concerning Russia, the existence of which the writer is not disposed to deny. The interview will be reproduced largely in the form of a Socratic dialogue, in which form it actually occurred.

He began with the statement that their inspiration went back to Karl Marx; that the teachings of Karl Marx had found a renaissance in Lenine; that men like Lassalle, Bebel and the elder Liebknecht were social-democratic politicians and orators, but not communists. Rosa Luxemburg's book on Accumulation of Capital he regarded as a truly Marxian production of high merit; her continuous advocacy of the general strike was, he believed, the factor that held the radical socialists together through the years of prewar prosperity in Germany. For the "International" he expressed scorn.

The Wage System

"The concepts of society range from the traditional wage system, in which labor is a commodity to be bought and sold in accordance with the law of supply and demand, to the state of pure communism. In the wage system of society labor is classified as a perishable commodity, with the risks in the hands of the owners. Society has attempted to protect itself from the worst evils of the wage system by the passage of laws which, to some extent, have obviated the risks that attend the perishable nature of the commodity—labor—or alleviated the results. Such are laws governing child labor, conditions of housing, ventilation in factories, purity of water, standards of food, protection from dust and noxious vapors, compensation for injury, old-age insurance and fixation of the minimum wage.

"The evils that these devices are designed to correct spring essentially from the wage system. Capitalistic society, moved by humanitarian considerations—in part spontaneous, in part forced—submits to reforms, but endeavors continually to maintain the wage system intact in its essential features while making concessions tending to alleviate the obvious evils. With these movements communists have little sympathy. We do not, of course, oppose such legislation; but we regard it as purely symptomatic treatment of social disease. The fundamental evil lies in the conception that labor is a commodity the price of which is determined by the law of supply and demand.

"Between the modern industrial state, with its numerous protections and safeguards of labor, and the state of communism are a number of gradations that might seem to offer a basis for modifications. Reform is a question of psychology, and many sincere reformers prefer to secure a forty per cent reform at once rather than struggle fruitlessly for years for a ninety per cent reform. These mid-stations between the wage system and communism are not sharply defined; the boundaries overlap. Nevertheless, in the minds of many social reformers they represent tangible propositions for consideration.

"The first stage may be called profit sharing minor. Under such a system manufacturing plants divide profits with their workmen in accordance with an agreed scale. If the workers are strong and industrious and the management wise this results in a high increase of returns to the workmen and yields to the management stability and freedom from strikes. As ordinarily applied it leaves to capital the unearned increment, control of patents, determination of policy and investments and scope of activity. The word 'profit sharing' is, indeed, little more than a camouflage name for high wages.

"The more advanced stage might be termed profit sharing major. Here the workers are actually stockholders, with all the functions of stockholders in the election of directors, voice in the management and participation in unearned increment and control of patents. An illustration of major profit sharing is to be seen in the optical house of Zeiss, in Jena.

"Admirable as profit sharing appears to the workmen in the plants involved, theoretically it represents no improvement over the wage system, because it merely enlarges the group of capitalists. Instead of a president, general manager, five directors and one hundred stockholders, we have the same number of individuals plus one thousand laborers. In your country there is much discussion of the evil of the great packing houses. This evil would not be removed if the packers shared with the laborers; the attitude of the consumer of meat and the producer of animals would remain the same. Profit sharing merely substitutes a large group of petty capitalists for a small group of big capitalists. This is all well enough for the workers in the particular plant; but it is of little importance to society outside of the plant, and especially to the consumer. There can be no consistent bookkeeping from such a viewpoint. Why should the man who kills the pig share in packing-house profits, and not the man who raises the pig?

"The next stage I will call socialization minor. By this we mean that certain large industries are nationalized, operated as municipal institutions: railways, coal mines, water works, plants for the manufacture of gas, electricity. Nationalization of such plants has frequently occurred from motives outside of communism, because of the importance of uninterrupted operation of public utilities, and in order to remove them from the field of strikes or political interference. Such nationalization has usually had the result of lowering prices to the consumer; in the event of accumulation of profits these should be applied to the government budget, with the result of lowering taxes.

"The next stage we may term socialization major, which many people confuse with communism. This means merely the extension of the principle of nationalization to industries whose relation to the public is not immediate but remote. The war has taught us that banking and the distribution of foodstuffs can be nationalized. But in theory and method of application it must be limited to such industries as employ skilled laborers. If we were to nationalize all industries where the procedure can be technically applied we should divide society, outside of the intellectuals, into four groups: The nationalized industries, with their skilled workmen; agriculturists; the large mass of unskilled laborers; and civil servants. It is conceivable under such a system that the unskilled workers would be no better off than they are to-day."

The Man Marked With an X Was the President of the Hungarian Bolshevik Cabinet

Rewards of Merit

"We aim to abolish the wage system and private ownership of property. A true communism means a pooling of effort and a division of the returns. Our opponents have frequently misrepresented our views by the statement that communism proposed merely a pro rata division of national income into the population, that it takes no account of differences in productive capacity, and makes no distinction between qualities of mind and of hand. This is not true. From Karl Marx down, grading in productive capacity has always been recognized; but this grading must be based on actual production, not upon external control.

"When once the holding of capital is eliminated there will be no difficulty in grading returns in accordance with distinctions of merit. What passes for reward of merit in the world to-day is largely due to capitalistic control. Thus most large institutions compel all who are engaged in their employ to turn over any discoveries that may be made; and thus the institutions are perpetuated through the control of patents. This is not reward for discoveries; it is merely an expression of the control of capital, since the workers are engaged only on the condition that their discoveries revert to the employer.

"Communism is not Bolshevism. Communism implies a certain theory of industry; Bolshevism implies also a certain type of government, dictatorship of the proletariat. Communistic society could be a democracy or a representative form of republican government; or might conceivably be a monarchy. We Bolshevists believe in the soviet form of local government, drawn from the proletariat. The highest authority is frankly a dictator, who derives his power not from the majority of the people but solely from the soviets. What form of government is best adapted to carry communism into effect depends upon conditions in the country concerned. I see no reason why communism should not be adopted in the United States under a republican form of government; but that is impossible in Russia or Germany. Whether possible in France I do not know; probably more feasible in England than in France, despite the fact that the formal government of England is a monarchy. When a state swings from capitalism to communism the change in the form of government will be radical in proportion to the extremeness of type replaced; thus absolute monarchy in Russia passes to government by dictatorship and soviet. The monarchy did not pretend to represent more than a small minority; the soviet

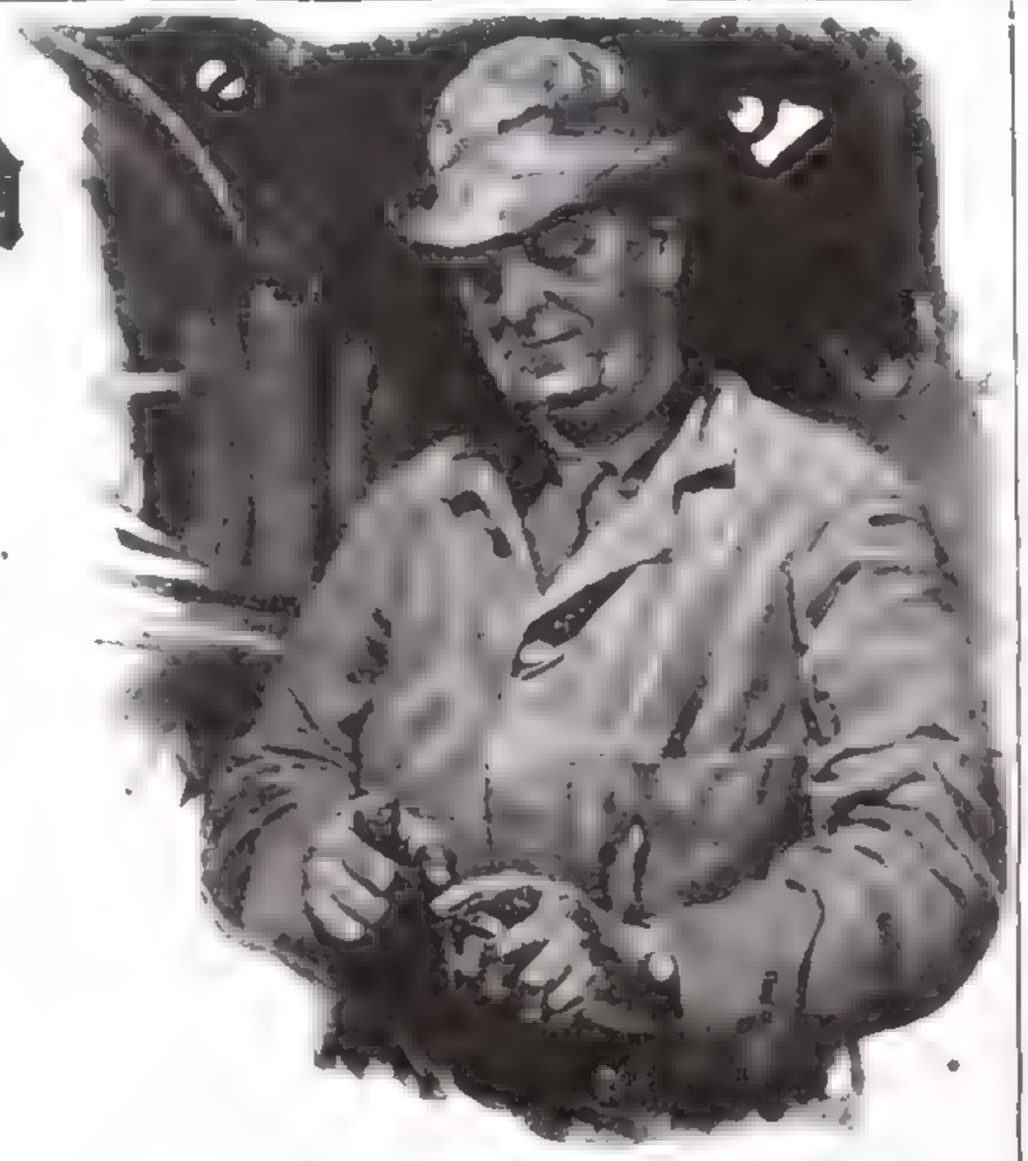
(Continued on Page 133)

Rumanian Soldiers in Budapest

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Engineer F. J. Monk of the New York Central Lines is known as "The Count" on the New York-Albany run, because he's handled a throttle for thirty-one years. For ten years he drove the Twentieth Century Limited on his division with the Hamilton he carries, and established an enviable record for running on schedule.



An engineer dare not say, "My watch was wrong"

A TERRIBLE responsibility rests with the engineer. The lives of hundreds of passengers depend upon *him*—not just on brakes and semaphore signals.

Having the correct time is a vital matter to him. Once his train gets behind schedule there may be confusion at any intersection or switch—and conflict with other trains.

Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches have always been in big demand by railroad men, and today the Hamilton is by far the best-known watch on American railroads.

But whatever your line of work, the truthful time-telling of a Hamilton will help you to keep up with your daily schedule. Every progressive man or woman deserves to own a Hamilton.

If you are planning to make a gift, consider the Hamilton Watch. In any season, on any occasion, a Hamilton would be fitting and appropriate. Whether it's to fellow club member, employee, or to members of your family—under any circumstances—a Hamilton would be a splendid compliment and a daily reminder and inspiration.

Let your jeweler show you some of the many Hamiltons—thin models and wrist-watches for men, watches especially built to stand rough service, ladies' bracelet models. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 (in Canada $20.50) and up. And you will find that all Hamilton cases are as beautifully and durably made as Hamilton movements.

Send for "The Timekeeper." You will be interested in this booklet-story of the Hamilton; and the various models are illustrated with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY,
LANCASTER, PA.

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Wilson—
That's Haul

In Postal Telegraph Construction Work

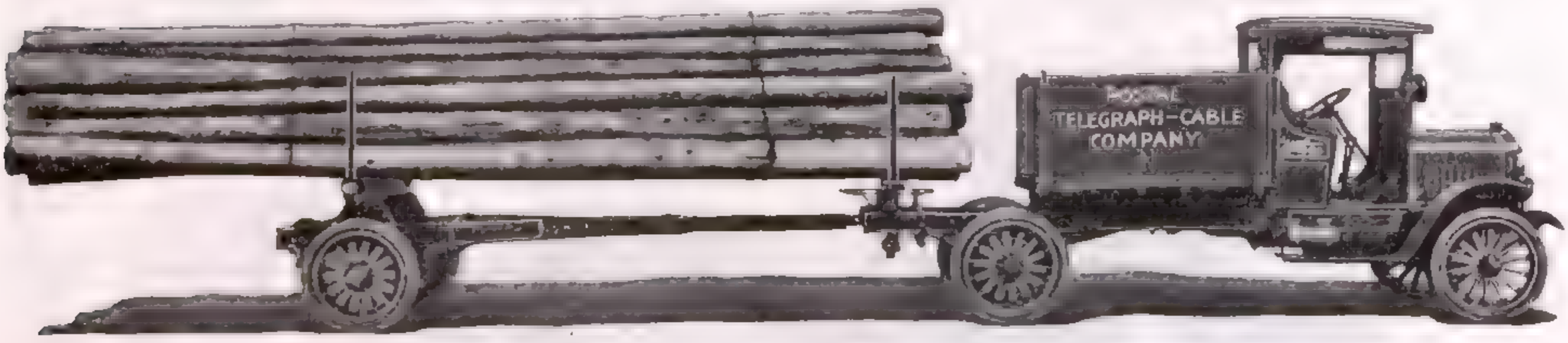
During the past year the rural population as well as the city dwellers of the southeastern states has been able to witness the remarkable feats of hauling performed by Wilson motor trucks.

A fleet of Wilson trucks with trailer equipment, sold by the Chas. W. Tway Co., Wilson distributors at Atlanta, to the Southeastern Division of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Co., has been engaged in a large construction program carried on by the Postal organization.

In Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, South Carolina and other southern states this big work has been progressing, and the people of these states have gazed in wonder on loads of telegraph equipment that they had never before seen carried except on railroad freight cars; and bear in mind that these loads are not drawn over city pavements, but are pulled through severe rural road conditions.

The trucks used in this work are Wilson 2½-ton models. The trailers are adjustable in length, to meet varying lengths of poles. Eight to sixteen poles, from thirty to fifty feet in length, are hauled at one time, these tremendous loads being made possible by the combination of truck and trailer.

As we have said before in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post, the ***continued*** *and* ***increasing*** *use of Wilson dependable motor trucks by the great corporations of the country is evidence of the highest order that Wilson trucks excel.*



National Motor Truck Shows

A complete line of Wilson Motor Trucks will be exhibited at the New York (Jan. 3-10) and Chicago (Jan. 24-31) National Automobile and Truck Shows. The New York Exhibit will be held in the Eighth Coast Artillery Armory, 194th St. and Jerome Ave., and can be reached by the Lexington Avenue Subway, or the Sixth or Ninth Avenue Elevated roads. The Chicago Exhibit will be held in the International Amphitheatre, reached by the South Side Elevated road

1½—2½—3½—5 Ton, All Worm Drive

36th Year

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York Paris

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

(Continued from Page 130)

does not pretend to represent more than a small minority. But in a country of liberal institutions like the United States there is no reason why communism could not be introduced without any radical change in government."

Q. "If the soviet represents but a small minority, why do you consider it proper for them to have seized the reins of government?"

A. "Because we desire to realize our policies. We do not strive for political democracy, but for industrial and economic equality. There is not a government in Europe that represents a majority, except in England, France and Switzerland; and even there the governments cannot be said to represent popular sentiment except in a formal sense. Governments usually represent but a minority. Most of the devices of politicians and lawmakers are made necessary by the fact that these are the instruments through which a minority rules the people. When the capitalistic minority controls society it suppresses revolt by police and a standing army. When a soviet controls society we do the same thing by means of a commission for combating counter-revolution. You call this terrorism; but from the standpoint of the proletariat it is identical with the terrorism of the police in a capitalistic state."

Unbridled Terrorism

Q. "Has not the terrorism of Russian Bolshevism been unbridled, unregulated and revengeful?"

A. "During the first months it was not possible to control the bitterness of men whose sufferings had been extreme. But lately there are no executions except after trial and conviction. Of course the *de facto* government executes those who dispute it by force. The total executions have probably been little over five thousand—not many in such a large transformation."

Q. "This is largely academic and reminds me of what I used to hear in lectures on Karl Marx when a student in Germany thirty years ago. At that time practically all students of natural science, philosophy and art pretended to be socialists. It was, however, merely a form of armchair contemplation and was never resolved into action. Now in Central Europe we observe millions of people bent on putting into reality the speculations of two generations ago. Why, from your point of view, does a war-weary people, instead of seeking peace and the resumption of the life to which they were accustomed, stir up civil war and plunge into a type of social organization that has never been tried out and promises to keep the people in turmoil for years?"

A. "Two things determined the people of Russia, and will determine the peoples of Central Europe, to undertake communism, despite the fact that a people wearied by war and exhausted in material resources could not hope to achieve communism so easily or successfully as under normal circumstances. The first fact is lack of confidence in the previous forms of government. Under these circumstances a minority of Bolshevists who believe in communism, who know exactly how to go about obtaining it and who are fanatical in their faith, are able to lead the majority, simply because the masses have lost faith in past leaders and are open to new leadership. This is one reason for the continuous agitation in Germany. The proletariat does not trust the present men in government and will try others in the hope of securing improvement. The second fact is still more important and fundamental. The people of these various countries know that their governments have expended thirty-five or forty per cent of the national wealth in the carrying on of war. The countries are materially destitute; public improvements have been neglected; the equipment of transportation has greatly depreciated; the equipment of industries and agriculture has been sacrificed to war; and enormous replacements will be necessary. If these restorations and the war debts are to be paid for in accordance with the present practices of capitalistic society they will be paid for by the working classes. In other words, the working classes who fought the war will also pay for it. If the war debts are to be repudiated—as we believe they should be—if industry is to be reorganized and laws of taxation reformed in order that capital and not labor should bear the burden of the war, the time to make the change is now. The working classes feel that communism and communism alone will enable them to escape industrial slavery. The workman of thirty years ago had a relatively small motive for socialism; the workman of to-day has a supreme motive for socialism. Communism is for the proletariat of to-day a life-and-death question. If the victorious Entente is not able to secure from Germany such indemnities as will lift from the proletariat of the United Kingdom, France and Italy a large portion of the war debt and enable the governments of these countries to avoid high taxation of the poor and accomplish a reduction in the cost of living, Bolshevistic agitation will appear in these countries spontaneously and independently of any Russian influence except example. In the final analysis it does not make any difference to the worker whether this war was a capitalistic or a nationalistic war. The worker does not propose to pay for it; and this will prove as true in the countries of the victor as in the countries of the loser."

Q. "Do you think the Russian experiment has been successful enough to induce the proletariat of other countries to plunge into civil war? Do you not realize that the proletariat of other countries know that conditions in Russia to-day in food, clothing, transportation and industries are the worst in the world?"

A. "The proletariat of other nations are not convinced that the Russian experiment is a failure. The working classes know that capital controls the press and that it is to the interest of capital to misrepresent everything in the Russia of to-day. What the workingman does know is that the cost of living is everywhere almost unbearable and that ultimately the cost of the war will be transferred from capital to labor. Of course the banks hold the war bonds; but in the final analysis these bonds will be liquidated with the products of underpaid labor."

Why Bolshevism Failed

Q. "As a matter of fact, do you regard Bolshevism as successful in Russia?"

A. "Only partially; and the reasons for the partial failure are entirely outside of our control. We view the world largely from the standpoint of the consumer, not the producer. Communism and capitalism are merely modes of organization of the industry of the state. Capitalism would have failed in Russia at this time for the same reason that communism has failed; because we have not possessed normal conditions. Russia has been blockaded for two years. We have no cotton, rubber, nickel, tin; we lack many other essential raw materials. Our principal coal mines are in the hands of the enemies of the soviet government. Our railway equipment was ruined by war and could not be restored. Under these circumstances capitalistic industries would have operated no more successfully than communistic industries. We have unemployment because we lack raw material, fuel and transportation. We have suffered heavy reduction in agricultural production for the same reasons; and the distribution of foodstuffs has been enormously disturbed by the lack of coal, locomotives and cars. The government of the late Czar flooded the country with paper money. Kerensky did the same thing. The Germans poured into Russia huge numbers of counterfeit rubles which cannot be detected. The Bolshevists also have been compelled to print paper money. The natural result has been depreciation, though no worse than in Austria and Hungary. So far as our organization was not dependent on factors under the influence of the blockade our administration has been a success. We have better schools than ever under the Czar. We have freedom of public discussions, in contrast with the conditions that obtained under the Czar. The Russian people have acquired a fraternal sentiment, a spirit of independence and self-respect never possessed before. We have got rid of a subsidized church; whatever of religious spirit exists in Russia to-day is sincere and not formal. But of course no nation dependent on the outside world for essential materials can enjoy prosperity or internal peace under military isolation. Take the figures of the import and export trade of Russia before the war. No nation can tolerate total cessation of trade, no matter what the form of government or organization of society."

Q. "But is the blockade alone to blame for the failure of Bolshevism?"

A. "No; frankly, there is a second reason. Brains are required in the running of industry. More brains are required in a transformation from an old to a new régime than in the continuation of the accustomed régime. We have lacked brains in the conduct of affairs in Russia because to a large extent the people of brains did not believe in us and would not work with us. Men skilled in finance, transportation, manufacturing, distribution, engineering and organization would not work with us or assist in solving the complicated problems of the new régime. We were compelled to put inferior men in positions of great importance. Not only did the brains of Russia remain passive; they were often in active opposition. Latterly this has begun to change. Men of large wisdom and experience are now coöperating with the soviets in the conduct of affairs in many directions."

Q. "Am I to understand that these men have become converted to your doctrines and coöperate because they believe in communism?"

A. "No; we do not require, on their part, belief in our doctrine. If an engineer is willing to offer the people of Russia his technical ability for the carrying out of a specific task the soviets accept his coöperation without inquiry into his political convictions."

Q. "Is it true that you have tried to create technically trained men in special schools?"

A. "Yes; but without particular success, because the men of brains would not teach in the schools, and naturally the schools were not good; and in any event it was not possible to train men hurriedly. No; for a decade or two Russia must expect to have her technical work in many lines done by men who are not in sympathy with the soviet government. I suppose it may be called a compromise on both sides."

Q. "How do you pay these men? Are you able to maintain the widely heralded principle of equal wages?"

A. "That was widely heralded by our capitalistic enemies. Communists have never denied that wages must vary with talent. Engineers and other specialists are now receiving high salaries in Russia, as high as ever they received before the war. They receive much higher salaries than the men in the government."

Q. "In other words, you have succeeded in getting them to return to work through the incentive of self-interest in the form of high salaries. Surely this is a compromise with your doctrine."

A. "Yes, that is a compromise. But wise men know that reforms are not to be accomplished in one leap. We believe that the next generation of brains will serve Russia from motives of altruism rather than motives of personal gain."

Small Incentives for Brain Workers

Q. "What do you allow these men of large earning capacity to do with their incomes?

"They must either spend, or hoard, or invest, or send valuables out of Russia. When they die will their children inherit? It seems to me your whole doctrine is tested by the relations of the communistic government to these men."

A. "According to our most moderate convictions inheritance should be limited to a fixed small figure, accumulation of individual property must not exceed a fixed small figure; and of course transfer of resources out of Russia would not be permitted."

Q. "Then it would seem that the only motive that a man of brains has for working for high income is the opportunity of a luxurious life at the moment. In my country we regard it as dangerous for a man to earn a large income and to spend it all in luxurious living. Yet this is the only thing permitted to a man of brains to do with his large income in Russia."

A. "No, he has abundant opportunities for altruistic uses of his income. We grant that the present situation is anomalous and is a compromise; but it is the only thing we can do, in the interim, until we can erect a new intellectual class and attain that development of altruism that will induce men of brains to work for others rather than for self. All over the world exceptional men give their best for nothing. Artists give their works to the people. Physicians make new remedies free to mankind. Scientists have given great discoveries to the world. We are only trying

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A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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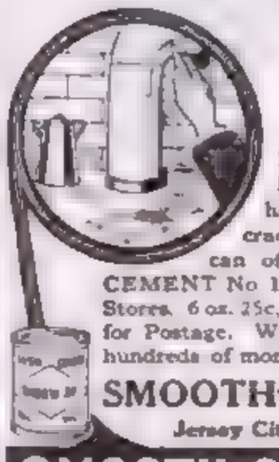
XMAS GOODS

Christmas presents in plain lumpy packages are only merchandise, in Dennison's boxes, tied with gay ribbons, and labelled with our cheerful tags, and seals, they reflect true Christmas spirit

Framingham, Mass.

68 What Next ?



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Easy to apply as putty—lasting as iron. Repairs household and motor leaks, cracks, and breaks. Get a can of SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT No 1 at Hardware and General Stores. 6 oz. 25c, 1 lb 50c. By mail add 5c for Postage. Write for Booklet showing hundreds of money saving uses.

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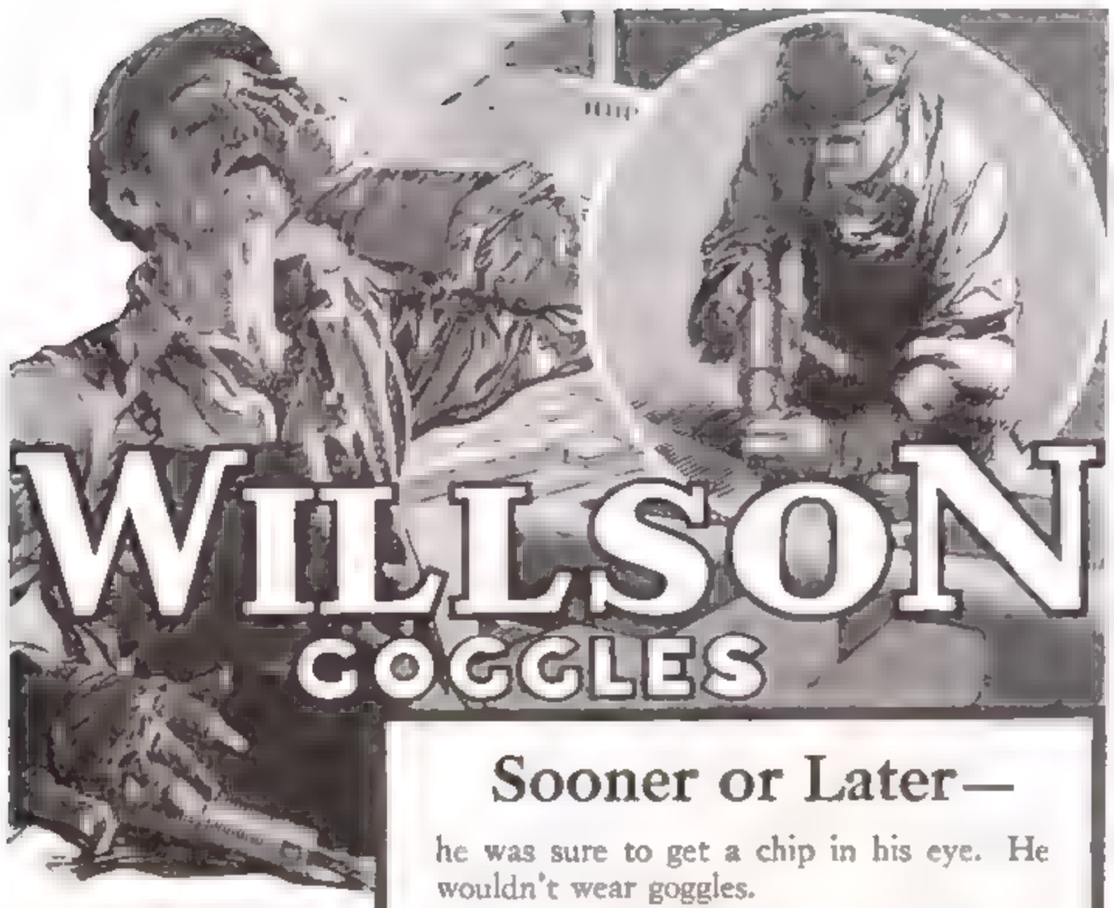

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Adjustable Bridge, Deep Nose-Rests.

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Flexible Bridge, Edged with Rubber.

Style F 14
Round Frame, Bridge-and-Bar Goggle.

Sooner or Later—

he was sure to get a chip in his eye. He wouldn't wear goggles.

"Accidents" like this don't just happen. They are *caused*—by workers who will not wear goggles and by employers who do not furnish the proper kinds of goggles.

Willson Safety Flange Goggles appeal both to the men who wear them and to the employer who furnishes them. They provide the greatest measure of safety and comfort. There are Willsons for every kind of eye hazard. Write for detailed information.

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to have all individuals of exceptional capacity do what a limited number have done in the past."

Q. "What is the most imperative thing for Russia, and for communism in Russia, at the present moment?"

A. "Establishment of peace; lifting of the blockade; and restoration of trade relations with the world."

Q. "Suppose peace were declared tomorrow, would you cease propaganda?"

A. "In an organized manner, at once. But of course socialists all over the world have the right to come to Russia, study our system and return to their homes and attempt to bring it into operation there if they have come to believe in it."

Q. "If the blockade were raised at once what would Russia do?"

A. "Attempt to resume importation and exportation."

Q. "You have announced the repudiation of your national debt, domestic and foreign. Your currency is practically worthless outside your own country. How do you expect to import cotton and rubber, for example, from the United States and the United Kingdom? Do you expect, under the present conditions, to obtain credits outside of Russia?"

A. "The authorities have agreed to recognize the foreign debts under certain conditions. That again is a compromise, but it is a choice of evils. We must import if we are to live. Since we cannot import without obtaining foreign credits and cannot obtain these without guaranties to foreign bondholders, we are compelled to assume this debt."

Q. "Even though you agree to pay your foreign debt, in the present state of your currency and in the demoralization of your country, where do you expect to obtain credits? For illustration again, to buy cotton from the United States and rubber from the United Kingdom? Where will you secure money to purchase locomotives? Even if the foreign seller had faith in your government he would still be compelled to regard Russia, for the time being, as bankrupt."

A. "That is true. And that has driven the soviet authorities to another compromise. In order to secure capital for essential imports we must offer concessions to foreign capitalists, permitting them to develop resources in Russia."

Q. "In other words, the Russian Government will grant foreign capitalists the right to build railroads, to operate mines, to cut down timber, to install power plants—in return for loans?"

A. "Yes; something of that sort."

Principles Compromised

Q. "Since concessions must include not merely such conditions as will cover the abnormal risks of a new business in a foreign country badly demoralized in internal affairs, but also a loan to the government, is it not obvious that no foreign capitalist would engage in such an enterprise unless he were granted monopoly or other exclusive rights and guaranteed a profit large enough to be regarded as compensatory under the circumstances?

"Will not this represent an exploitation unparalleled in the history of the world? Is this not an absolute break with your doctrine?"

A. "No; it is only a temporary compromise to tide us over an impasse, the result of war and not the result of communism in Russia. I am sure it has taken a severe struggle to induce the leaders to agree to this, but there is apparently no other way. Unless there is someone in the outside world who has sufficient faith in us and in communism to extend us credits, then we must pay the price for credits. We appreciate also that capitalists of foreign lands will attempt to use this to break the back of communism."

Q. "Will it not impress the people of Russia as being very remarkable that foreign capitalists are to be permitted to enjoy concessions in the development of Russian resources that are not open to Russian capitalists?"

A. "Yes. But our people will understand that as rapidly as we recover our national funds these will be placed in similar enterprises. The concessions to be granted to foreigners will be limited in time and at their expiration the developments concerned will be nationalized. It is all merely an ad interim makeshift, though confessedly and to our great regret a makeshift of capitalistic design and quality."

Q. "The foreign owners of concessions must of course be allowed to take their profits out of the country, otherwise they would not enter the country. Will the distinction between what one group of earners can do with their income and another group with theirs not present an absolute and inexplicable contradiction? Will the people of Russia stand for such favoritism for the outsider?"

A. "We shall have to trust to our ability to convince the people that this is merely a temporary bridge over the chasm of war."

Q. "You say 'we.' Are you a Russian?"

A. "No; neither by blood nor nationality; but that has nothing to do with the situation, since we are all trying to cast off nationality and to reorganize Europe on the basis of class. We are citizens of a larger country."

Q. "You say the Bolshevists are only a minority in Russia. Who are the majority?"

A. "The people who expect to lose under the system of communism. The proletariat minority gains equity; the majority loses inequity."

Points of Resistance

Q. "In the conversion of the Russian people to communism what points of resistance are met?"

A. "There are two especially. The first is the peasant. The desire to own the land he tills is instinctive in the peasant. For generations the land problem has been a great problem in Russia. It has been solved, on paper at least, by the division of the crown lands and the large estates into nationalized tracts. The peasant's instinct for possession of the land is in opposition to the communistic idea of nationalization of the land. Agricultural products represent the largest single group of products in the nation. Food is the largest single item of outlay by the consumer. If peasants with small holdings are to operate efficiently they must join coöperative societies. These coöperative societies buy agricultural supplies and machinery; they sell the crops and animals; they operate banks in order to facilitate their transactions. These agricultural associations can and do become monopolistic and oppressive; and the burden of their oppression falls on the consumer in the form of high prices for foodstuffs. In principle we see no difference between the nationalization of the land that produces wheat and the nationalization of the under-the-land that produces coal; in principle we see no difference in extortion in the prices of wheat by landowners and by coöperative societies of peasants. But for the present at least it is clear that we cannot maintain nationalization of the land; we cannot deny the peasants' ownership of land. We will limit the size of the holding. We expect to control the cooperative societies and their banks, to prevent a corner in grain and to secure that even flow to the cities that is indispensable in the feeding of the industrial classes. The peasant is an extremely conservative and ignorant individual and education will be required to develop that degree of altruism necessary in a communistic society. Eventually the majority will embrace communism."

Q. "What is the second point of resistance?"

A. "The second point of resistance is the instinct of ownership of the home. The family associates ownership of the home with normal family life. The parents wish to accumulate property and transmit it to their children. This is the result of centuries of environment. In theory we would like to have homes owned by the state, to be occupied against a charge just sufficient to cover maintenance. In the cities ownership of huge tenement houses by capitalists has been the source of great oppression of the poor. The opponents of communism have distorted our views so as to make it seem that we wished to abolish all homes and have families live in institutions, the care of the children given over to the state, with the consequent disruption of family ties. This is not our program. We do not seek the socialization of children, which would mean the socialization of sex. The problem of proper housing is very important. In some ways hygienic and æsthetic housing would be advanced by private ownership of the home; in other ways advanced by the socialization of dwellings, certainly in large cities. If a modest limitation is set on the cost of the

(Concluded on Page 137)

Ask Your Dentist

What Caused That Stain, That Tartar, That Decay?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

He Will Say, "A Film"

When your dentist finds stain or tartar or decay, ask him the reason for them.

He will say that most tooth troubles are due to a film. Or he may call it bacterial plaque. The vigorous cleaning which he gives your teeth is to remove fixed film and tartar.

He will say that tooth troubles would rarely occur if that film were daily removed, and completely.

How Film Ruins Teeth

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day, month after month, it may do a ceaseless damage.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Saliva, the natural tooth protector, is normally alkaline; it cannot neutralize this acid, because protected by the film.

Millions of germs breed in it. And they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Dentists long have known these facts. They have urged periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair to mitigate its damage. But they knew the vital need to be a daily film combatant. And dental science has spent years in searching for it.

The Way Has Now Been Found

Now science has discovered an efficient film combatant. It has been proved beyond all question by years of clinical and laboratory tests.

Today it is used on millions of teeth, and leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to quickly prove it to all people, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to anyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now countless people, under dental advice, are adopting this pepsin tooth paste.

A 10-Day Test Will Show

The purpose here is to urge a test. A 10-Day Tube is offered free to anyone who asks. The results are quick and apparent, and a book we send will tell the reason for them.

Make this test for your sake and your children's sake. Film removal is of vast importance. Judge for yourself, by the clear results, what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, based on pepsin, for combating film. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere.

See the Results

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. A ten-day test will be a revelation.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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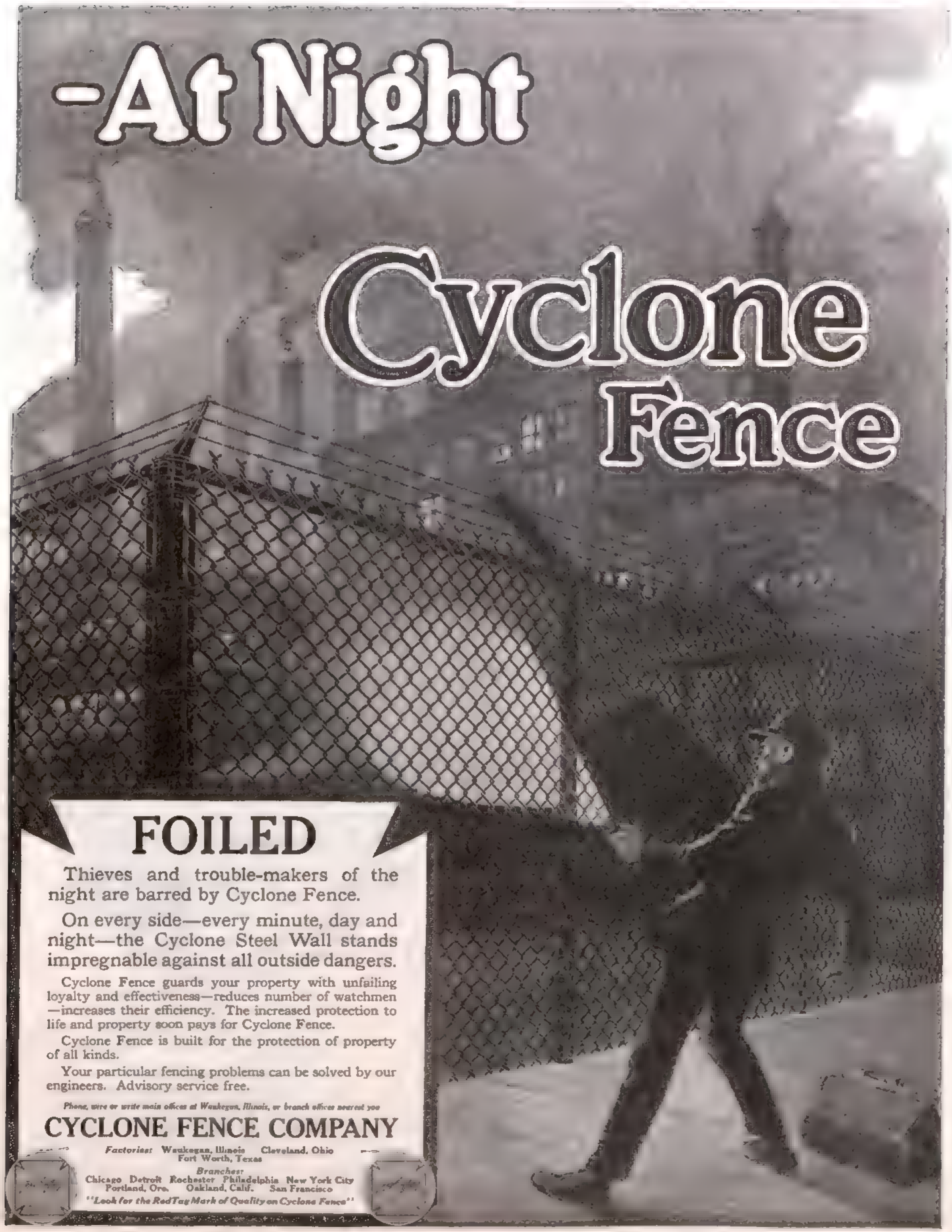

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"Look for the Red Tag Mark of Quality on Cyclone Fence"

(Concluded from Page 134)

habitation the question of nationalization of dwellings ceases to be one of importance. But we must protest against the distortion and perversion of our views on family life that have been spread broadcast."

Q. "Do you regard Rumania and Serbia as fields ripe for Bolshevism?"

A. "I do not wish to express an opinion."

Q. "Do you regard the situation in Bavaria as an expression of the impulse to communism?"

A. "No; at least, only in part. The Bavarian situation is very complex. There is a truly communistic movement, but there is so much else—antagonism to Prussia; opposition to the Weimar government; influence of the clerical parties and personal bitterness over the death of Eisner. Really one cannot judge of the probable outcome in Germany because of these confusing factors. Kautsky, Bernstein and Auer are able, but not consequent. Haase, Eisner and Laudauer represent a movement more consequent, but ineffective because erratic. For Ebert and Scheidemann we hold only contempt."

Q. "What of German Austria and Hungary?"

A. "Vienna is helpless before the Entente, because of her absolute dependence for food. Vienna is a decadent city and contains very few people who are willing to starve for an ideal. In Hungary conditions are very much influenced by the nationalistic reaction. The Hungarians are proud, independent and virile. There is a large and truly communistic group in Budapest. The feeling in the country is one of great bitterness over the boundaries. Hungary can easily revolt; and of course every revolt affords opportunity for revolution, which in the present circumstances tends always in the direction of communism and the soviet form of government. Bauer is a traitor to the masses; but Bela Kun is a true pupil of Lenine."

Q. "How about Poland and Czechoslovakia?"

Aspirations of the New Nations

A. "These are new nations that are looking forward and their national aspirations run high. Patriotism has always been the illusion through which the capitalistic class has exerted control over the masses. So long as these new countries are apparently on the road to success in the establishment of their independence communism will not make headway there; but if the new governments should not be able to solve their problems of economics and industry they will inevitably go Bolshevistic. In our opinion Poland should assume her share of whatever debt the Russian Government assumes. The same holds true of Czechoslovakia. Under these circumstances the road of the new nations will not be easy. Of special importance for these states is the reëstablishment of their textile industries. They face also the importation of new materials; but they presumably will be able to secure credit on much easier terms than Russia. In a certain sense these states are to be classed—as they class themselves—with the winning side; but if reorganization should appear impossible, for even a brief space of time, the consciousness of communism in the proletariat of these states will overcome the fetish of nationalization, and Bolshevism will be the result."

Q. "What do you know of the Industrial Workers of the World of the United States?"

A. "Nothing, except by hearsay. They are individualistic in their methods, and that leads nowhere."

Q. "You know that in the United States the employer of to-day is the employee of yesterday, that the middle class is daily recruited from the proletariat?"

A. "Only in theory, in the experience of Slavic emigrants. But all that means little. Communism is the only equitable system of society. The impulse to communism in a particular country depends on the contrast between those who have and those who lack, those who enjoy and those who suffer. As I understand the situation, each year these contrasts become more marked in your country. If you escape now the fever of European communism, the movement will develop later as spontaneous revolt against the exploitation of the proletariat. We regard the middle class as worse than the so-called upper class, because the latter is a small group of luxurious consumers."

Q. "It seems to me that in your emphasis of the negative side of the social problem—the contrast between luxury and suffering—you fail to measure fully the positive side. The progress of the world from century to century in thought, invention, improvement, development and organization has been the accomplishment of a relatively small number of men. Do you not agree that communism, under any form of government, cannot succeed unless society continues to make comparable progress?"

A. "Yes; and we are convinced that under communism society will make greater progress than under capitalism."

Who Holds the Bag?

Q. "You believe the small number of men upon whom accomplishment largely depends will work as hard without the incentive of a personal relation to their achievements? Will farmers work as hard in order to give to society as to sell to society?"

A. "It is all a question of altruism; the love of others must replace the love of self. Christianity has failed because its followers abandoned the communism of Jesus Christ. The sun, the sky, the earth and human effort are the sources of all production. The sun and sky are free, the earth must be made free, and human effort must be consecrated to the welfare of humanity, in the same manner as the sun shines upon all men."

This states the viewpoint. Communism as applied in Russia and Hungary has failed. The Bolshevistic régime engaged in the redistribution of wealth—in accordance with a more or less pro rata division of national wealth and gross income—on the assumption that production would continue as usual and distribution follow as a matter of course. This outcome did not eventuate. The proponents of communism state the view that breakdown of production and disorganization of distribution in Russia and Hungary were due in part to war, in part to shortsighted and inexperienced application of the principles of communism. The opponents of communism state the view that breakdown of production and disorganization of distribution will inevitably follow on communistic redistribution of wealth and standardization of living, given human nature as it is, since the driving forces of individual initiative are eliminated.

The communist is beginning to wonder whether the chances of success for his doctrine have not been nullified in Russia and Hungary by the coexisting experiment of the soviet government. The proponent of sovietism is beginning to wonder whether the workings of the new governmental idea are not crippled by the coexisting experiment in communism. Since they are not necessarily connected, it would have been better for human experience if they had been tried out separately. Communism came primarily from the industrial worker, sovietism from the landed worker. It may not be long before the communist and sovietist will stand facing each other to determine who is holding the bag. But it is already apparent that it is communism that has failed.

It will be best to describe first the march of events in the development of radicalism in European countries since the Russian revolution in the spring of 1917. We shall then be in position to analyze the reasons for the failures to achieve the results so confidently predicted.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early issue.

Make Your Christmas Gift Practical With a

"Fitall" Adjustable Toilet Kit

and you'll happily solve that vexatious problem of selecting the present that will not alone be different, but most useful for every name on your Xmas list. A FITALL will surely be most heartily appreciated by anyone who travels, be it much or only an occasional auto trip.

FITALLS are handsome, compact traveling Kits, made with patented NO-METAL locks and adjustable straps, which can be arranged in a jiffy to hold a person's own complete toilet outfit, including even razors, as if made to order for individual requirements. If preferred, FITALLS may also be had fully equipped with complete sets of beautiful and serviceable fittings.

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FITALLS are for men and women and may be had in a variety of flexible leathers and attractive waterproofed fabrics at $1.50 to $50.00. But be sure to LOOK FOR THE FITALL LABEL in every Kit, if you wish to secure the genuine with all its exclusive, practical and satisfaction-giving features.

Your dealer will supply you with these ideal traveling Kits. If not, write for free descriptive booklet.

EISEMAN, KAYE CO., Mfrs., CHICAGO—NEW YORK
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The Sensible Christmas Gift
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Ideal for Men, Women, Children—Everybody

Hot, Warm or Cold Water—any temperature desired—through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth gives you Shower—Shampoo—Massage Rub-Down—*All In One.*

Vigorous Circulation Keeps You Warm

The "Knickerbocker" stimulates circulation. Fortifies against colds, disease, contagion. Use it daily. *Cleanses the impurities from every pore.*

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It's quick—no waiting for tub to fill. It clears the mind—animates every nerve cell in your body. You'll start each day renewed, energetic—fit to carry the load of a strenuous day's work. The only *sanitary* way to bathe. *Does not splash.* Saves shampoo expense. Better than expensive overhead showers, costs only a *fraction* as much. Lasts for years.

Five Sizes: $2, $3, $4, $6, De Luxe Set, $7

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Interesting booklet free on request. It tells how and when to bathe.

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Icy-Hots give a lifetime's use with ordinary care because the glass bottle inside the metal case rests on a shock absorbing cushion which prevents breakage from jolts and jars.

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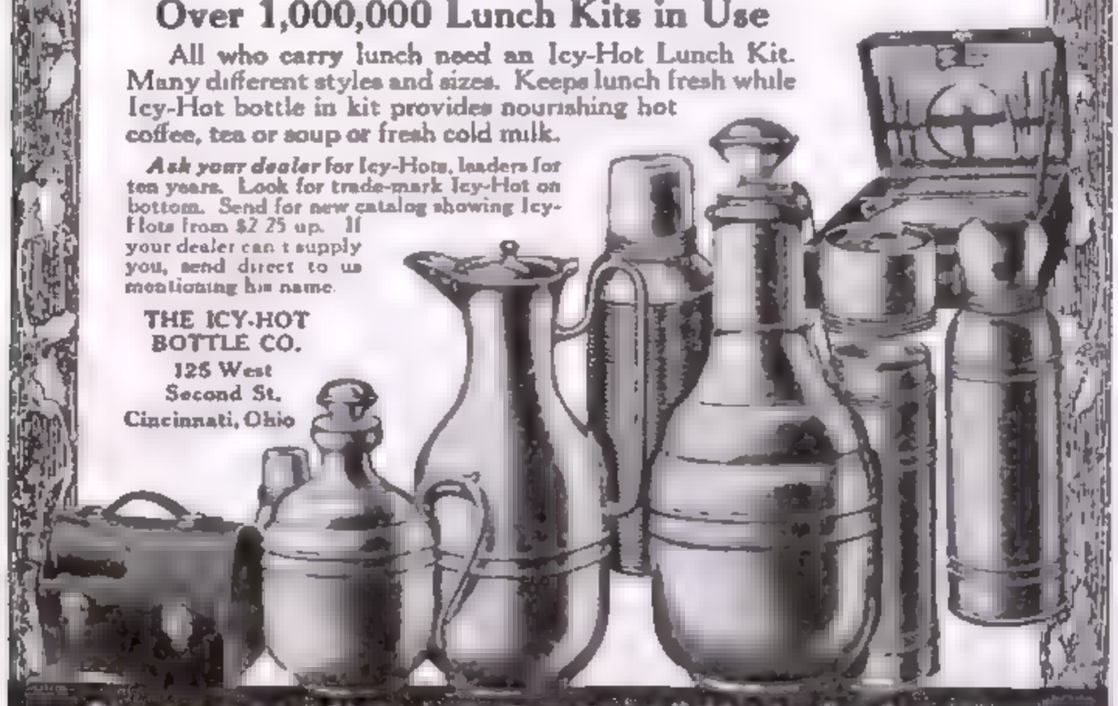

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THE AIR CURE

(Continued from Page 13)

communication. So, too, were the Scandinavian states. The representative of a German news agency sitting in the Hague culled from the news reports emanating from Great Britain only those items which he believed or which the German Government believed should be given to the German people. That was wartime, but it is not difficult to exercise in peacetime the same sort of news control in ways more subtle and less clumsy than the censor's blue pencil. The trouble about telegraph and even cable communication heretofore has been that certain countries have controlled both wires and cables and could easily, as a national emergency approached, delete or delay messages passing through their respective domains. And it is precisely in time of emergency or international crisis that the cool and thoughtful flow of public opinion should not be stemmed. It is on such occasions that the war party or the jingoes or the militarists apply themselves to prevent news that might assuage passion from reaching an inflamed people. It is then that an unscrupulous government can distort opinion, bring about war and an era of destruction.

Three years ago something happened in Northern Mexico which might easily have brought about war if the Government of the United States had desired a pretext to conquer Mexico or if our Government had been controlled by militarists of the German type. American forces under General Pershing were on Mexican territory to ward off further border raids and to apprehend Villa if possible. A scouting party of American troops went beyond the Pershing lines, though it had been agreed that no advance was to be made while pending questions were adjusted by diplomatic means. American and Mexican troops engaged in a skirmish at Carrizal and it was claimed in newspaper reports that the American forces were treacherously ambushed.

American public opinion was inflamed. Many people wanted Mexico cleaned up then and there. Irrespective of whether it would have been a good thing either for Mexico or the United States to engage in a war at a time when Germany was doing all in her power to stop the flow of munitions from the United States and divert American attention from possible assistance to the Allies, it so happens that official reports on that Carrizal incident didn't call the affair an ambush. The United States Government endeavored to settle the dispute by means of a joint commission. Was the American Government convinced that the Mexicans started the fight and that the American troops were in nowise to blame? If it had been there might have been a war then and there.

How War Fever Breeds

America and Mexico have many scores to settle, but the Carrizal incident is cited here because many people still believe it was a good excuse for a war with our southern neighbor and that our troops were wholly right. Captain Boyd, who led the American company, was killed. Yet from the pen of another officer, who wrote a report at a time when he thought death was inevitable, enough information came to cast doubt upon the first reports. Many an undisputed case of unprovoked attack on unarmed American citizens resident in Mexico has occurred which under similar circumstances has often been made the basis for military action by other nations. But as for Carrizal itself, could it be called a legitimate cause for war?

There are dozens of Carrizal incidents about which the public in Europe never gets the facts—or gets them when it is too late. Month after month a constant flow of poison from one country to another is propagated by parties interested in fomenting trouble or in attaining political power by proving that the incumbent government is not patriotic or sufficiently alert to the national interest.

Only unbiased, untainted sources of information and a free press in all countries will prevent the sowing of war germs years in advance of the actual conflicts. But so long as governments control news agencies and cable and telegraph lines, so long as by preferential rates and other means of intimidation or interference they can prevent the reports of foreign correspondents and other neutral observers from getting to the outside world as quickly as colored versions, seeds of passion will be planted and war fever bred.

It is not merely in international politics but in domestic politics as well that the flames of war are kindled. Not many years ago the American people recognized it as an imposition to have advertisements for commercial houses printed in our newspapers as reading notices. Laws were enacted compelling newspapers and magazines to label plainly "Advertisement" all contributions paid for, by persons outside the editorial staff of these publications. Some states required the names of persons or organizations paying for political advertisements, for instance, to be printed along with the contributions. The public refused to be deceived.

But there is no law to-day to prevent the publication of editorials or other matter distributed by a political organization and palmed off by a publication as its own product. Of what possible relation can that be to war? Aren't party organs inevitable and what harm can they do outside the country? Proper questions, these, but if the political parties confined themselves to domestic questions it would make no difference what editorials were printed. But when to gain party advantage the national committees of the two leading political parties in America conduct a propaganda on foreign questions, then it is time for the American reader of newspapers to ask whether the editorial opinion he reads is made in Washington or written legitimately by the man who owns the newspapers or by the staff in his employ.

Pernicious Politics

It has become the practice of both the Democrats and the Republicans to send out constantly from their national headquarters reams of editorial material prepared for instant use by the smaller newspapers of the country. The lists are carefully compiled and the Republican National Committee sends out Republican propaganda to Republican organs and the Democratic National Committee sends out its line of policy or attack for publication in a selected list of Democratic newspapers. Many independent publications refuse to receive such material, but nevertheless an altogether astonishing number of newspapers print these canned editorials and news stories.

If the Republican and Democratic National Committees were composed of elder statesmen with a finely balanced sense of international or even national interest we would not find foreign policies or the relations between ourselves and other nations made the butt of attack or defense, as the case may be. But national political committees are not responsible to the people. They are sustained by the financial contributions of sets of men interested in the success of the one or the other political party. Writers are hired to write publicity matter, which is widely distributed. They call it publicity, but it is really propaganda. Examine the printed sheets given out by either of the political committees weekly from their national headquarters and see how many newspapers print the material identically as it is sent out with biased headlines, partisan twist and colored facts. Both sides do it.

But what is the effect on American public opinion if one political party takes it upon itself to spread distrust of Japan, to sow the seeds of hostility just because the head of the other political party happens to be for the time on the other side of the question, attempting to bring about a reconciliation with Japan? What is the effect of a Republican defense of Italy's position in Fiume just because the President takes the other view? And what is the effect of a constant apology and defense by the Democrats of everything in the Administration's Mexican policy when American lives and property are woefully disregarded below the Rio Grande?

When political parties endeavor to keep America's viewpoint on foreign questions partisan they consciously or unconsciously spread germs of discord. Yet American political propaganda is tame compared to the methods used by the masters of European intrigue. To upset a ministry, to overthrow a cabinet is the game of the ambitious always, in Europe as well as in

(Continued on Page 141)

Louvain Pattern

Choose Silver— but buy early

THE present unparalleled demand for silver plate of quality makes it imperative that you purchase early.

Among the reasons for this extraordinary demand is the growing tendency for several persons to combine their gifts into one that is really worth while—one person giving perhaps a tea or coffee set, another one spoons, forks and knives, still another a dish, all in the same pattern—a plan that is possible when the choice is

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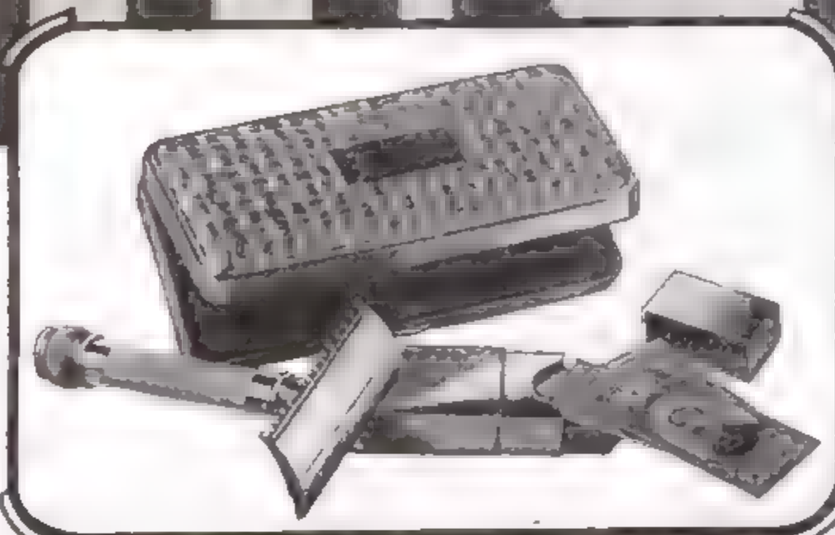

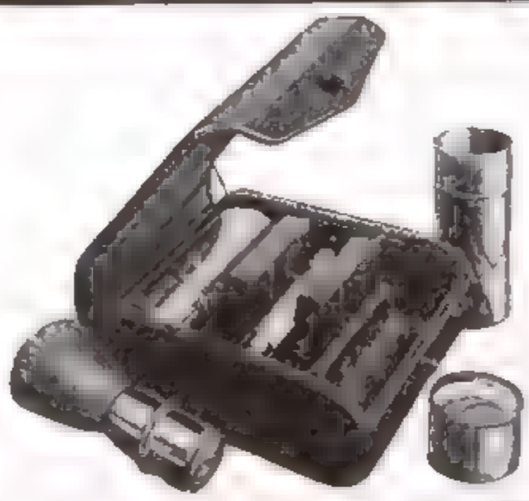

Gillette Standard Combination Set—No. 00

Always a favorite set, and especially welcome to the man who likes to keep his shaving things all together; compact and handy. Razor, Shaving Brush, Shaving Soap and 24 Shaving Edges *(12 double-edged Blades)*. Razor triple silver-plated. Genuine Leather Case. **$7.50**

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The flat, compact Gillette Set heartily welcomed by men when it first came out, and a long-standing favorite. Razor silver-plated. 24 Shaving Edges *(12 double-edged Blades)*. Metal Case, decorated with Basket pattern in high relief—silver-plated **$5**

Gillette "Bulldog"

With its fine swing, balance and extra weight, the "Bulldog" Gillette numbers its friends in the hundreds of thousands, among both new Gillette users and old. Razor triple silver-plated. 24 Shaving Edges *(12 double-edged Blades)*. Genuine Leather Case **$5**

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HERE are a few of them—you can't find a present to give him this year more in keeping with the new spirit of the times.

These are days when the minutes a Gillette saves him are worth more than ever to the busy man.

No matter if he already has one Gillette—he'll be all the more grateful for another—*a different style.*

For the man who has a "Standard" Set, there's the "Bulldog"—or a "Combination" *complete with brush and soap.*

There's a right style for every man—

Your dealer will help you make your choice—Gillette Sets, $5 to $50.

Blades, too—keenest and most economical ever produced—*Twenty-four lasting shaving edges (12 double-edged Blades) for $1.*

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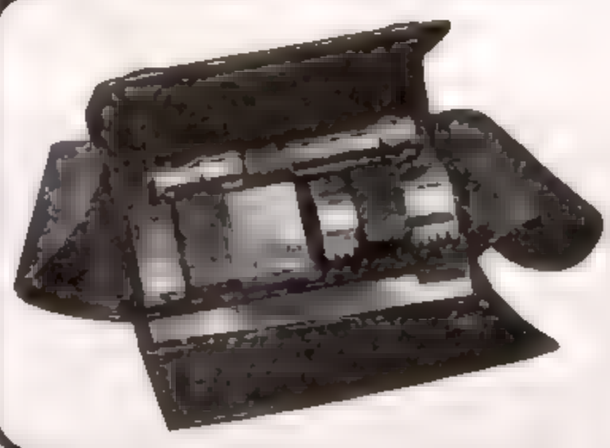
New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Geneva, Milan, Paris, Amsterdam, Port Elizabeth, Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, Singapore, Calcutta, Saloniki, Tokyo, Madrid, Brussels, Copenhagen, Shanghai, Petrograd, Buenos Aires



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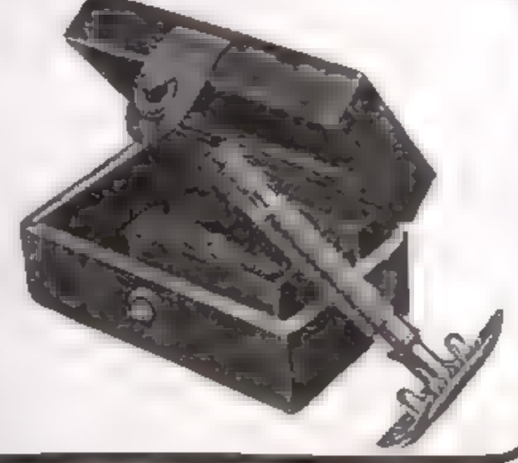
Gillette Standard Set in Metal Case—No. 460B

The metal case of this Set appeals to many men. Razor triple silver-plated. 24 Shaving Edges *(12 double-edged Blades)*. Metal case is nickel-plated. **$5**



Gillette Standard Set—No. 460

The original Gillette Set that introduced "No Stropping—No Honing" into a man's shaving. Razor triple silver-plated. 24 Shaving Edges *(12 double-edged Blades)*. Genuine Leather Case **$5**

(Continued from Page 138)

America. If the road to power is to lie through an appeal to national passion international relations will always be kept stewing.

Moreover, speeches in the American Congress attacking other countries are cabled across the ocean just as are the outbursts in foreign parliaments affecting us. It is always the opposition to another country's policies that makes more sensational news than agreement. And all too frequently the cables, because of the expensive tolls, carry only the texts of these bitter partisan outbursts and rarely an explanation of the internal politics so that public opinion abroad is not offended but is able to judge in true proportion the value that should be attached to a public speech.

So whatever way we turn we see the barrier to friendship is international communication. A little information is better than none, but too often inadequacy of information gives rise to wrong impression and does incalculable harm. Governments responsive to public opinion timidly take their cue sometimes from headlines inspired by national selfishness. Fragmentary cable dispatches have done more to embarrass negotiations between countries which might otherwise have led to an amicable and early adjustment of disputes than can be calculated, for all over the world means of communication between peoples have been woefully insufficient.

We have advanced beyond the stage at which a battle is actually fought, as in 1815, long after peace has been signed. But before steamers carrying mails can reach destinations far distant, before newspaper opinion of one continent can be fully read and digested by the newspaper commentators of other countries, much that is misleading and mischievous has been printed.

Anybody who has an intimate knowledge of the Department of State of the United States or the foreign offices abroad will testify that diplomacy is concerned almost as frequently with the impression created by the press regardless of the facts as it is with the impression actually to be derived from a study of all the facts when available. That is why so many statesmen have been led into the error of thinking that diplomacy should be conducted behind closed doors and far from the prying eyes of the press. There are public officials in this country and abroad who would defend censorship even in time of peace if they dared think public opinion might support them. The true test of whether secrecy, however, or frankness is the better way to conduct diplomatic relations is the amount of harm done by each. Irritating and malicious as have been some of the manipulations of diplomacy conducted in the open, they are not to be compared with the harm done by the intrigue and connivance in private of individuals clothed with responsibility. Too often have the latter been persuaded to put material above moral interests in foreign affairs.

The Safe Middle Ground

There is a middle road between the two methods. Nobody expects two men who want to arrive at a contract to talk in full view of competitors. Yet when that contract is made and is taken back to the respective firms for signature there ought to be no hesitancy about showing the document to everybody who is going to be concerned in carrying out the pledges or provisions of the contract. A reasonable length of time for negotiation can be given, provided the ends of justice are not defeated in the end by the making of international agreements over which the people have no power of revision or change.

In the long run open diplomacy isn't going to mean open doors at all councils of foreign ministers or ambassadors. Public business, domestic or foreign, can't be conducted on the public highways—for one thing, the noise of the street traffic is disconcerting, let alone the crowding of the solely curious. Open diplomacy is going to mean access by the press of one country to the facts about the thought and public affairs of another country and unimpaired means of communicating these facts to other countries geographically near or far.

But that is only half the problem. Suppose everybody in the United States, for instance, fully understands all the details of a possible misunderstanding with Japan. Everybody in America sees the merit in our Government's contention. All the facts and explanations and background are published, so that there is no doubt among us of what the right is.

But how about Japan? In the first place, where do the newspapers of Japan get their information? They maintain Japanese correspondents in New York City. These men cable only a small amount of matter, because tolls are very high—something like a dollar a word. So when a man gets up in Congress and says something very anti-Japanese it's hot stuff, in the parlance of even Japanese scribes. It matters little that someone else gets up in Congress and takes issue with the anti-Japanese speaker. It matters little that the Government itself assures the Japanese Ambassador that the views expressed are not in accord with our own Government's attitude. The fact is that the Japanese press prints the cables of its correspondents and millions of Japanese get their impression of American opinion that way.

I selected Japan as an illustration only because of the geographical distance between the United States and Japan and because of the difference in language between the two peoples. As a matter of fact, what the Japanese correspondents send to their newspapers is very much the same kind of material that is sent by the correspondents of British and French and Italian newspapers—it is the attack, the note of discord, which is recorded, and rarely the note of accord.

The Output of Sensational News

Possibly there is something wrong with the news point of view. For instance, millions of men in our country live happily with their wives—that's not news. A minority in each community do not live happily. Their affairs, especially if they be prominent persons, are recorded in the press. Divorces are news when the principals are prominent. Yet no newspaper thinks it pertinent to record the instances of a happy married life among persons equally as prominent. The same is true of crimes. Many newspapers in Latin-America have imagined that New York City is peopled mostly with gunmen. Long cables had been sent to South America telling of spectacular murders and rows in the metropolis, which gave color to such a supposition. Nobody thought to cable anything about the vast majority of the population who lived in law-abiding happiness.

But supposing the correspondents of foreign newspapers resident in America or the American correspondents resident in Europe were discriminating and did carefully keep in mind the sensibilities of nations; supposing they could somehow squelch the sensational of their number who sometimes set the pace and make it necessary for conservative correspondents to spend their time running down wild rumors and setting at rest doubts and misgivings produced by those sensational stories; supposing the desire existed to keep international relations well balanced in respect of the news—suppose the rule of reason instead of the rule of passion were supreme. Would that solve the situation? Hardly, for it is in the lack of means of communication that the danger lies.

Cable tolls from Europe to America are comparatively low—the press rate is only twelve cents a word from England to the United States, whereas it is more than a dollar a word to countries in the Far East. Both rates are prohibitive. Both rates mean fragmentary news, and that means virtual isolation and stagnation for all those influences in every country which seek to operate against war and in favor of reconciliation and peace.

The wireless, however, may bring us the answer—so may the airship. If dirigibles can cross the ocean in three days they can draw continents together. Three days' delay will not hurt carefully analyzed stories of public sentiment abroad. Editorial opinion will still be unimpaired by a lapse of three days.

And more and more news will be sent through the air by wireless. This will help especially in the Pacific, where the chance of communication by dirigible is still of doubtful efficacy. Wireless across the Pacific will be a tremendous advantage. It may mean the difference between what certain people are constrained to believe is an inevitable conflict with Japan and what certain other people believe can become an inevitable era of peace. Automatic sending devices have been invented making it possible to send many words a minute by wireless—indeed, nearly a hundred. Thousands

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A Sedan out of your touring car—or a Coupé out of your roadster—is what the Detroit Weatherproof All-Season Top makes from your Ford!

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Flexible sliding doors open quickly for ventilation or to just the right height for signalling. Entire side sections—doors and quarters—easily removed in a few minutes for a full side opening if you wish it.

Light, flexible, *non-rattling*, easily attached, and just as handsome as the picture.

Write for name of nearest dealer, and colored literature which contains full description of the patented sliding doors—a distinctive feature of Detroit Weatherproof Tops.

Hudson Owners—Write for Special Offer on Tops for 1916-1917 Touring Models H and J. Also made for Chevrolet 490 Touring, 1916, 1917, 1918, and Chalmers 6-30 Touring Model 35A

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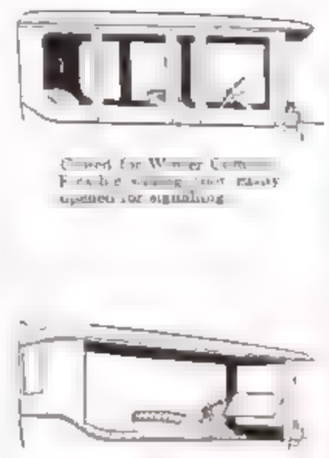

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"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

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The story is as sweet and clean and wholesome as the atmosphere of the out-of-doors of God's unspoiled world of the Ozark hills.

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Harold Bell Wright knows life and how we live it or he could never have created Brian Kent. And how we should love to meet dear old Auntie Sue, the sweetest and most charming character it has ever been our good fortune to know. You come to love Judy, too. Poor, twisted, mountain-bred Judy. She will touch every sympathetic heart. And Betty Jo! She is just—well! just Betty Jo. She just naturally lives in the pages of the book. There are thrilling incidents related with such vivid realism that one reads with breathless interest. And yet the fascinating power of the story is rather in the skillful visualization of the clash and conflicts of life's invisible forces out of which the thrilling incidents come.

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upon thousands of words of press matter will soon be sent through the air from country to country during the twenty-four hours of the day. Special sending hours will be designated by international agreement. But with a low rate for the press it is certain that throughout the world there will be revolutionary changes in the processes of news communication.

The war proved it. Our own Government, through the Committee on Public Information, sent out daily many thousand words, much of it going by wireless to distant parts of the earth. It was entirely devoted to America's viewpoint in the war and our military and naval preparations. It was an educational campaign carried on through the air. And for the most part the full texts of speeches by President Wilson to Congress or the texts of important announcements by government officials relating to our effort were carried to the four corners of the globe.

When the morale of the French people was sagging it became necessary to send even into France many thousands of words daily about what America was doing. People read about the effort of America from South Africa to South America, to New Zealand and from Japan to India, to Iceland.

Such propaganda could not properly be carried on in time of peace by our Government. Party politics would make it impossible in the first place, and the American people wouldn't stand for it in the second place. But other governments have carried on such propaganda in times of peace, and some of them are continuing to-day the campaign of words they carried on during the recent war.

But this will not long continue. And our own Government, which has ceased to send propaganda abroad, is now debating the question of arranging to throw open its wireless facilities to the press on a commercial basis—that is, government stations will send the press matter submitted to them at rates fixed so low as to be within the reach of all the newspapers hitherto interested in getting foreign cable news and many that on account of the high toll rates have not dared to be interested.

The Government would retain control of the wireless stations, even though it relinquishes control of domestic telegraph, largely because the wireless is an international means of communication affecting the efficiency of our fleets and our national defense and largely because the wireless in most other countries is under government supervision. This is because governments must regulate the use of the air by international agreement and enforce their control and because there is always the possibility that some private companies may easily be controlled by foreign owners and discrimination against American interests thus practiced.

But even questions of supervision have not been finally settled at this writing. Probably the League of Nations, too, will find this as well as the ownership of cables a point to be threshed out before we can be assured of accurate news gathered by correspondents under no influence whatsoever by government intimidation through control of facilities.

Control of public opinion is indeed the big factor in preserving peace. Exposure is the best way to frustrate plots conceived in private. Publicity has killed many a scheme simply by letting the people of the world with conscience know what is up. Literally and figuratively we find the answer in the air—dirigibles, airplanes, wireless—new and cheaper means of communication. There will be peace in the next generation only if to the troubles of the world can be applied constantly, incessantly and without restraint the cure that has been tested inside democratic countries and can work equally as well outside, wherever, to be sure, the processes of public opinion are permitted to operate at all—namely, the air cure.

Barney

I KNEW that spring had come to-day. I did
not need the scent
Of leaf smoke hanging keen and sweet
above the Weston ways,
Nor reddened catkins carpeting the roads
beneath my feet,
Nor young leaves misted golden-green
against the warm blue haze.
I did not need the robins' call, nor red-winged
blackbirds' trill,
For sudden through the quiet street an old
tune drifted down.
Beneath the arching maple boughs it lingers,
lingers still,
For Organ-grinder Barney is back again
in town.

Not war, nor nations' weal or woe can
change his wonted strain.
Forgotten are his melodies, unknown to
younger ears.
But, ah, to me each fleeting May, the old notes
come again
Like golden keys to that lost gate that leads
across the years.

"Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben
Bolt?" croons distant, and I see
The primrose light of springtime dusks,
crib pillows cool and sweet.
A robin's drowsy twilight chirp that threads
the blinds to me,
And through the dimly lighted rooms my
mother's tiptoed feet.
"Little Annie Rooney" sings within a garden
old
That shimmers in the summer heat and
hums with droning bees,
All bannered bright with hollyhocks and
strewn with marigold,
Whose bitter perfume drowns the path at
every lazy breeze;
I feel the touch of sun-warmed earth, the sun
upon my hair—
Ah, thus old Barney weaves his spell be-
neath a springtime sky!
And so I stand and smile and dream at each
familiar air,
Till close there steals on wistful feet the
child that once was I.
She knows so much, that shy, slim child, that
I can never know!
Her ears are tuned to secret things that I
can never hear.
But Organ-grinder Barney from the Land of
Long Ago
Has put her small brown hand in mine a
moment, warm and dear.

Not all the years have brought to me nor all
the years can bring
Can stir my heart to happiness, or hint of
paradise,
As when across my windowpane some blue-
bird day of spring,
Old Barney wakes the past for me beneath
blurred Maytime skies.
I knew that spring had come to-day. I did
not need the sight
Of gold and purple crocuses that wakened
with the dawn,
Nor marked the scarlet tulips' flaunt, nor
looked where overnight
The dandelions' net of gold was flung across
the lawn.
I did not need the blackbirds' trill nor heed
the robins' call.
I saw a shapeless overcoat and battered hat
of brown,
An ancient organ, full of tunes, time-mellowed,
that was all—
And Organ-grinder Barney was back
again in town.

—*Martha Haskell Clark.*

There have been many popular false alarms

but~

of course

COFFEE

is wholesome

Time was when many good people were affrighted by an eclipse of the sun. They thought it meant the end of the world! Of course, we all know differently *now*.

Coffee has been in use for five centuries. And it has never been eclipsed in popular favor. But even as the sun, coffee has been subject to many false *alarms*.

Just as nervous people start at a sudden sound, there are some similarly affected who believe that coffee isn't *"good"* for them.

Millions of healthy, strong, normal people drink coffee in moderation. They find it soothing, comforting, sustaining, nourishing—and *healthful*.

The growing, roasting and marketing of coffee is one of the world's greatest industries. From Brazil alone we import between 800,000,000 and 900,000,000 pounds a year.

Despite the fact that false alarmists and temperamental extremists have assailed coffee, it has become the *universal* drink of this great level-headed nation.

Coffee needs no apologist. It is Nature's gift. Simply be sure that you drink good, *pure coffee*.

SIGNIFICANT—*Doctor Valentine Nalpasse, of the Faculty of Medicine, of Paris, says:—"Coffee vitalizes the muscles, animates the circulation, facilitates digestion and makes intellectual work more easy."*

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COFFEE–Our Favorite Drink

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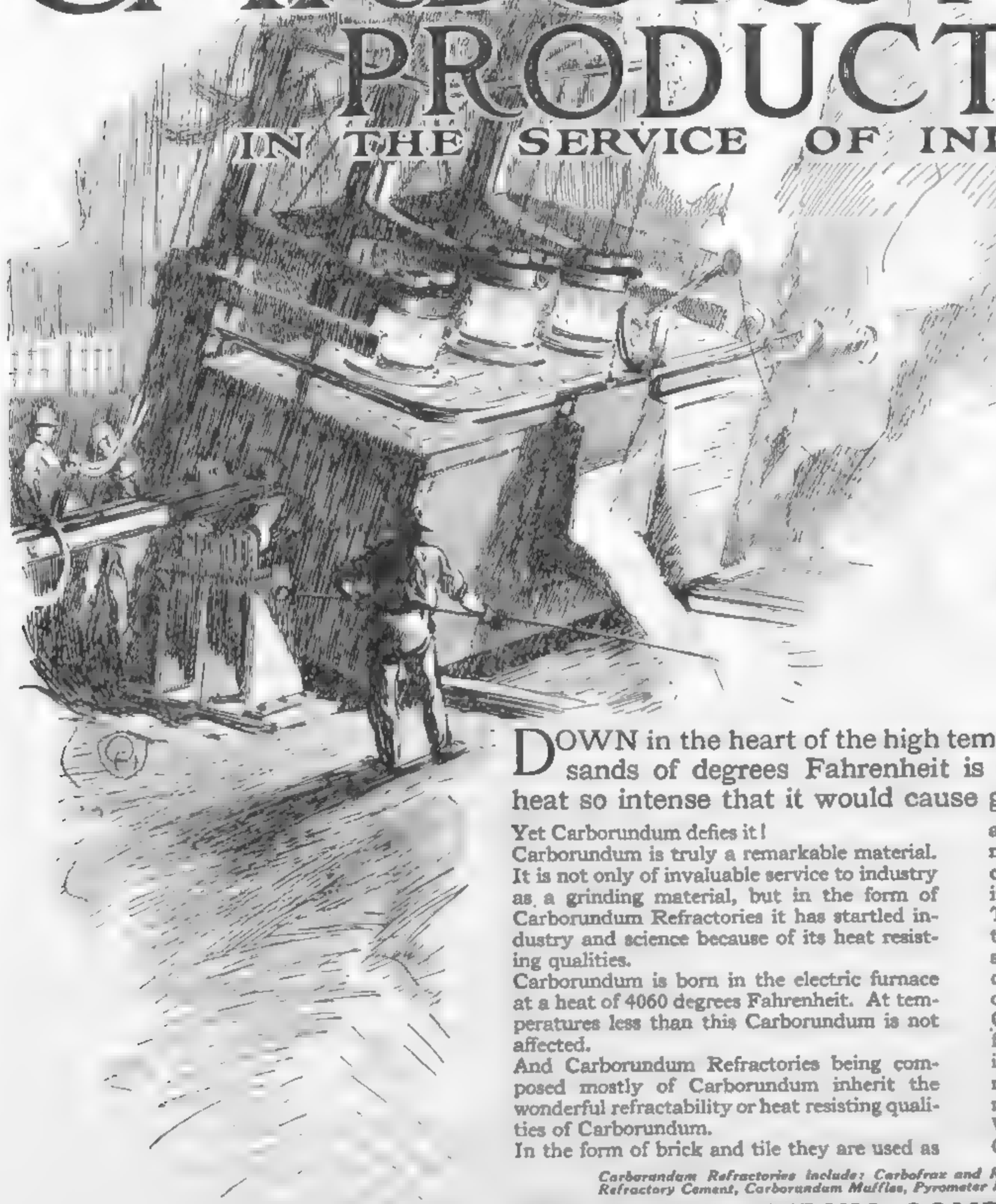

Defying the Temperatures at which Worlds Were Born

DOWN in the heart of the high temperature furnaces a heat of thousands of degrees Fahrenheit is developed—a terrific, withering heat so intense that it would cause granite to run like water.

Yet Carborundum defies it!

Carborundum is truly a remarkable material. It is not only of invaluable service to industry as a grinding material, but in the form of Carborundum Refractories it has startled industry and science because of its heat resisting qualities.

Carborundum is born in the electric furnace at a heat of 4060 degrees Fahrenheit. At temperatures less than this Carborundum is not affected.

And Carborundum Refractories being composed mostly of Carborundum inherit the wonderful refractability or heat resisting qualities of Carborundum.

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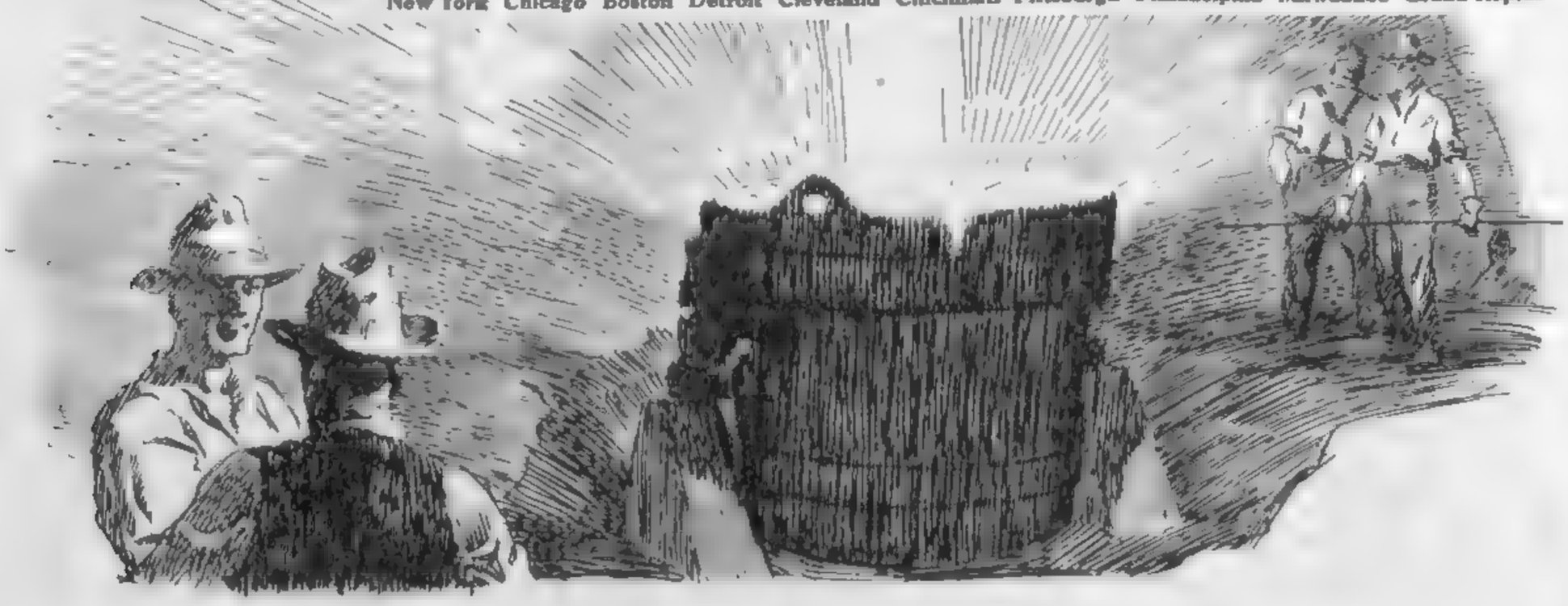


OUT-OF-DOORS

The Story of a Plainsman

ON OCTOBER 1, 1919, at Topeka, Kansas, there passed away one of the best known of the old-time plainsmen now remaining in the public notice—C. J. Jones, usually known as Buffalo Jones. He died at the age of seventy-five, after a life full of varied and interesting experiences.

Jones was born in Illinois in 1844, but spent a good part of his middle life on the plains, where for some years he was engaged in the old-time nefarious business of skin hunting among the buffalo herds. He was a good shot and an energetic business man, though probably he killed no more buffalo than a great many other skin hunters. He always had considerable native ability and considerable facility in publicity matters and was never averse to the limelight. Something of a grandstander, like most of the surviving plainsmen who got into our pictures of late years, he discovered in the early '80's the sudden interest which the Eastern country was taking in its old-time Western men. After that he carefully posed himself where it would do him the most good. Rather a vain man, but always one of tremendous energy and of a wholly independent manner of thought, he achieved a certain place not without merit in the records of American outdoor life.

Early in the '80's Jones conceived the idea of doing something to preserve the species of the American bison, which he had done his best to exterminate in his earlier years. Even then he was known as Buffalo Jones, Western Kansas being at that time still a land of nicknames. He organized several expeditions into the Panhandle country, where at that time the last fragment of the southern buffalo herd remained, with the purpose of capturing buffalo calves and establishing a private buffalo herd. I think he made two expeditions before the spring of 1886. At that time he had in captivity about half a dozen head of young buffalo. I went with him into the Panhandle country and the Neutral Strip on his spring calf hunt of 1886. We found the remnants of the buffalo herd on the headwaters of the Canadian and took thirteen calves, of which eleven were brought out to the railroad. On that rather risky hunt I saw enough of Jones to know that he was as good a plainsman and as good a hunter as any of the best. His sense of direction on the plains was perfect and his energy was untiring, while his resourcefulness and independence of mind were always apparent.

This collection was the nucleus of the Jones herd of buffalo, which had a very checkered career. Those were boom times in Kansas and the old plainsman's visionary mind was full of schemes. He was nearly always in debt and nearly always was going to get rich. His hybrid buffalo product of the cross between the buffalo and domestic cattle he called the catalo, and he became more or less famous on this account. Pursued by creditors, he shifted his herd from one place to another and sold it off from time to time. Some specimens went to Europe, some were sold to Salt Lake parks. I heard that he had some out in Redwillow County, Nebraska, at one time. Finally he wrote me that he had sold his entire herd to Charley Allard on the Flathead Indian Reservation.

Allard and Michel Pablo apparently combined their herds, for there were several hundred head offered to the United States Government by Pablo when he concluded he did not want any more wild buffalo. This Government refused to buy the herd. The Canadian Government did buy it and took up to Wainwright in Alberta all the members which it was ever able to round up on Pablo's ranch. There may be a few head of the old Pablo herd left up there yet, for all I know. The Canadian herd now numbers 3500 head and is the largest in the world. Wainwright Park is more than one hundred and sixty square miles in extent. It was left by the Dominion of Canada to preserve beyond question the species of the American buffalo. I have no doubt that there may be in the Canadian herd at least some trace of the blood of the southern herd, where Jones got the calves which made his start toward fame if not toward fortune.

Some years after the Klondike strike Jones undertook to go up into the far north and bring out some musk-ox calves. With only one companion he set out from Great Slave Lake into the lone land. He got his calves—five of them—but the natives killed them one day, refusing to allow them to be taken out of the country.

The wonderful self-reliance of the man may be seen in the fact that he made his musk-ox hunt wholly alone so far as native guiding was concerned, and with only one white companion. He explained to me how he ran by the compass and how he got back to his starting point within two or three miles. It was no wonder to me, for I had seen him hit our camp on the Canadian at night within a mile at the end of a thirty-mile drive across the plains, and only one who has seen the plains at night can know what that means.

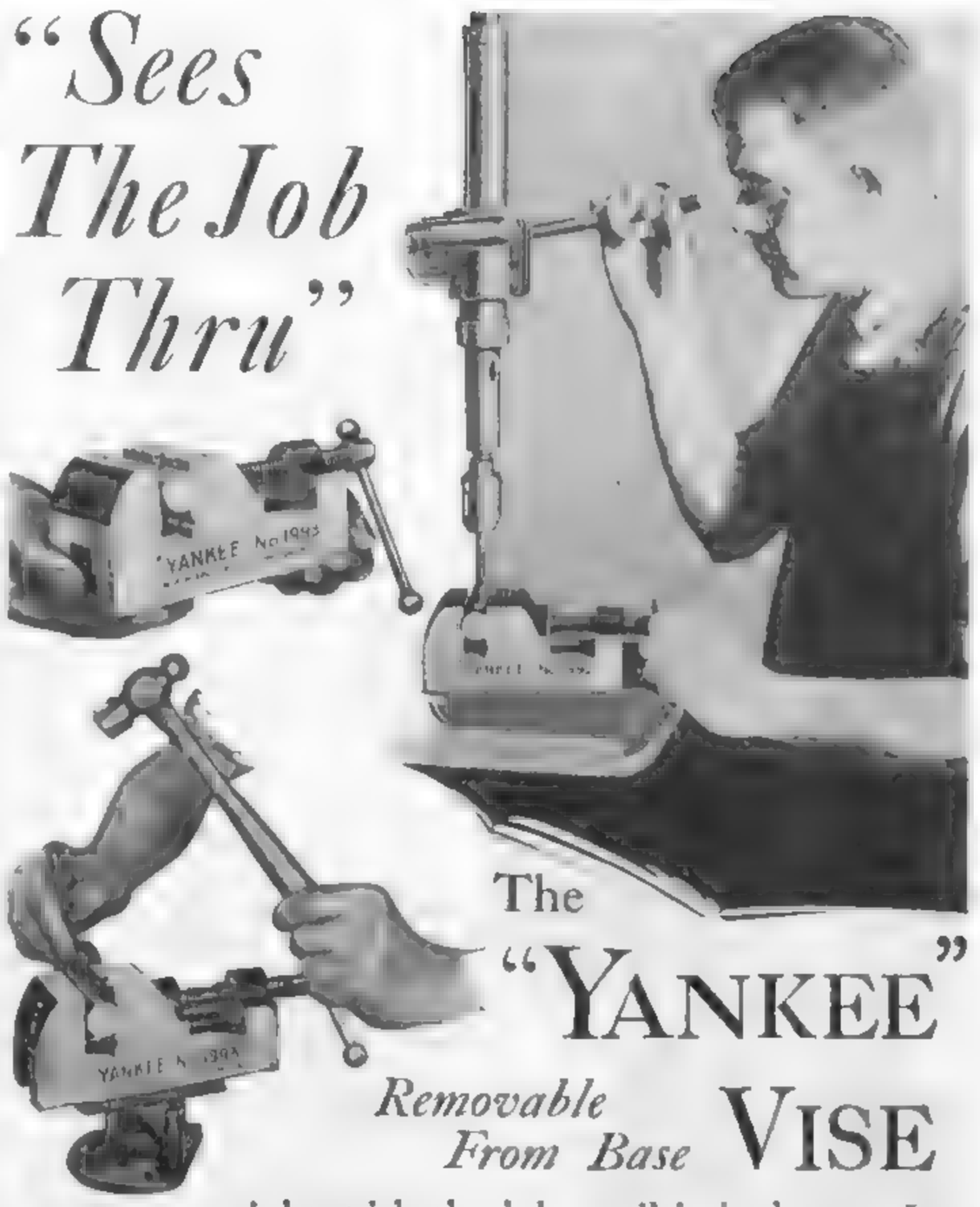
Disappointed in bringing out his musk ox, Jones went on down the Mackenzie River in a canoe alone and practically alone ascended the Rat River, crossing the old Klondike portage and descending the Bell and Porcupine Rivers to the Yukon. In 1913 I myself saw his name carved on the Summit Tree at the crest of the most northerly pass in the Rocky Mountains, our trails crossing strangely again. Alone and with almost no financial resources he caught a steamer, went down the Yukon to Nome and then almost perished in the sea voyage to Seattle. When I saw him he said there was nothing he wanted in the world so much as a piece of pie. Though he had failed in his musk-ox undertaking and so probably had lost the money of the backers who had sent him up there, he was not cast down, but was full of more advertising schemes to sell a book which he intended to write telling the story of his life.

Jones turned up as trapper of predatory animals in Yellowstone Park, where he was consulted as an authority on buffalo as well. Again we heard of him lassoing mountain lions along the Colorado River in Arizona. Absolutely fearless and with a native understanding of wild animals such as few men ever possessed, he was always doing some sensational thing.

We next heard of Buffalo Jones with two or three American cowboys in the heart of Africa, where he undertook to take with the lasso all the wild animals which our other great sportsmen had taken with the rifle. He roped lions and all that sort of thing and even anchored a rhinoceros—indeed did all sorts of foolhardy and impossible things. We were now in the moving-picture days, and as Jones even at that time had no great financial resources he had again obtained backers for his African trip. The moving pictures which he brought back from Africa were not the best that have come out of Africa, but they were astonishing, because they showed the use of the American cow horse and the American rope in the hands of American cowboys in Africa. With these pictures—such as they were—and some of his mountain-lion pictures taken in the West, Jones went on the lecture platform and no doubt did fairly well in a financial way for a time. I saw him at that time and he was much the same old Jones. He had been fifty-five years of age when he went into the Arctic country, and he was far past sixty—almost seventy—when he went to Africa. Tall, spare, full of nervous energy, with the small blue eye of the American frontiersman, Jones even then was an extraordinary figure and he surely had led an extraordinary life. Apparently he never cared much for sport—I never knew him to take any interest in fishing or in small game and he would not kill big game at all except to eat. His bent was for taking captive large wild animals. Whether or not he did this for publicity purposes makes no difference—this country never had his equal for big-game hunting with the rope and never will see his like again.

I remember to have seen a photograph of Buffalo Jones, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, all tricked out till fare-ye-well in beaded buckskin shirts. Buffalo Bill, of course, was a showman and there was not so much in his personal life as a frontiersman to win him glory as perhaps generally was believed by the public which gave him the glory. Jones had the showman's instinct also, but achieved less success. He and others cashed in to more or less degree

"Sees The Job Thru"



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it brings shaving gladness every day of the year.

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The Twinplex, in a jiffy, gives keenly stropped edges to double edged blades. It's easy to get a hundred shaves from a blade, using the Twinplex Stropper.

There are Twinplex sets galore from which you may choose your gift for him.

And it's time to act now while the full lines are on display—at cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores. A ten years' service guarantee goes with every Twinplex.

Even *new* blades must be stropped. Shaving bends the tiny saw teeth out of alignment in this manner /\/\/\/\. Stropping smooths them back like this ||||||,— into a keen cutting edge that glides over the face.

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Standard leather outfit.
$5.00

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Standard metal outfit.
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No. G-700
Twinplex in flexible leather case, with spaces for razor parts. *Without razor.*
$5.00

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Twinplex in strong fitting flexible leather case
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No. G-750
Twinplex in flexible case, with spaces for razor. *Without razor.*
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Twinplex Stropper

on the curious love of the old wild West which long has been evinced by the American public. Some of these old-time figures faked a little bit now and then, perhaps they were a little bit vain now and then, but after all they were human; and after all some of them were extraordinary human beings at that. My old-time friend, Buffalo Jones, was an extraordinary man. He came out of an extraordinary day that never will be repeated in any portion of the world.

Old Thad Norris

THERE are at least some anglers in the United States who will retain recollection of Old Thad Norris, one of the fathers of fly fishing in America, a great and gentle soul, whose intimate knowledge of the out-of-doors of his time was exceeded by no living man of that day. Old Thad Norris passed away some time since and we read about him now only with the interest which attaches to a semihistorical character. But would you perchance be disposed to believe that so perishable a thing as an artificial fly made by Thad Norris was in existence to-day? It is and I have it, an antique and a "veritable," as the dealers say. Its story is rather curious.

Mr. Charles C. Eliott, of Elgin, Illinois, ties artificial flies himself—once he sent me one which he had made with the few remaining feathers he had of a passenger pigeon—a fly which cannot be duplicated to-day and which I cherish. Last summer he sent me a small salmon fly or sea trout fly, perfectly tied and in perfect condition, with the subscription "Made by Thad Norris." He wrote the following letter of explanation:

"Take down your copy of the American Anglers' Guide by Norris and turn to his article on fly making and his pictures of flies. Compare this fly. You will note that he always made his salmon fly with gut loops and used O'Shaughnessy hooks. I am lucky enough to have a copy of the American Anglers' Guide which was owned by my father, and after carefully looking it over I am satisfied that this is not a bogus product. The proprietor of the store in Philadelphia where I found it told me that Old Thad Norris made this fly and I believe he did.

"At the suggestion of one of my friends last year I went to a restaurant on Walnut Street in Philadelphia for a shore dinner and on leaving the place I noticed this old gun shop. My companion knew the proprietor. I got in conversation with him and asked him if he remembered Thad Norris. This old-time dealer told me that Norris used to come to the store when he himself was a little boy.

"Shortly he spoke up and said: 'I have a fly rod here made by Mr. Norris and also some flies.'

"I asked him how that could be, when Thad Norris had been dead for forty years. He answered that this store—which under another name had long been known in Philadelphia—was always known in that section of Pennsylvania, so that when an old sportsman died his equipment was often sent there to be disposed of. The old Norris rod and flies had been sent in in this way by the estate of an old Pennsylvania sportsman.

"The proprietor dug round among a lot of old envelopes and found some very old flies, some of them made by an old fly maker once in their employ who was named Pat Wardin. There was a little paper marked 'Norris flies.' This fly which I am sending you is one of the lot.

"This old Philadelphia gun store is a curiosity shop for fair. On the second floor there is now a gun shop with modern machinery. On the third floor old Pat Wardin had his shop. Pat died about ten years ago and the shop had been left just as Pat left it, with the dust of years piled on the bench and all the old junk lying round. I am myself a rod maker and this old shop was tremendously interesting to me. There were old brass reels, rod cases, boxes of moth-eaten feathers, a lathe and planes and forms which Wardin had used in his work. In a drawer were pieces of German silver and mandrels which he used in making his ferrules.

"His salmon rods were made in fifteen strips and the enamel was glued inside instead of outside, which is the modern method of six-strip construction. The proprietor told me that Wardin made rods for many of the old-time actors, including George Holland, E. A. Sothern and William Florence. He also sent many rods to England.

"The old proprietor of my antique tackle shop was a taxidermist. There were hundreds of specimens left from mounting which never were called for. In my travels about the United States I look up things that are of interest to an angler. This is by far the most interesting place I have ever discovered and I hope that some time when you are in Philadelphia you also will look it up and get some more information of old-time sport.

"I sent the proprietor of the shop my check, and the Old Thad Norris rod is now in my tackle closet at home, together with one made by H. L. Leonard more than thirty-five years ago and a greenheart done by Scribner, a New Brunswick maker, well known among the old-time anglers who used to fish at the Grand Lakes in Maine. I warn you that should you visit this old shop you will feel like taking a bath and your clothes will need a visit to the cleaner."

Old Man Hawken

WHO was Old Man Hawken? What were his initials? When did he live and when did he die?

These are questions which I wish some one would answer in as great detail as possible.

Of course we have all heard about the famous Hawken rifle made by Hawken, of St. Louis, back in the famous time of Kit Carson and the early plainsmen.

These rifles were famous for their close-shooting qualities and their reliability, and Hawken—little known as he is to-day—is entitled to be called one of the most famous of all the American gunmakers.

We have been talking about the old Philadelphia gun shop and tackle store. Now what old gun store in St. Louis or anywhere else can produce a genuine Hawken rifle? My old friend, Horace Kephart, about as good an outdoor authority as America ever had and, indeed, perhaps the best, once owned a genuine Hawken. He gave it to the Missouri State Historical Society, I think, at about the time he himself was librarian of the old St. Louis Mercantile Library. This is the only genuine Hawken of which I have any knowledge. I have mentioned the famous collection of old-time Kentucky rifles owned by a gentleman in Des Moines, Iowa, but I do not recall that he mentioned a Hawken in the collection.

Now comes a gentleman of Portland, Oregon, who says that he has run across a rifle which he thinks is a Hawken.

His letter does not seem altogether conclusive.

"If you love Kentucky rifles we have something in common," he begins. "You say you would like to hear from a Hawken rifle. I think I have it. About twenty years ago, in Santa Barbara, California, I traded a cheap revolver to a local gunsmith, or rather general tinker, for an old muzzle-loader just so that I might satisfy the craving born of reading the Indian tales and incidentally have a wall ornament. But the gun surely has 'Hawken, St. Louis,' stamped in unmistakable letters on the barrel. The gun is as plain as it could possibly be—no inlays or fancy wood or silver butt plate. But she balances like the wheel of a watch and surely will shoot. It had belonged to a well-known old family in the town where I got it, who were said to have brought it across the plains in 1850. There are also one or two nicks on the barrel and stock which were said to have been received in the Mexican War. I never had any idea that the gun was of any value from any standpoint of history or commerce."

Are there any other Hawkens lying round in the country anywhere and will someone tell us how to know a Hawken when we see it? I am not able to give that information myself.

For instance, here is yet another letter from Ballwin, Missouri.

"I have at my home a rifle handed down from my forefathers. It is, I would judge, about .45 caliber, weighs about ten or twelve pounds, is of the percussion-cap type, has an extended shoulder piece and is inlaid with silver. There is an inscription on the silver plate on the side of the stock, but it has become almost obliterated by use. It has been my opinion for some time that perhaps this might be a Hawken rifle. If you can suggest any way by which I may determine whether or not it is I will appreciate it very much."

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The success of Kreolite Floors in factory use is evidenced by the unqualified endorsement of leading manufacturers. The General Electric Company has placed 21 separate orders or a total of 403,578 square feet of Kreolite Floors for installation in a number of their plants.

A letter from the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, plant states—"We have found the Jennison-Wright Company's blocks the most satisfactory of any we have used."

A request will bring our book on Kreolite Floors.

We will also be glad to have our factory floor engineers study your individual needs without any obligation.

Address all communications to the Toledo Office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

THE LAST STAND OF THE GIANTS

(Continued from Page 9)

PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON

Up Eel River From Scotia Bridge, Showing Primitive Forest and Cut-Over Land

Britain and trees that were giants when the Crusades began. There are trees that were great in girth and tremendous in altitude when the Magna Charta was signed, when Columbus discovered America, when Shakspere was born. There are hundreds of trees that were bigger than any other trees in the world when the Declaration of Independence was signed, trees that have serenely looked down upon the earth for five, ten, fifteen centuries—and now they are making grape stakes, fence posts and railroad ties of them!

Do you know what a grape stake is? It is a piece of wood about four feet long, or five, and about three by two inches in size, sharpened at one end and used in the vineyards of California to support the vines. The fence posts are about four inches square, possibly five, and the railroad ties of the usual size. The straight grain of the redwood admits of easy and nonwasteful splitting and the wood lasts long against rot. These great trees are felled—trees five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand years old—trees that are contemporaneous with most of the Christian Era—to be sawed and split into these trivial things. Moreover, these are trees that grow nowhere else—the last remaining giants of their race.

Trees of Ancient Lineage

They are the most splendid trees of all the world, the survivors of a forestation that harks back to the earliest ages and that covered what are now the polar regions and the temperate regions of North America, Europe and Asia. Their ancestry can be traced for millions of years. Fossils have been discovered that definitely fix these trees as having antedated the glacial period for aeons of time. They come down from the Cretaceous period, through the Tertiary formation of our continent. In the age of reptiles, millions of years before man and the higher animals of the present, redwoods grew in many parts of the world.

The small forests now remaining are practically identical with the forests through which these prehistoric monsters sought their prey. In California one specimen at least reached its present place before the glacial period of the earth's formative processes. Since redwoods began to grow the American continent has been made and remade by the hand of Nature; land has taken the place of water and water the place of land. The redwoods flourished when the great mountain chains were thrown up and stuck to life gallantly through all the mighty convulsions of Nature that sculptured and pressed and modeled the land into its present formation.

Extending in enormous forests in many parts of the world, they gradually withdrew until in this period they took their final stand—the stand they are making now—along the coast of California, and after combating all the forces of Nature sturdily and successfully they are now being turned into grape stakes! The tragedy of it is infinite, and the pathos.

The present habitat of the redwood is a strip of territory beginning near the southwestern corner of Oregon and extending down the California coast to Monterey Bay, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, with an average width of approximately twenty miles. The main redwood belt begins in Del Norte County, California, on Smith River, and extends southward through Humboldt and Mendocino counties. The tree is at its best and in its primeval state in Humboldt and Del Norte counties, because lumbering operations in those counties are of later date than elsewhere. These are not the only redwoods in California, but the largest and most perfect forestation of them. There are a few in Oregon. Two areas have already been set aside for public parks—the California Redwood Park owned by the state, and the Muir Woods, given by William Kent to the nation.

To the south the Sempervirens Club has reserved a grove of them, and the trees at Santa Cruz are familiar to many tourists. But the redwood has reached its greatest development in the bottom lands of the Smith River in Del Norte County and along the Eel River in Humboldt County. Here these most mighty members of the plant family, these most magnificent of growing things have held to life stubbornly, in all their grandeur and dignity—until man began to make grape stakes of them.

As to the age of them there is varying testimony. It is probable that the bulk of the trees are from four hundred to fifteen hundred years old, but there are numerous trees that equal definitely the age of the other branch of the family, the sequoia gigantea, or Big Tree of the High Sierras. That is to say, it is held that the largest of the redwoods are two thousand years old. There is a natural tendency, of course, to make them older than they are, and trees are commonly pointed out and said to be three and even four thousand years of age; but the best opinion is that the bulk of the adult trees range anywhere from four hundred to fifteen hundred years, with a great number that are indubitably a thousand and twelve hundred years old—old enough to be older than any other growing things in the world.

The size of them varies. They are not so large at base as the sequoia gigantea of greatest circumference. A redwood that is sixty or seventy feet round at its base is a very large redwood, but there are plenty that are forty and fifty and sixty feet round. In height they are mostly between two hundred and three hundred feet, more by far approximating the two-hundred mark than the three-hundred. The tallest tree recorded is, or was—it may have been cut down—three hundred and fifty feet high. Commercially, in the great forests on the bottom lands of the Eel and Smith rivers, where the trees are largely uniform in size, trees that contain from 125,000 to 150,000 feet board measure are not uncommon. There have been instances where two and one half million feet of lumber have been taken from an acre, and one tree, a giant of giants that was slaughtered to make lumber, produced 480,000 feet board measure, not including waste.

The Foresight of Asa Gray

So much for the size and age of them. As to the extinction of them—the fact that there will be no more of them after man has dealt with these—Dr. Asa Gray, the great American botanist, so long ago as 1872 foresaw what was coming and said: "Seedlings of the great trees occur not rarely indeed but in meager proportion to those of associated trees, and small indeed is the chance that any of these will attain to the 'days of the years of their fathers.' Few and evil are the days of the forests likely to be while man, both barbarian and civilized, torments them with fires fatal at once to the seedling and at length to the aged also. The forests of California, proud as the state may be of them, are already scanty and insufficient for her uses. Two lines such as may be drawn with one sweep of the brush over the map would cover them all. The coast redwood, the most important tree in California, though a million times more numerous than its relative in the Sierras, is too good to live long. Such is its value for lumber and its accessibility that—judging the future by the past—it is not likely in its primeval growth to outlast its rarer fellow species."

The redwood reproduces not only by seedlings but by stump sprouts. The tree has no taproot but a large number of huge lateral roots that lie near the surface of the ground. Sprouts spring from these about the stump and in some instances

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make for merchantable lumber. However, a sprout or seedling that began life at the time the first white man saw a redwood would be but a puny tree now compared to the smallest of its adult ancestors, and the process of lumbering practically destroys the chance of reforestation by natural processes.

Following the saw and the ax the men who lumber the redwoods call in fire. The great trees are felled one after another at the place of operation. Then fire is set and the branches and young trees and other hamper burned to facilitate the getting out of the logs. The redwood contains little resin and the bark is almost fireproof. Therefore the fires set to clear away the young trees and burn the branches do small damage to the great trunks. Redwood logs brought to the mills are blackened and charred but not damaged at all for commercial purposes. A district in which the redwoods have been logged is far more desolate than an ordinary logged district, for in addition to the desolation of stumps and shattered branches and the few and poor standing culls forlornly representing what was once a great section of primeval woods the fire has blackened everything, destroyed all the verdure and left its hideous scars upon the stumps. Tenacious as it is of life, the redwood seedling or sprout has small chance of pushing up through the lumbered area.

The redwoods attain their greatest glory on the river bottoms along the Eel River and its confluent creeks in Humboldt County, California, and on the Smith River bottoms to the north. Here are forests of them hundreds of acres in extent that have as yet escaped the saw and the ax of the lumberman, though the advancing destructionists are close upon them now. Last October I went up to Eureka and drove for miles along the south fork of the Eel River and up along Bull Creek. I have seen the big trees in the Sierras and those at Santa Cruz and in the Muir Woods and other forests in other parts of the world, but until I saw these vast forests of them, great stretches of giants standing as they have stood for centuries in their serene and majestic dignity, I fell far short in my realization of the splendor of great growing things.

The groves were the first temples, and since man built cathedrals for man the cathedral impression has been the most common mental reflex in a place like one of these forests. But no cathedral that man could build, or has; no series of pillars or columns, however great; no majesty, dignity or wonder of construction can or ever will even remotely approach the majesty of these redwoods. There are not only tens of trees that have been growing upward toward the sky for from five to fifteen centuries, but hundreds of them, thousands of them. They stand in rank after rank along the bottoms, yards and yards round and towering far into the air. All is solemn and silent. The ferns of their prehistoric association cling about the roots of them and carpet the ground beneath them. The accumulated leafage and desiccated cones that have dropped for centuries make a carpet beneath them as noiseless as wool. There is little bird or animal life.

Private Ownership

The sunlight filters through the thickly interlaced branches and is dissipated into a sort of half twilight that adds to the solemnity and to the impressiveness of the forest. One feels impelled to remove his hat and stand uncovered beneath them. Less than the breadth of a hand across the stump of one of them measures the ordinary span of human life. Some of them were there when Saint Paul sent his epistles to the Corinthians. Many of them were there when Egbert, first king of all England, ascended the throne. Scores of them were there when the Wars of the Roses began, and hundreds when the Spanish Armada sailed. They antedate Columbus, Cortés and Balboa. They were giants when Henry Hudson arrived on the eastern shore. They had looked down on many centuries when Junípero Serra landed at Monterey. And not two miles from where I first had my look at them men whose lifetime will be but an instant compared to theirs were

The Redwood's Humiliation—to be Split Up Into Grape Stakes

felling them and cutting their great boles into grape stakes. It seems like an obscene grimace at God Almighty.

These forests are all privately owned, largely by great lumbering corporations and the remainder by individuals. Redwood, as a lumber, has come into its own within recent years. It is light, soft, straight-grained, not at all tough, but fairly strong and extremely durable. In the early days of California, when there was not much timber for building purposes available, redwood was considered almost worthless because of its lightness, softness and lack of strength. The pioneers in the gold days in California brought lumber round the Horn for houses in San Francisco and Oakland when there were redwood forests at that time within a few miles from them. There is a house still standing in the city of Monterey for which the wood was brought by sea from New York, and there were great belts of redwood just across the bay in and about Santa Cruz. More remarkable than that, there was until a few years ago a house at Trinidad in the center of the greatest redwood forests for which the lumber was brought from the East. Presently the use of redwood lumber began, and the San Francisco that was destroyed by fire was largely built of it. Now the good qualities of the lumber are recognized and quantities of it are produced each year.

Eureka and the other settlements of Northwestern California were without rail-communication with the outside world until a few years ago. Visitors came in by stage from Willits or across the mountains from the valley or by boat up the coast. Nevertheless, the great stands of redwood

The Process of Lumbering Practically Destroys the Chance of Reforestation by Natural Processes

timber were all located years ago and the work of manufacturing these mighty trees into lumber was carried on extensively. One of the finest sections of the forest on Bull Creek was located by the Hon. Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan, now chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, for example. Fordney, so the local tale goes, cruised every inch of his three hundred and twenty acres.

Big lumbering companies were organized and acquired tracts that had been individually located and tracts that they located themselves. Great sawmills were set up at Scotia and at other points and the redwood demand became enormous. Hence as these lumbermen had acquired these tracts of the great trees and had invested their money in machinery to manufacture them into lumber of various kinds, the lumbermen proceeded about their business methodically and with enterprise. The trees were theirs, lawfully acquired, and they began to cut them down. The original lumbering operations were nearest the lines of transport, of course, and at the outer edges of the forests. A traveler from Willits to Eureka on the train passes through a large and desolate acreage that was once covered, almost as the bottoms on the south fork of the Eel River and along Bull Creek are now covered, with trees that oftentimes measured sixty or seventy feet round their butts. The trees were so large that they were cut sometimes twenty or thirty feet above the ground—almost always at least ten feet. Thus a lumbered redwood country is the most desolate and disheartening country imaginable, because the stumps, sticking high in the air, of enormous girth, give tragic testimony to the size of the trees that were felled and are blackened by the fires that were set to clear away the branches and top hamper after the trees were felled.

A Unique Highway

Lumbermen knew all about these redwood forests and so did the residents of that part of the state, as well as sportsmen who went there to fish and hunt; but until the railroad was extended from Willits to Eureka, which was only a few years ago, the tourist and pleasure travel to the redwood country was small. Recently the California state highway system has been extended up the coast and through Humboldt County, and the forests are now easy of access, not only to the people who want to see the redwoods and enjoy them but to the people who want to use them commercially.

The state highway, following the south fork of the Eel River in Humboldt County, runs directly through a primeval redwood forest such as I have so inadequately described. These great trees fringe the road for miles and the tourist can look off into the dim recesses of the mighty stand of them or stop and walk among them. No road in this world has so tremendous a setting, no highway on this earth traverses a forest like that. The road winds in and through trees that are a thousand years old. The great trunks of them rise in mighty majesty by the side of the travel path, forming a colonnade such as does not exist elsewhere and furnishing vistas between and adown its magnificent aisles that are unique in all the earth and unparalleled in splendor and glory.

But a highway is not alone for pleasure travel. It has its commercial uses. Hence when the state road was built the men who owned or had leased tracts of this timber that stood along the road hastened to get their money out of it. The road gave them facilities for transport and distribution. It let their men and machinery in and brought their product out. Presently gangs of men began chopping into these great trees at various spots along the highway, and the result was that here and there along the south fork of the Eel, at places nearest the railroad, great gashes were ruthlessly cut into the forest, enormous and stately trees were felled, leaving the big and blackened stumps and the fire-grimed area to substitute for what was the most remarkable scenery of its kind known to man.

I saw two or three of these operations along the highway not far from Dyerville. We arrived at one clearing just as a big

(Concluded on Page 153)

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Fulton is entering upon its fifth successful year. Long ago it passed the experimental stage. Many thousands of the earlier model Fultons greet you on the highways daily and from all indications will still be giving faithful and efficient service on our Tenth Anniversary. These facts offer a guarantee of dependable transportation performance to purchasers of the new Fulton 2-ton Model "C".

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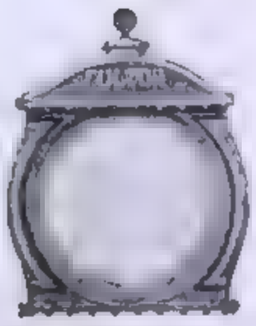

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NUT Tootsie Rolls

Delicious chocolate candy – Mixed with fresh roasted peanuts Made clean – kept clean – Wrapped dustproof.

(Concluded from Page 150)

redwood was about to die the death. It was an enormous tree, fully a hundred and fifty feet high and forty feet round at the base of it. The choppers, as is usually the case, had cut holes in the trunk near the ground, put horizontals in these holes and laid a platform of boards across the horizontals. They stood on this platform and were drawing the saw across for the last few times.

"How long before she drops?" we asked them.

"Five minutes," one of the sawyers shouted, and we moved to a little rise by the side of the road to see the tree fall. The sawing stopped. The tree began to creak. The sawyers drove their wedges into the cut, skillfully directing the fall of the tree to the exact place desired, and after great groanings and swayings the giant toppled over and thundered to the ground. Seven centuries of the work of Nature thrown down by man in an hour or so!

"More grape stakes," said one of the men with me.

Certainly the grapes of California should be fine grapes, for the vines that produce them are supported by stakes from the most ancient and the most lordly trees in all the world.

We came to another clearing, where work was suspended. The devastation was sickening. The land here slopes up from the road and every tree of consequence had been felled and burned. The view down the great vista of redwoods had been wonderful in the autumn sunlight just before we reached this place, and here there came this hideous blot—like a defilement of a work of art, like an obscenity in a sacrament. We passed heavy trucks bringing out loads of grape stakes. We passed sidings where grape stakes and fence posts and railroad ties were piled in vast heaps waiting shipment. And all of them came from these great trees, all were split in their tiny parts from the magnificent trunks of these aged and majestic monarchs.

Now there is no criticism or blame to be attached to the men who are cutting these trees and making grape stakes of them; nor is it meant to give the impression that only grape stakes are made from them. The great sawmills and finishing mills at the big plants produce lumber of all sorts from them, manufacturing it into lumber specialties in some cases. The uses of the redwood are numerous as its beauties are manifold. The men who are or have been cutting the trees along the state highway have their money invested in the trees and in the plants to manufacture them. It is business with them, a perfectly legitimate business conducted in a perfectly legitimate way. The concern that is due is not because these men are cutting the trees but because they have an opportunity to cut them. The concern is not in the damage that has been done already but in the inevitable destruction of all the redwoods unless some means for preserving them can be found.

PHOTO BY HERBERT W. HEWETT

Forest on the South Fork, Near Mouth of Bull Creek

Save the Redwoods

Naturally, as the trees are privately owned, the trees must be bought from the men who own them if they are to be saved. It is quite and admirably true that the great lumbering companies of that country are in complete sympathy with the object of preserving a certain number of the trees, but they cannot be altruistic enough to ruin themselves and their shareholders by shutting up business and not cutting any more trees. They have invested their money in the trees and in the plants to render them, and they are willing to go a long way toward preserving a certain number of the trees, but cannot be expected to retire from business without compensation themselves because this is the most magnificent forest in the world. The Federal Government or the state of California should have looked out for the preservation of these trees years and years ago. Fully fifty years ago the inevitable destruction that would follow commercial ownership was pointed out, and has been pointed out increasingly since, but neither the Federal Government nor the state of California took steps to preserve the trees, and they came into private control. Wherefore, the only way to save them now is to buy them back from the men who own them.

This was apparent for a long time to a small number of men who knew about the trees, and is increasingly apparent to all men, now that the new highway has made the redwoods accessible. Therefore there has been organized the Save the Redwoods League, with the double object of procuring a belt of the finest redwood trees bordering the new state highway and eventually of obtaining a considerable body of the finest redwoods, probably to the north, for the establishment of a National Redwoods Park. The first half of the plan is the half that is of immediate importance, because the destruction has already begun. It is proposed to procure about twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand acres of primeval redwoods bordering the state highway and along the south part of the Eel River and Bull Creek, south roughly from Dyerville, and for that immediate purpose the Save the Redwoods League is working.

The need was so urgent that citizens of Humboldt County contributed a fund, aided by some public-spirited men outside, of sufficient size to delay operations in places where these operations would be fatal to the completed harmony of the plan; and when I was there in October most of the destruction along the highway had been stopped for the time and the men who owned the lumber were waiting adjustments. These adjustments must take the form of purchase, of course, because the men who are operating are operating either under a contract for the lumber rights or by virtue of their ownership of the land and trees. The great lumbering companies were showing no disposition to be arbitrary in the exercise of their property rights and were waiting the result of the movement and willing to coöperate cordially and helpfully; and the chances seemed good that the plan would work out satisfactorily.

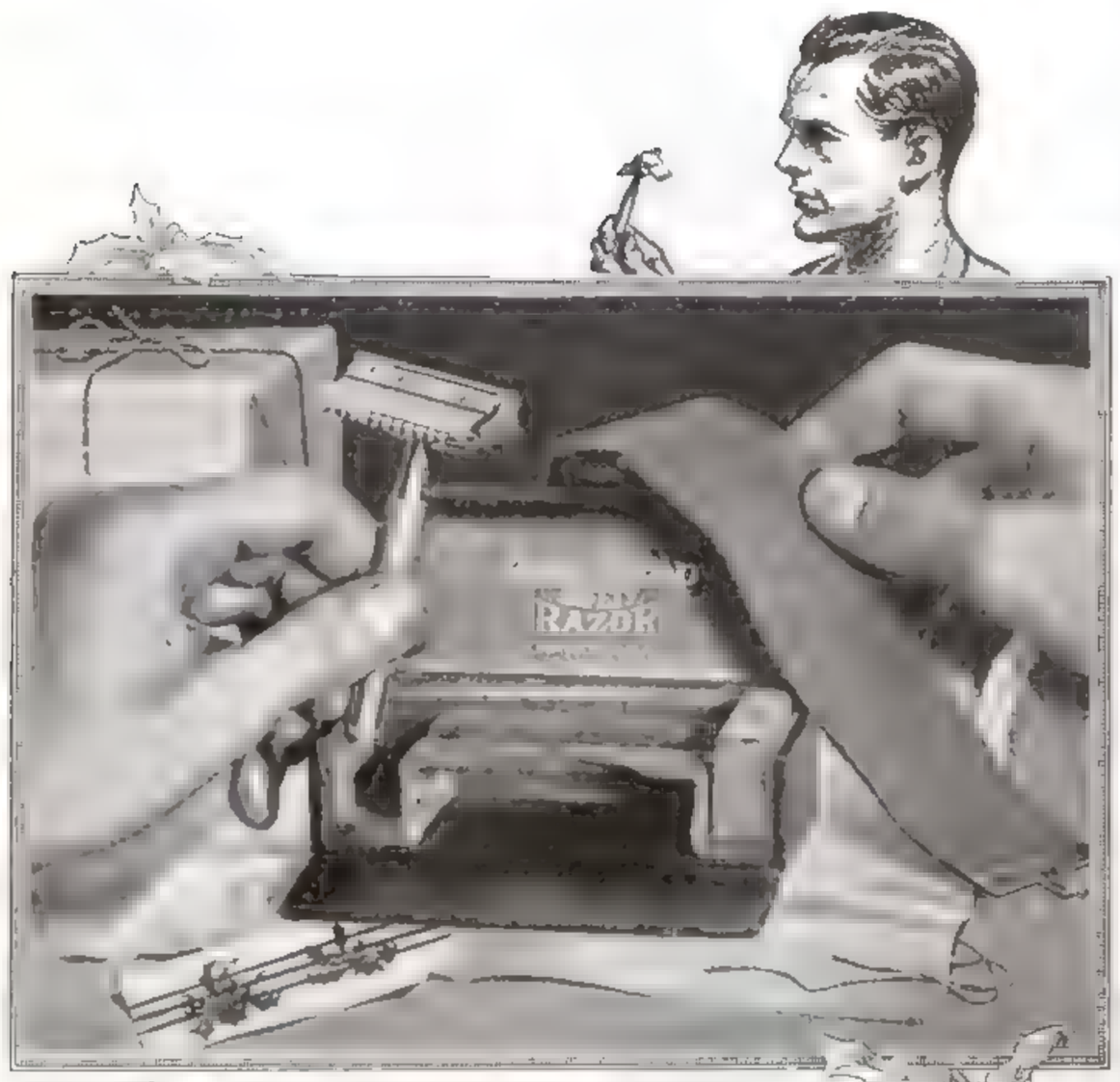
The Men Behind the Movement

However, the few operations already in hand are inconsequential compared to the operations that will be begun in case the plan to save the redwoods fails to work out, because, as I have stated, all the trees—all of them, all the giants in these forests—are privately owned and they all inevitably will be chopped down unless the league to save them procures them.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is president of the Save the Redwoods League, and associated with him are William Kent; Stephen T. Mather, director of National Parks; R. L. Wilbur, president of Stanford University; William E. Colby, president of the Sierra Club; and Dr. John C. Merriam, of the University of California. The league is seeking membership throughout the United States at two dollars each and is hopeful of larger contributions. Sixty thousand dollars were in hand when I was in Humboldt County, half of which was contributed by the citizens and officials of Humboldt County and half by Messrs. Mather and Kent. Quick action is necessary, and the number of trees to be saved will depend on the liberality of contributions and on subsequent action by the state and national governments. Eventually, it is hoped that the Government will be interested and the redwoods preserved by action of Congress.

These are the most splendid, most majestic, most wonderful trees in the world. They are the only trees of their kind in the world. They will all be made into grape stakes, cigar boxes, molding boards, fence posts, shakes, shingles and casket covers unless they are saved from these ignoble ends by the people. The giants are making their last stand up there in California.

These are Trees That Grow Nowhere Else—the Last Remaining Giants of Their Race



What men really want for Christmas

MORNING after morning men everywhere are enduring a needless discomfort—the scrape and smart of fast-dulling razor blades.

You can relieve this discomfort for any man, beginning Christmas morning. You can make sure that he gets, *every day*, a shave as clean and comfortable as his first smooth shave with a fresh blade. Give him an AutoStrop Razor for Christmas.

Built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a simple, efficient stropping device which quickly resharpens the blade. It renews the fine, smooth edge in a few seconds, without removing the blade or taking the razor apart.

AutoStrop Razor users are *guaranteed* 500 satisfying shaves from every dozen blades.

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AutoStrop Razor
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WRITING FOR PRINT

(Continued from Page 18)

In Plutarch's Lives we read of a wonderful people known as the Spartans, who lived many years before the Christian Era. Every reader of Plutarch must have remarked that the Spartans seemed to possess every virtue modern people notably lack. Nearly everyone you know, including yourself, is cowardly and dreads pain. The Spartans were all brave and laughed at pain. Nearly every modern mother spoils her children; the Spartans took children when they were six or seven years old and had them reared under competent instructors. Spartan husbands saw their wives only on rare occasions and were, as a result, always lovers. The Spartans didn't eat too much, as we do, but just enough to make them the bravest, strongest and brainiest men in the world. The Spartans did not drink intoxicants, or lie, or gossip; in short, they had so many virtues you will certainly blush when you read about them.

When old Lycurgus, their great man—and who made most of their wonderful laws—realized that death was approaching, owing to old age, he didn't loaf round the house and boast about the good old days; on the contrary, he called the wonderful Spartans about him and said he was going on a journey. He asked them to promise that until his return they would keep his laws. The Spartans gave their word of honor to do as Lycurgus wished, and then he walked away and never came back; he died somewhere, alone, like an old dog. The Spartans thought so much of their honor that they kept the laws of Lycurgus five hundred years, or until the Romans corrupted them.

Is the story a satire, like Gulliver's Travels? Did Plutarch enjoy poking fun at the weaknesses of mankind in general, as Swift enjoyed making fun of the English of his day?

The story is at least a masterpiece and, as such, has a proper place in the world. Millions of good people love it, as millions of others love to laugh at it.

There is a venerable university at Cairo, in Egypt, with seven thousand students and a horde of professors. Its course of study was founded centuries ago, when men knew very much less about natural history than they know now. But these men have never changed and violently oppose truths accepted by half the world. The Cairo professors have written thousands of books to prove that the sun rises in the west; I often think of these learned men taking snuff with each other and laughing at the learned men in my world as ignorant.

And as these Cairo professors believe, so their seven thousand students are taught; and after studying many years these students go out into the world to teach. They meet other teachers and writing men of great education, and clash. Their controversies become literature; mistaken, maybe, but clever, entertaining, witty, and with such profundity as the human mind calls for.

Pulls and Pulpits

Laurence Sterne wrote Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey long ago. Sterne was an English clergyman; whoever reads his history will note the well-known story of an education. Grudging relatives sent him to school, it being thought a sin to fail to stuff the boy's mind with such learning as scholars before him had preserved.

In spite of our present alliance with England, I record my perplexity at one custom of that country: Many times I have read of rich Englishmen having a church to give out, and these are often given to men who have a pull in politics rather than a call from on high, as we Methodists believe to be necessary.

Laurence Sterne was given a church after this fashion; and an unusual pastor he certainly was, to a Methodist. There can be no denying that Sterne, of all writers, is the most permeated with impurity. The writer nearest approaching him in this respect was Swift, also a clergyman of the Church of England. Rabelais was another offender in the class with Sterne and Swift, and he was a priest.

Sterne lived as he wrote. He was always mixed up in a fresh love affair; one of these was so serious that he wrote his own daughter that he thought more of his mistress than of all other women. In his leisure he associated with gay dogs who were not considered quite respectable.

With it all, he was forever writing and saying beautiful things. In Paris he met a pretty girl and at once began preaching to her about the higher life. Later she called on him at his hotel and spent two hours in his room. The landlord ordered Sterne out of the hotel because of the adventure. This is told in A Sentimental Journey by Sterne himself; it is not idle gossip.

Sterne often wept over the sins and follies of mankind. In his celebrated scene about a dead ass and its owner he wrote:

"Shame on the world, said I to myself. Did we love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

Indignation because we do not love each other more and because we lack universal brotherhood has always been a favorite with writing men and readers, though we quarrel rather more now than ever before.

Sterne's fine sentiment attracted extremely clever and readable criticism from envious rivals. One gentleman, in taking a hard poke at Sterne, said he cruelly neglected his own wife. And readers enjoyed that too.

Traill's Life of Sterne

One of the characters in one of Sterne's books is such a good man that he released a tormented fly and put it out the window with the words: "Get thee gone, poor devil! Why should I harm thee? The world is surely large enough for thee and me."

This beautiful thought attracted so much admiration that another writing man, envious of Sterne's enormous popularity, discovered that it was stolen bodily from an old book. Sterne was a famous literary thief, his rivals said, his chief pilferings being from the gloomy volume known as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

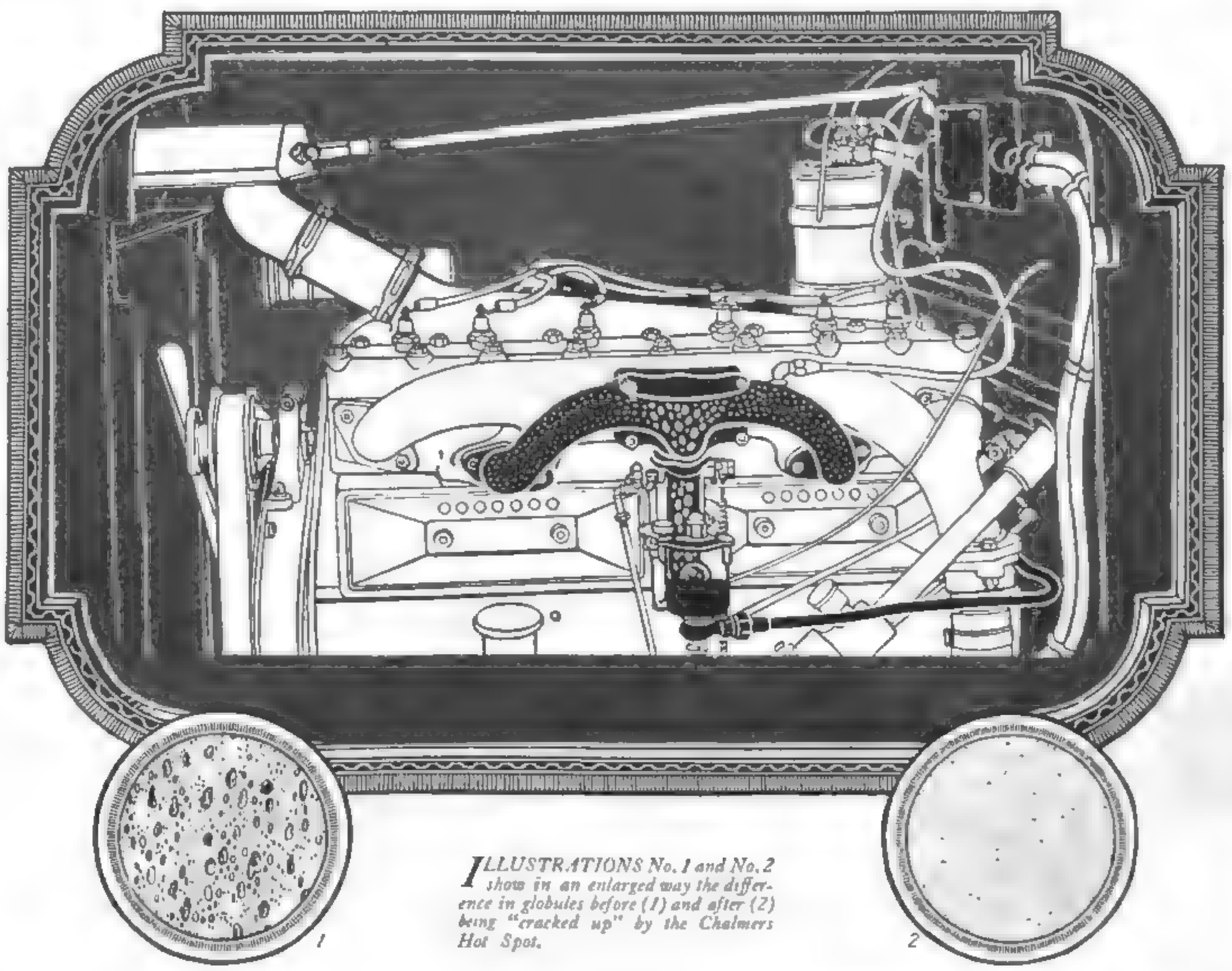
The world not only benefited by Laurence Sterne's genius as a writer, but after his death we have biographies of him of great interest. I do not know who H. D. Traill is, or whether he is dead or living, but I have read his biography of Sterne with rather more enjoyment than I found in Tristram Shandy or A Sentimental Journey. Any man's life is interesting if told with truth and sincerity. And this fine sentiment is not mine; almost every scribbler in the world's history has said it.

Traill's biography of Sterne shows genius on almost every page; there are thousands of writers who miss greatness by only the breadth of a hair. Traill relates how Sterne's father was an army man, condemned to be the Ulysseslike plaything of adverse gods at the war office. He had an indefatigably prolific wife; a succession of weak and ailing children; misfortune in the season of journeyings; misfortune in the moods of the weather by sea and by land—under all this combination of hostile chances and conditions was the struggle to be carried on. The little household was perpetually on the move—a little household which was always becoming but never remaining bigger—continually increased by births, only to be reduced again by deaths, until the contest between the deadly hardships of travel and the fatal fecundity of Mrs. Sterne was brought by events to a natural close. The biography speaks of the family losing one infant at this place and "leaving another behind" on a particular journey, almost as if they were so many overlooked or misdirected pieces of baggage.

All this Traill tells delightfully. Perhaps he exaggerated, but if he is convicted of it I shall not complain, since he has made an interesting book.

In the early days of the Republic good writers were scarce; it was a favorite sneer of the English that no one read an American book, but in the country to-day are thousands of clever writers. I find their work in every printed thing I pick up. In every considerable town is a press club, with some of its members working on plays and books which frequently succeed. Half our world depends for its reading on weekly papers printed in small towns; and many of their editors, widely quoted, are good printers as well as good writers. I was lately in a Western town, and the editor did not show me his paper; he showed me specimens of two-color work

(Continued on Page 157)



1

2

ILLUSTRATIONS No. 1 and No. 2 show in an enlarged way the difference in globules before (1) and after (2) being "cracked up" by the Chalmers Hot Spot.

Why Great Engines Must Pattern After the Hot Spot Chalmers

THOSE of you who would like, every now and then, to break into a dozen pieces the engine of your car with a sledge-hammer—or give the car away—or those of you who send it too often to the repair shop—stop a moment and ponder over this:

Maybe it isn't the engine's fault, nor yours for that matter. Nine chances in ten it's the kind of gas you're using.

Your engine probably was designed for the kind of gas that could be had anywhere three or four years ago.

For gas has gone down and down in grade.

If your engine doesn't start easily, if it carbonizes quickly, develops knocks or doesn't deliver all the power you expect of it, it's largely the fault of the gas you feed it.

Chalmers engineers were quick to note the change coming, and they worked night and day and were first to furnish the remedy—a redesigned engine.

The inferior gas of the day is heavy.

It's so heavy that even after leaving the carburetor it still is in more or less a raw condition.

So the Chalmers engineers figured they must "crack up" the gas finer, which they have accomplished by that wonderful device known as Hot Spot.

This process done, the task then was to pass the gas into the cylinders with lightning-like rapidity so that the gas couldn't condense.

To accomplish this the Ram's-horn Manifold was designed. It takes its name from its shape. It has no sharp corners to block the rush of gas, but instead "easy air bends."

Hence no "pools" collect and the gas is passed to each cylinder in the same quantity of mixture at the same time.

The result is a wonderful freedom from vibration, less trouble with carbon deposits, less knocks, less scored cylinders and cut bearings.

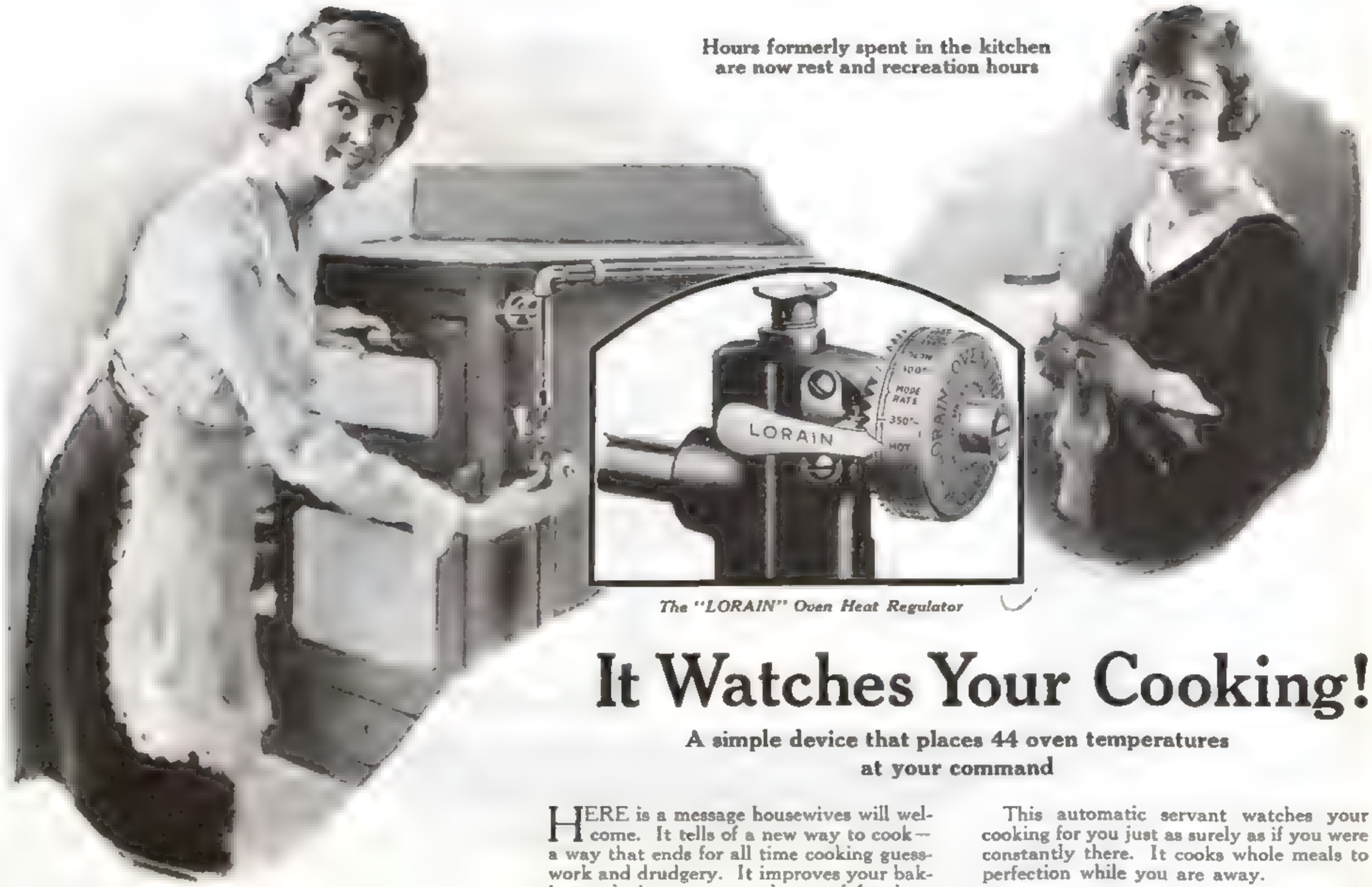
Sooner or later other cars will come to these Chalmers principles. It is as certain as the sun will rise tomorrow.

In the meantime Chalmers sales are climbing to rare new heights. Price, 5-passenger, $1685 f. o. b. Detroit.

Quality First

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT, MICH.

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Hours formerly spent in the kitchen are now rest and recreation hours

The "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator

It Watches Your Cooking!

A simple device that places 44 oven temperatures at your command

HERE is a message housewives will welcome. It tells of a new way to cook—a way that ends for all time cooking guesswork and drudgery. It improves your baking and gives you new hours of freedom. It is called the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator.

With this wonderful improvement on your gas range you are always sure that your oven is adjusted for the correct temperature for producing the most perfect results in baking or roasting. No danger of anything being burned, underdone or overdone. *Every* day's bakings are as delicious as your *"luckiest"* day.

Now, too, practically all of the foods formerly cooked on the top burners (which you had to watch and stir) *can be cooked in the oven watched by "LORAIN."* Thus making needless those tiring hours spent in pot watching.

An automatic servant that works while you rest

Simply set the wheel at any one of the 44 temperatures. Then, whether you are roasting foods, or baking, or stewing or boiling, you can forget all about them.

This automatic servant watches your cooking for you just as surely as if you were constantly there. It cooks whole meals to perfection while you are away.

Bake, roast, boil or stew in the oven all at one time

In this advertisement are noted but a very few of the many foods which require exact and constant heat.

We have also listed here some of the many dishes now cooked on the top burners that with the "LORAIN" can be cooked at one time in the oven. Once placed in the oven and carefully watched by this wonderful device, you know just when they will be done, confident that they will be deliciously cooked.

Thus you have many extra hours free from the kitchen each day for rest or enjoyable recreation—a whole afternoon, if you please.

Each of the six famous stoves listed below is equipped with the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. Go to the local dealer for any one of these stoves and see this wonderful invention. Only then can you fully appreciate what a "LORAIN" on your stove can mean to you.

Note the kitchen hours the "LORAIN" saves you by watching your cooking for you.

1½ to 5 hours for Roast Meats, Veal, Beef, Pork, Lamb, etc

1 to 3 hours for Roast Fowl, Chicken, Turkey, Duck, Goose, etc

1 to 2 hours for Casserole Dishes, Steak, Chicken, Meat Loaves, etc.

1½ to 2 hours for Baked Fish, Haddock, Shad, Salmon, Trout etc

50 minutes to 1 hour for Breads, White, Graham, Oatmeal, Raisin, etc

40 minutes to 1 hour for Soufflés and Timbales, Cheese, Chicken, Egg, Omelet, etc.

30 to 50 minutes for Cakes, Chocolate, Spice, Sponge, Sunshine, etc.

30 to 40 minutes for Desserts, Cream Puffs, Eclairs, Meringues, etc

40 minutes to 3 hours for Puddings, Indian, Rice, Tapioca, Custard etc

10 to 12 hours for Roast Ham, Soups, Baked Beans.

With the "LORAIN" you cook in the oven any combination of these to make a whole meal without looking at them until done.

Roasts, Meats or Fowls.

Potatoes, Browned, Boiled or Mashed

Meat Stews.

All Vegetables, Either Boiled or Baked.

Fish

Stewed Fruits, Dried or Fresh.

Rice

Scalloped Dishes.

Loaf Cakes.

Puddings.

And many others too numerous to list here. The Menu Book that goes with "LORAIN" tells how to cook whole meals at one time in the oven while you enjoy an "afternoon off"

FREE Write for this Book NOW—*"An Easier Day's Work."* It is the most valuable and interesting booklet of its kind ever written. It will be sent you absolutely free

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 112 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

"LORAIN"

the oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command

Only These Famous Stoves Are Equipped With the "LORAIN"

Clark Jewel, George M. Clark & Co. Division, Chicago, Ill.
Dangler, Dangler Stove Co. Division, Cleveland, Ohio
Direct Action, National Stove Co. Division, Lorain, Ohio
New Process, New Process Stove Co. Division, Cleveland, Ohio
Quick Meal, Ringen Stove Co. Division, St. Louis, Mo.
Reliable, Reliable Stove Co. Division, Cleveland, Ohio

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turned out on his job press. I thank the gods that in present-day literature there is not only room at the top but also at the bottom, where I have always worked.

And those of us at the bottom do not always accept the work of those at the top. Among the plain people with whom I associate I hear much grumbling at our most famous writers; much of which is indorsed by the professional literary critics. We readers are a tremendous crowd, and I wonder writers do not tremble when they think of us.

Having long heard of a book called The Poor People, by Feodor Dostoyevsky, I bought a copy.

How the book became famous I do not know; yet we are told that when the author died "his funeral was a pageant in which all classes took part, so tremendous, so soul-stirring, so remarkable as to seem a thing not of real life. A hundred thousand witnessed it; twenty thousand followed it"; and so on.

I do not believe the story; it is the privilege of readers to doubt what they see in print if so inclined. The story of Dostoyevsky's funeral was certainly exaggerated by other writing men. Truth from Russia? I do not expect it.

As Americans pledged to equality, we are all entitled to a good notice on our final departure for that mysterious bourn from which literature says no one returns. And most of us receive this attention from unknown writers of skill who in these later days are scattered everywhere. I lately saw the following in a paper of considerable circulation:

"His going left a gap in the ranks. We were all dismayed for a moment; then others leaped to his place and repledged their fealty to the cause for which he had lived and died—the freedom of the earth to the people. Firmly he believed this could be achieved now. Mightily he fought that it should be. Devoutly he thought we stood in sight of the Promised Land. Yet he relinquished without a murmur. And so died a gentleman; if that word has any value left; if it will connote true delicacy of thought and feeling, as well as deportment, rare intellectual vigor and daring; a high scorn of tinsel and pretense; a deep culture of the heart and mind, profound human faith and love. He was a Jew by birth, and had the Jew's natural courage without any of his clannishness. His deepest instincts were cosmopolitan. The money game was too small for him. He played with high stakes and sought the biggest game life can afford. I imagine him walking on the other side as he beholds the pearly gates, his face all aglow, for he did so love the beautiful. Again I see him, and his face has become a question mark. He goes back to the judgment bar and asks if there are any less fortunate there, and says: 'Please place me where I can do some good.'"

Who was this mighty man who, on reaching heaven, did not wish to rest a day or two, but who still wished to do good? I do not know; I saw his obituary in a paper. I never heard of him before, but I am encouraged that so able an obituary was written of so humble a man.

Compliments for the A. P.

In the old days the best writing was found in books. Now it is found in magazines and newspapers. An ancient scribbler was not considered a first-class man unless able to bury his meaning in a mass of beautiful words; lately men write in the lines, rather than between them. Plain writing has become more popular; information, wit, news, description; even the sober Associated Press contains frequent bits of good writing.

It lately sent out the following, which caused millions to chuckle:

"Sterling P. Bland, a St. Louis lawyer widely known in state politics, suffered a knockdown at the hands of Luther Williams, of Farmington, Missouri, at the conclusion of a speech Bland made to a jury in a civil action tried in St. Francois County. He referred to Williams as being a liar and having given false testimony. Outside the court room Williams knocked Bland down. The latter sued for $5000 actual and $40,000 punitive damages. The supreme court holds there was ample provocation for the assault, and that Bland is not entitled to recover."

The Associated Press also occasionally indulges in very good humor. I once saw this under a New York date:

"Visitors to the Central Park Zoo to-day were startled by the strains of weird music coming from the stomach of Zip, the Himalayan bear. He swallowed a mouth organ early this morning. Zip likes the sound, but his keepers fear that he will play himself out."

It is possible, of course, that some of our most readable news is manufactured. Melville E. Stone said a few years ago in the course of an address before a school of journalism: "I once had luncheon with the editor of the Paris Figaro, Gaston Calmette. That day his paper had contained what purported to be a cable message from New York, recounting in thrilling phrase the story of a massacre of a large number of people by Indians on Broadway.

"I asked him why he published so absurd a tale.

"'Ah,' he said, 'there are sixty thousand brainless women in Paris. They read Figaro, and these silly things amuse them.'"

Sixty thousand brainless readers will not be knowingly neglected anywhere, so in almost every publication one picks up will be found several massacres by Indians on Broadway.

The Longest Novel Known

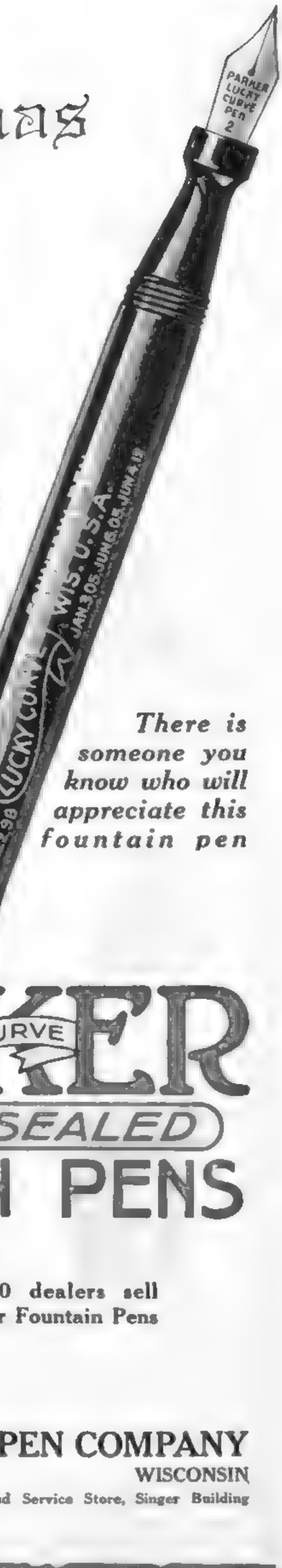
No one knows what proportion of the people prefer fiction to fact. Arnold Bennett once wrote: "I have frequently noticed that the habitual fiction reader is generally dissatisfied with what he is reading, so much so that one wonders why he puts himself to the trouble of reading it. His general attitude toward fiction may be said to consist of sixty per cent of tired tolerance, thirty per cent of carping, and ten per cent of approval. Why does he not try that other half of the library which is never taken from its shelves? I want to recommend the pursuit of knowledge to the jaded fiction reader; not as a duty to one's self or the world. I do not on this occasion care about the higher welfare of the jaded fiction reader. I approach him on the plane of pleasure, of diversion: I inform him he is missing the real fun."

This is the opinion of but one man; a clever man, it is true, but fiction seems to be the basis of success in publishing and in writing. The publisher of one of the best reviews we have confessed to me lately that his circulation is less than four thousand copies. Two of our fiction magazines apparently substantiate a claim of circulating exceeding two million copies each, and a good many others are hovering near the million mark. I am a reading man, and haunt news stands and bookstores, but nearly every week I see a new fiction publication I had not heard of before. Our most successful publication is offered probably thirty thousand manuscripts a year; a hundred every working day. And most of these offerings are fiction. Probably one in a dozen is accepted.

The fiction writers of to-day have good excuse for the belief that fiction is the great bread winner. Richardson, the first English novelist, started the vogue with Clarissa Harlowe, or The History of a Young Lady, a novel of three thousand pages, in seven volumes. Later the indomitable author, feeling he had not done full justice to the subject, followed with an eighth and a conclusion of twenty-two pages and a further postscript of eighteen. The headings to the chapters would make a tolerably long novel of our time. And throughout the three thousand pages there is only one motif—the attack on Clarissa by Lovelace. Every incident is subordinate to this; you can hardly find a word which has not some direct bearing on the actual crisis.

And there are incidents in this longest novel in the world's history certainly startling enough to interest the jaded reader. Lovelace, the villain, who was a naughty flirt, as a proper villain must be, says he always wears mourning for his discarded victims when they die. And the author takes pains to keep the moral of his book pure. In the preface he says: "But it will be proper to observe, for such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth from the more freely written letters, that the gentlemen, though professed libertines as to the female sex, and making it one of their wicked maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or scoffers."

For Christmas



There is someone you know who will appreciate this fountain pen

Two Popular Pens

No. 66 Lady's pen cap tipped with gold over crown and ring. Can be carried as a pendant—price $4.75.

No. 65 Gentleman's pen, with wide plain gold band for name or initial $3.50 (clip 25c extra).

PARKER
LUCKY-CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
FOUNTAIN PENS

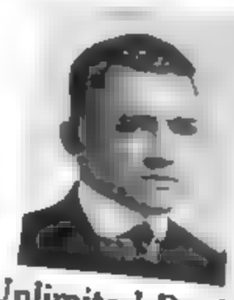
20,000 dealers sell Parker Fountain Pens

PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE WISCONSIN
New York Retail and Service Store, Singer Building

You can do as well

No Experience

Mr. E. D. Barensfield of Minnesota, without previous experience, earned $87.50 in his first 15 days of work as our subscription representative. Your profits begin the moment you start work.



Unlimited Profit

Mr. Ellery Mahaffey of Pennsylvania earned $600 in two months. For full-time work many of our representatives earn as much as $5000 a year. Their opportunity is yours!

Unrestricted Territory

Mr. W. C. Cowgill, who lives in a rural district of Oregon, earns $1.50 an hour in his spare time. City workers do as well. We have no "closed" territory.

Permanent Profits

Your earnings are permanent. Every year we pay you for renewals the same salary and commission that we pay for new orders. This feature brought Lloyd Hall of Nebraska $350 a month.

To learn how you can, too—

Write TODAY to

The Curtis Publishing Company

478 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

Seduction tempered by orthodoxy is surely a situation rivaling our modern captains of industry in turning out love stories.

In that day as in this, the love story was a passion with most readers. Macaulay, when in India visiting the governor-general, found "the whole station in a passion of excitement about Clarissa and her misfortunes and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The governor's wife seized the book, the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for his tears."

That eccentric genius Haydon writes in his autobiography: "I read seventeen hours a day at Clarissa, and held the book so long upleaning on my elbows in an armchair that I stopped the circulation and could not move."

The book set all England to sobbing in 1744. And in Clarissa virtue is not rewarded, but hunted down and outraged. So that about the only thing the moderns have accomplished with fiction is to shorten it and add the happy ending. Poetry has suffered enormously with the passage of time, but fiction has grown in favor; the sun hound—the reformer—is not so prime a favorite as is the writer of fiction. One good gentleman has gone so far as to announce his intention of uplifting our cousins, the apes. He believes that the apes, if given the benefit of modern education and environment, might develop into a race that would sow and reap and toil in the mill. In refined young women apes he sees a possible solution of the servant problem; but people do not wait every Thursday for the next move of this good man as they wait for the next move of the villain in the continued story.

Story tellers are not, as a rule, our cleverest men. There are hundreds of unknown general writers in the United States who, were they equally clever in fiction, would be famous and rich.

The Cleverness of Reporters

Among the sophisticated a certain man is said to be the best editorial writer in the United States. His name is not seen in print once a month; other writers are jealous of him; and fiction readers do not care for him. Yet he is able to take events and words and handle them as a great violinist handles the strings and bow of his instrument. It doesn't matter that I am not always in sympathy with him; sometimes I wonder that a man so clever can be so palpably mistaken. But his skill in marshaling arguments, wit, precedent, history attracts my admiration; I applaud as I do at a theatrical or musical performance. He hates certain public men; his skill in belittling them thrills me, though I may personally admire them.

This sort of writing is present in all our reviews and newspapers. Some of the best men write entirely of the drama or of literature, art or music; but whether they write of book or brook unknown to me, I recognize them as masters. These gentlemen never settle anything; indeed, there is more confusion every year about the subjects they discuss, but I find in them the "real fun" Arnold Bennett speaks of. They claim they are trying to benefit me, which I doubt; but they certainly amuse me. One of these unknown geniuses once wrote: "There is no such thing as an independent press; I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper." That is good writing; also a good salary.

Many of the reporters in the big cities, in writing the news, are tremendously clever, and frequently make reputations in the magazines. One of the best bits of writing I have seen in a long time appeared in a Chicago paper, a reference to an event of the day; and the reporter had only a few hours in which to do his work. Writers are now recruited by scouts as are baseball players; but the clever men who play the important positions in the newspaper game are generally unknown, since their batting averages are not generally printed every fall.

Some Famous Faces

Books are not now a popular form of literature; one may get in some of the magazines, for five cents, three times as much reading as the average dollar-and-a-half book contains. A writer once gave a book this magnificent notice: "Like a magnificent Titan he tore up trees, stones, houses, rivers, whole states and hurled them at Olympus"; but though the book was denied the mails -always the most effective advertising—it didn't have a very large sale.

The greatest case of indignation in the history of print in America resulted when a certain man was quoted as saying: "The people be damned!"

Knowing American cowardice, I do not believe any man ever used the awful expression quoted; it was certainly invented by a clever writer to give his patrons opportunity for indignation, which they love dearly.

The old form of propaganda was the oration. In one of Mark Antony's famous forced marches his soldiers encountered great difficulties and grumbled ominously. Thereupon Antony mounted an improvised forum and harangued them. He was an eloquent man, and soon had his men cheering. He told them they were the hope of the country in its hour of peril; that they were the defenders of Roman homes and patriotism; that centuries of creditable Roman history looked down upon them, expecting every man to do his duty. Antony was not actually marching against invaders of Roman territory, but his oratory was not less eloquent because he was hurrying along to meet his mistress.

Our modern propagandists are also clever and powerful, but it is with the pen and not with the spoken word. The days of oratory are numbered; writers for print are the great force now. Whether it is prayer meeting or war, the writing man announces and indorses it, if the attendance is good. Formerly editors were so poor that a favorite jest was that they lived out of their paste pots. To-day they are aristocrats. Go to almost any city, and its tallest building is a publishing plant. A publication, which shall be nameless, since its editor is modest, reaches as many people with each issue as would a hundred thousand orators addressing average audiences in different parts of the country.

Because of the great popularity of publishing, advertising has become a tremendous force almost within the past decade. Some of our most widely known national characters are rarely mentioned in straight reading matter; they have become famous in display advertising. "Eventually; why not now?" is a good strong expression worthy of a philosopher, and people quote it everywhere. "There's a reason" is another; both are as popular and widely known as anything lately coined by statesman or poet. Both became famous in sixteen and eighteen point or display advertising. I am as familiar with the face and history of a certain shoemaker as I am with those of the President, and I have seen them only in display advertising

A picture seen everywhere is of a woman who invites ailing ladies to write her and receive in reply, free, in plain envelope, a personal letter containing much good advice. An enterprising writing man the other day printed a picture showing this noble woman's grave, and the date on the tombstone informed the beholder that she had been dead many years. But her face appears daily in display advertising; the features of no movie actress are more widely known.

Many of the best art pictures I see in print are in the display advertising; the great agencies have not only writing geniuses in their employ but many of the best makers of pictures.

Formerly joke books were issued to circulate humor; Joe Miller's is a noted example. Now every newspaper has its special columns and pages devoted to jokes, with many sandwiched into the news, the editorials, and even the advertisements.

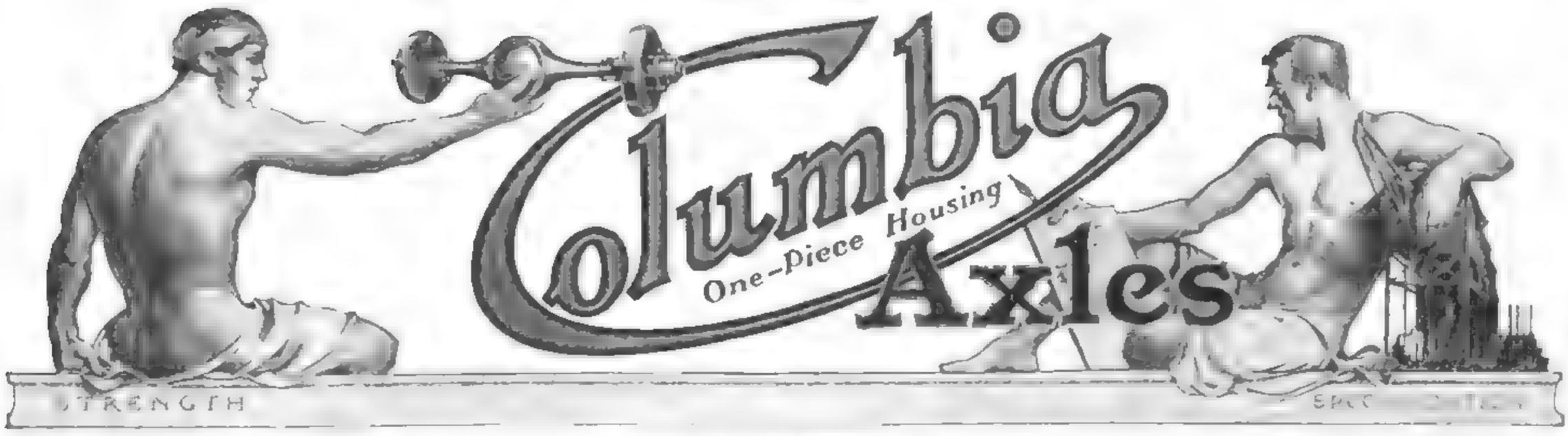
In every editorial office there is a Poor Richard to write philosophy to suit almost any taste. It is all laid before the reader—opinions and news of all kinds—and he is free to take his choice.

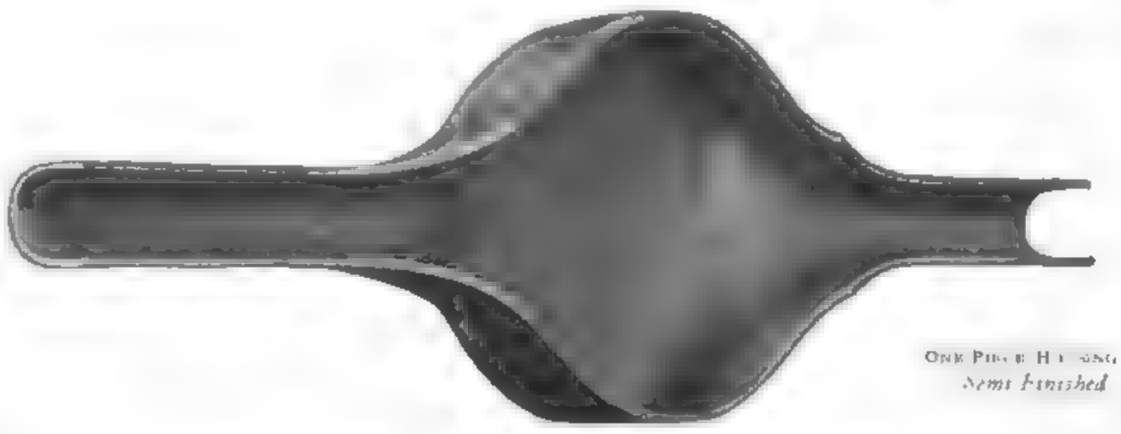
MSS. Like Fresh Eggs

It is proper that a writer for print should tremble when he thinks of the people in his vast audience. I think most of them do; I trust I have been reasonably timid and extricated myself from critical situations with reasonable consideration for all concerned. In case I have unwittingly roused the indignation so dreaded by writers I shall not reply that readers as well as writers have faults. Indeed, if this outrageous thing has ever been printed or is printed hereafter, I shall deny it.

Further, I frankly admit writing for print is not so good as it should be. It is easy and even a pleasure to say so; I myself am dissatisfied with my own reading.

But we all have this remedy if we do not like what we see in print: We may attempt to write better. The old idea that editors do not read manuscripts or consider good work unless it comes from a well-known writer has always been as absurd as that, in a period of scarcity, a storekeeper will buy fresh eggs only of favorites. The truth is, an unknown farmer with fresh eggs would be welcomed by the merchant; and the same farmer would be welcomed in any magazine office should he appear with a good manuscript.





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IN the 18th century Adam Smith analyzed and recorded the principles which form the foundation of industry today. His most striking truth he expressed in the following axiom: "The progress of Industry is due largely to the Division of Labor."

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Whatever field of endeavor you turn to, you perceive examples of superiority gained through specialization.

We are Axle Specialists.

For years Axle problems alone have claimed our undivided efforts.

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An original Columbia feature is the Columbia One-Piece Axle Housing. This Housing is formed from a single piece of steel, making necessary but one lengthwise weld.

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THE final test of a dentifrice is the condition in which it has kept teeth for a lifetime.

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You could not do a better service for a child than to tuck a tooth brush and Dr. Lyon's in the toe of the Christmas stocking.

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 25

"Mind if I smoke?" he inquired nervously. "Fact is I'm all in the air!"

Mr. Tutt pushed over toward him the box on the desk.

"Have a stogy?" he asked more genially.

"No, thanks," returned the soldier. "I was born where they make 'em. Look here, how much does it cost to get a divorce?"

Mr. Tutt pursed his lips.

"Anything from a thousand dollars up to one's immortal soul," he replied enigmatically.

"Well," muttered Lieutenant Wheelock, "I guess I can raise a thousand dollars."

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Tutt as if to see whether the latter regarded the matter as settled.

"Of course you can't buy a divorce the same way you would a portable house," explained the lawyer. "What do you want it for?"

Lieutenant Wheelock paused in lighting his cigarette.

"Do I have to go into that with you?" he demanded rather resentfully.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Tutt. "A divorce concerns the conscience of the court and we lawyers as its officers are strictly accountable for our clients' good faith. Therefore I say again, what do you want a divorce for?"

Lieutenant Wheelock looked awkwardly at the floor.

"Well," he hesitated, "the usual reasons, I guess."

"What do you call the usual reasons?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Incompatibility, I suppose. You see, Florence—that is, my wife—I don't know exactly what it is—but somehow I don't seem able to give her the things she wants. She likes to be gay and go round to dances all the time. It wasn't that way before I went across. But I guess she felt lonely, with me away over there, and that started her off. When I got back she had a whole line of new friends—men and women both—and was turning night into day. She was spending lots of money too. Of course she was glad enough to see me and all that, but after a few days she got going with her old crowd again. I couldn't stand the price—and besides I could see I wasn't wanted. She was having the time of her life—she's only nineteen now—and she's such a stunner to look at—a regular peach ——"

Mr. Tutt nodded.

"I suppose I was a fool not to assert myself more," said Wheelock, "but I was afraid if I came down too hard on her she'd chuck me. Well"—he laughed grimly—"that's what she wants to do now."

"Any other man involved?"

Wheelock shrugged his shoulders.

"There's a whole gang of middle-aged Johnnies with money to burn, any one of whom would take her on. I don't think she cares particularly for any of 'em; anybody would do who had a big enough roll to buy her what she wants."

"Too bad! Too bad!" muttered Mr. Tutt. "And I suppose you're not to blame in any way?"

Wheelock flushed.

"I don't think I am!" he declared. "I kept straight as a string all the time I was across. I wrote her right along—sometimes from the Front under fire. She was pretty good at writing too. That was easy, of course!" he commented bitterly. "I was crazy to get back to her—couldn't get her out of my mind. Well, as I told you, she seemed at first just as delighted to have me as I was to be with her again; and then her new friends got hold of her and first suggested a cabaret, and then the races, and—oh, the old story, I guess! She'd learned how to have a good time while I was away, and she just couldn't give it up."

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Tutt quietly.

"I stood it as long as I could and then we had a scene—a regular hurricane. She said she must lead her own individual life—express herself; got it from a bum novelist she runs round with—he's married at that, and has five children over in Hackensack! So I thought I'd try the old trick of making her jealous. Well, I succeeded all right! I only did what she was doing—and not half so much; but the mere sight of me taking another girl to a restaurant made her so furious that she packed up her things and cleared out."

"One of the war's tragedies we don't hear so much about," pondered the lawyer.

"But tell me, what was the earlier history of your married life? Your wife must have been rather inclined to gayety."

Wheelock bit his lips.

"I suppose that's where I was in the wrong," he admitted. "I should have realized that I couldn't make her happy in the first place. You see her mother died when she was just a little girl and her father spoiled her; never made her do anything serious; just had her taught to play on the piano and speak French and doll herself up—and have a good time. He let her go to all the theaters and gave her a motor of her own. I took a chance. I knew I was taking it!"

"How long had you known her?"

"About six weeks. You see I come from Virginia—poor but honest, you know. And I met her while I was at Camp Upton. I guess the uniform caught her. We both thought it was love at first sight."

"Yes?"

"But her father wouldn't stand for it; said I couldn't support her, and anyhow that I was going off and might never come back, and he didn't propose to have a young widow on his hands. Maybe he was wise."

He lit another cigarette.

"So we took the matter out of them—and ran off one Saturday and got married. When she went back home her father wouldn't let her in. Of course it was tough on her—used to all that luxury—to have to live principally on my pay. I don't see how she managed—but she did. She boarded for a couple of months, and then after my regiment was sent across she set up bachelor housekeeping with another girl about her own age. She said she liked it! I didn't care for the sort of girl she picked out. But there you are! Her father gives her something—enough to live on. She spends most of it on clothes."

"Have you got a job?"

"Sure, I have. I'm with good people. They've offered to make me superintendent of the Tannerville factory at three thousand a year. But what's that to her? Can you see her in a small town?"

"So you are going to do what she asks and let her get a divorce?"

"I don't know. That is why I'm here," declared Wheelock. "You understand about these things; I don't. I want to be fair to her. There's a good deal in what she says. I guess our marriage was a mistake. Perhaps the best thing is to undo it. I can manage the thousand."

"How did you happen to come to me?" inquired Mr. Tutt at length.

"One of my friends," replied Wheelock. "He said everybody knew about Tutt & Tutt. I didn't mean to be rude in asking if you were a divorce lawyer. I could see you were a little offended when I came in. I'll do whatever you say."

"Has your wife's father been consulted in regard to this?"

"We don't speak," replied Wheelock shortly.

"What is his name?"

"Cyrus Babson; one of the judges of General Sessions."

Wheelock was looking out of the window watching some stevedores working at a crane along the water front, else he would have seen Mr. Tutt's lank form stiffen and his lips grow tight. Cyrus Babson! The man whom he hated above all other men, the man for whom his own foolish young wife had thrown herself away forty years before—and to whom he had yielded her by a divorce. Cyrus Babson—the man who had later bought a seat upon the bench, but a young man then; rich, unscrupulous, dissolute, who with the gay group of which he was the leader had taught his own Florence the pleasures of a life of luxurious idleness and excitement, and eventually induced her to abandon him. What a strange happening was this—whereby he was called upon involuntarily to aid in breaking the marriage tie of his wife's daughter by her second husband!

Shocked and overwhelmed he found difficulty in controlling himself. Following so closely upon his emotional experience of the afternoon before, the discovery that Florence had a child old enough to be married who had already started to follow in the footsteps of her mother almost deprived him of the power of coherent thought. Yet, was it strange that the daughter should take after the mother? Or that if she were

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The Christmas Gift that Never fails to please—
You are trying to decide what you will give the boy or girl for Christmas. Like most of us, you agree with the idea of making practical gifts—gifts that not only please, but are of real service value.
The bicycle is ideal in all these respects. First of all—it means hours and hours of fascinating fun. Every boy or girl loves to ride a bicycle. If they haven't one, they want one.
Each day the bicycle adds exhilarating outdoor exercise.
—quick, easy, inexpensive rides in work or play,
—opportunities for money making as well as money saving,
—elements that help to build health and character.
You cannot select a gift that will bring more real pleasure to the boy or girl and do him or her more good. Last year dealers everywhere ran short and could not supply all the bicycles that were wanted for Christmas.
The bicycle is more popular than ever this year.
We advise you to go to your nearest dealer and make your selection of this ideal gift, right away.
The Cycle Trades of America, Inc.
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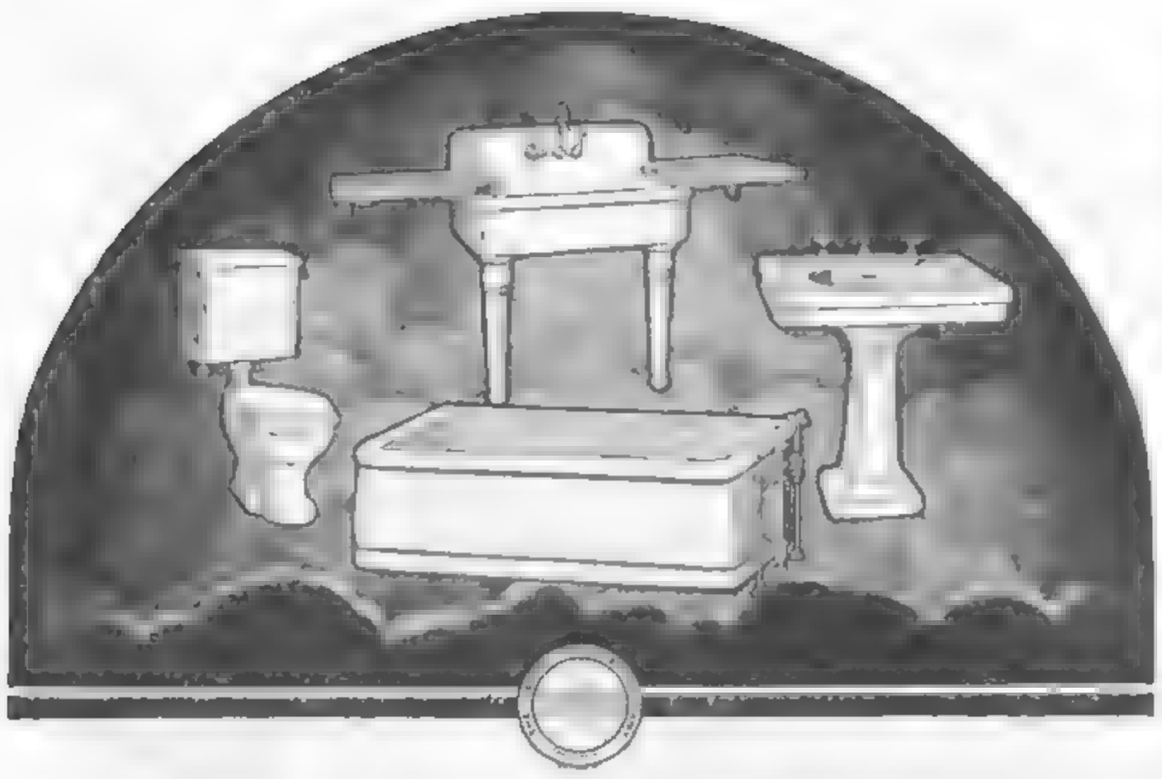

Bathrooms of Character

CHARACTER, in speaking of plumbing fixtures, resolves itself into their degree of endurance. Glaze or enamel (if you wish to call it by that name) when baked on clay, gives a much harder surface than the same glaze baked on other materials. The more intensely you bake, the harder the object. That is why

TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY "TEPECO" ALL-CLAY PLUMBING

is bought by those builders who have looked carefully enough into plumbing materials to realize that "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing means a permanent, care-free, non-repeat investment.

Be it bathroom, toilet, kitchen or laundry, "Tepeco" provides a plumbing fixture gleaming in whiteness, always clean, and from which the residue can be removed with a dampened cloth. Gritty soaps do not scratch the surface—medicine and common acid stains will not adhere. Always bright, rich looking, pride inspiring.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character"

THE
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World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

contemplating a divorce her husband should come to Tutt & Tutt for advice and assistance? Both were in fact perfectly natural. What was she like, this other Florence? Did she have her mother's piquant charm? Her looks? Did she resemble her in aught but her desire for pleasure? Would she toss her young life into the discard as her mother had done?

Mr. Tutt gripped the arms of his swivel chair and endeavored to steady himself. He must prevent this tragedy at any cost. Nothing would come of it but misery—and perhaps death, as it had in the case of the mother, whom Babson had soon abandoned just as she had abandoned Tutt, and who had ended her own life. He must see her—at once, before it was too late! He tried to hide his agitation by lighting a stogy.

Then clearing his throat he said in a low voice, "Would your wife be willing to come down here and see me?"

"I think so," answered Lieutenant Wheelock. "I guess she'd do anything to get her divorce; go to China if she had to. I'll call her up and see."

"Tell her," urged Mr. Tutt, "that it is highly important for me to have a talk with her before proceedings are begun."

Lieutenant Wheelock extinguished his cigarette, reached for his military cap and stood up.

"Is there—do I—owe you anything?"

"Not unless I secure the divorce," returned Mr. Tutt. He held out his hand. "And be sure of this: I'll do the best for you that I can. By the way, you'd be willing to give her another chance, wouldn't you?"

"Well, Mr. Tutt, here we are again!"

Tutt's head appeared in the crack of the door left open by the departing officer almost simultaneously with the latter's exit.

"Oh, hello, Tutt!" returned the senior partner, mastering his excitement as best he could. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Rather! Don't I look it?" demanded Tutt, pulling up his coat sleeve. "And you ought to see my wife! The old girl is as brown as a coffee bean! How's business?"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his shoulders.

"Not any—really! There never is in this 'dead vast and middle' of the year."

"Who was that just went out? He looked like a client."

"A young man who wanted a divorce."

"Well," cried Tutt jovially, "what's the matter with that? Any good divorce case ought to be worth five thousand dollars, and a uniform ought to mean a real snappy one. I've always found that matrimonial actions either paid a lot or they didn't pay anything."

"They never pay," replied Mr. Tutt soberly. "Anyhow, this one belongs to the latter class."

"How do you mean?" asked Tutt.

"There isn't going to be any divorce."

"But I thought you said the young man wanted one," expostulated the junior member.

"But I don't purpose that he shall have it," remarked Mr. Tutt.

"And throw away a fee! Oh!" groaned Tutt with an air of exasperation.

"Come, come!" returned the elder. "Business will pick up. Why, all you have to do is to go out on the street and you bring back a client in each hand."

"What good does it do us if you send 'em away?" protested the other.

"We're not practicing law merely for money!" said Mr. Tutt.

"Well, you may not be, but I am!" retorted Tutt. "Can't you remember how we used to nurse every divorce case along—a thousand dollars cash down, followed by a motion for alimony *pendente lite* and a whacking big counsel fee, then an allowance for counsel in the final decree, and at the end a bill for anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars more!"

"Those were in our young and unregenerate days!" said Mr. Tutt reprovingly.

"'*The good old days are past and gone,*
We shall not see them more,'"

hummed Tutt with evident regret.

It is a notable fact that hardly any two lawyers will fully agree upon a question of professional ethics. This may be because such questions are practical rather than theoretical and are rarely approached without bias. It takes genuine moral courage to decide a nice question against oneself or one's client when thousands of dollars are involved and when so much can be said upon either side. For the debating of nice questions with plausibility is the lawyer's business, and it is hard to be obliged to surrender one's intellect to one's conscience when one's livelihood and one's bank account depend upon the first rather than the second. Especially is it ungrateful for Lawyer Smith to decline for moral grounds to pursue a certain course in a litigation which would be manifestly advantageous to his client, when if his conduct should ever be made the subject of criticism he can retain Lawyer Jones, who will find no difficulty in arguing for hours before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court and writing a voluminous brief upon the subject in his defense, which will perhaps convince the entire bench of the righteousness of his intentions. Argue about anything long enough and the main point is usually forgotten. We lawyers ply a dangerous trade! There is really so much that can be said about anything that in our chatter we often mistake a quibble for a real argument, and vice versa.

Indeed many lawyers lose their powers of common-sense reasoning entirely. That they make the poorest witnesses in the world—with their inevitable qualifications and reservations—is proverbial. Besides, every lawyer has two often conflicting duties—one to the court and the other to his client. And the client's own ideas of what is right and proper must be given due consideration. For the lawyer is not the keeper of his client's conscience; and all he can do is to refuse to act if said client wishes him to do that which is unprofessional. Where the crime lies in the evil intent it is almost impossible to prove it; and hence lawyers are difficult persons to catch. If only we could see into their minds and lay bare their real thoughts and motives! Still, this consideration might be applied to others as well, and it may be a good thing for the general optimism that there is only one All-seeing Eye.

Now a client naturally does not expect when he visits a lawyer that the attorney is going to tell him that he has got what he jolly well deserved and that he had better go back home and behave himself in future. When that occurs he is apt to consult another lawyer. And as he will almost certainly eventually find one who will do what he wishes, the first one whom he consults is quite likely to feel that he might as well have the fee as the last—and therefore takes the case. Then if any trouble grows out of it we other lawyers are hired to demonstrate that it was all quite proper and correct and ethical, and that in fact the attorney so far from being adversely criticized should be accorded the highest commendation.

It is easy to convince ourselves! Indeed it is usual to find that the attorney in a criminal case ends not only by claiming his client's utter innocence but by declaring in all sincerity that he is one of the most estimable of men—which generally is so palpably not the case that the jury find him guilty largely on his counsel's own laudation. Thus the public have come to believe—whether rightly or wrongly I will not pretend to say—that they can safely rely upon the ingenuity of lawyers to find an excuse for anything and a way round any obstacle, moral or otherwise. Indeed it may be ventured that clients fully expect to find in every law office not only a gentleman so skilled in logic that like Hudibras he can "harness a team with a logical chain" and with ease "distinguish and divide a hair twixt south and southwest side," but one as well who can salve their consciences and anoint their moral lesions with all the unction of a devil's advocate. One does not call in Tutt & Tutt to be told that what one proposes is unworthy of that state into which God has called one or to be advised that one's projected course is contrary to the code of gentlemen and sportsmen.

Therefore when Mrs. Florence Wheelock was told by her husband over the telephone that Tutt & Tutt wished her to call regarding the proposed dissolution of her marriage tie it never occurred to her that they could do less than to hand her a decree immediately upon her arrival. At the moment the telephone rang she was sitting in her tiny parlor with Mr. Reginald Roberts Lee, of the Colophon Club, discussing the possibilities of a fortnight's visit—properly chaperoned of course—to Mr. Lee's beautiful Venetian palace at Palmetto Beach, Florida. The black-haired Reggie—he was sixty-three according to the baptismal

(Continued on Page 165)

ATWATER KENT

Ignition, Starting and Lighting

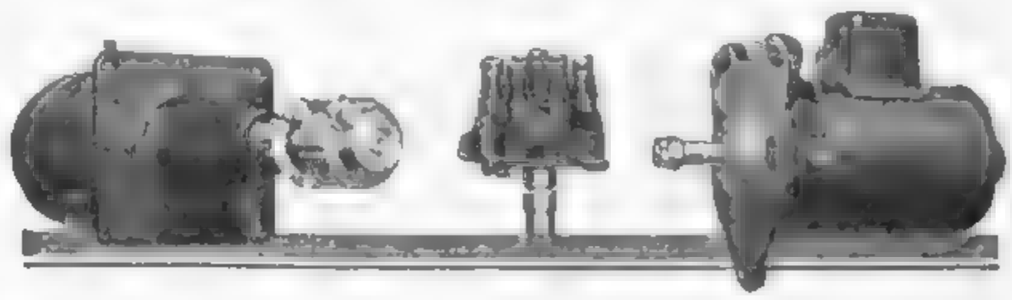
ATWATER KENT Starting and Lighting Equipment is primarily a system de luxe. In excellence of manufacture it parallels the high standards of accuracy, precision and finish which are characteristic of all Atwater Kent products.

In addition, its operation is unique.

With this system it makes no difference whether the car is started frequently or infrequently—whether it is in use mostly during the day or during the night, the generator automatically increases and decreases its output under varying conditions to maintain the battery at its full charge.

This result is accomplished without any additional complication or mechanism. It is due to an inherent principle developed by our engineers and incorporated in this high grade system.

Notwithstanding this distinctive performance, the mechanical design and installation are conventional and readily adaptable to any engine.



ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY

Philadelphia

Want Your Shaving A Pleasure ?

Then Read About This Double Bevel Blade That Makes Your Face Feel Fine

by A·C·Penn

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

I HAVE been in the cutlery business many years—always especially interested in razors. I have known that there are thousands of men dissatisfied with their shaving. Some time ago, in seeking the perfect shaving edge to apply to a safety-razor blade, I found, in a small side-street shop in a European city, a certain hand-ground razor which gave me a big surprise when I shaved with it.

After I had finished, the skin of my face felt actually *refreshed*—not sore, hot, tender.

When I touched it, it was so smooth that I kept running my hand over my cheek and chin. There wasn't a single trace of soreness or roughness.

▫ ▫ ▫

I used it several days—and always got these same fine-face-feeling shaves. So I went back and asked the razor-maker why this edge gave me such wonderful shaves.

This is what he told me:

▫ ▫ ▫

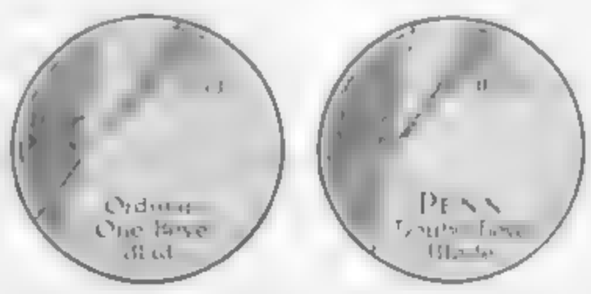
"When a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, that's because it is taking off some of the skin along with the beard. The blade is carried into the surface of the skin by the pressure necessary to go through the beard.

"In grinding my razors, I add an *extra bevel*—very narrow—you can hardly see it—right close to the edge.

"This bevel lifts up the edge, keeping it *flat* against the face, so that it shaves the beard evenly but does *not* sink into the skin."

▫ ▫ ▫

I saw immediately that I had found the scientifically correct shaving edge.



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Razor Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin

I saw, too, that if it could be applied to the safety razor, it would answer that cry of the thousands of suffering self-shavers.

I tackled the job. It has taken me years of time, and has cost thousands of dollars, to find out how to make the Penn Adjustable Razor with the Double-Bevel Blades.

But today I have a razor which I believe to be the best safety razor made.

I don't know that I expect every man to take this statement on faith. But I do know that if you will take the trouble to really *try* the Penn Adjustable Razor, you'll find that I have not made any over-statement regarding the fine shaves it gives.

▫ ▫ ▫

Therefore, I ask you to go to the cutlery, hardware, drug, department, or general store where you usually trade and take home a Penn Adjustable Razor.

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors. The new Penn Adjustable Razor and ten Double-Bevel Blades, in handsome leather case, $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including Adjustable Razor, ten blades, and Honing Strop, in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

If your store has not yet been stocked, write me. I'll see that you're taken care of.

New-Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard

Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc.
Singer Building, New York, N. Y.
Newark, N. J

(Continued from Page 162)

records of Grace Church Chantry—was dilating upon the quiet, restful, Arcadian qualities of what he evidently regarded as his "bee-loud glade," and the component elements of the house party.

"And you can invite anybody you want, my dear!" he said, laying a large soft hand over hers. "I'm not the jealous variety. I know what to expect and when to expect it. If you like the place and like me—why, when you get your divorce—we'll see!"

He made an attempt to raise her hand to his lips, but she drew it daintily away. It was the first time he had deliberately touched her, and the contact, though not exactly offensive, was unpleasant; Reggie was too—too pudgy! He wasn't like the men she had known before she was married; they had all had strong hard hands that gripped. Reggie's were slithy. But she did want to go South. Everybody else was going—that is, everybody in the rather ambiguous circle in which she danced and played cards. Besides, Reggie was going anyway and it wouldn't do to let him get away from her. He was her one best bet, though she had been warned that he was not a marrying man.

"Who was it?" he demanded with almost an assumption of proprietorship on her return from the telephone.

"John."

"Wheelock?"

She nodded. Standing in the doorway of her bedroom in her straight simple frock with one hand upon the portière she looked a mere child—as indeed she was.

"Like me better, eh?" he inquired.

She smiled evasively.

"I don't know that I do!" she retorted curtly.

"What did he want?"

"He asked me to go down to see the lawyers."

"Who are they?"

"Oh, somebody 'way down on Broadway"— she glanced at a scrap of paper in her hand—"Tutt & Tutt."

"Oh," laughed Reggie, "they'll take care of you all right! Slickest pair in town. See here, if you are really serious with me I'll pay their bill—if you promise not to tell them who's doing it."

"That's nice of you!" she answered, a trifle reluctantly. Somehow the idea of Reggie's actually paying her bills was even more distasteful than the touch of his hand.

"Anyhow, I'll take you down there," said he. "I won't go up of course, but I'll wait in the taxi. I don't suppose you've ever been down to a lawyer's office before, have you?" he added as an afterthought.

Meantime Mr. Tutt sat at his desk eagerly awaiting the moment of her arrival. He had made a heroic and successful effort to conceal from his partner the nervous excitement under which he was laboring, but now he abandoned himself to his impatience, lighting stogy after stogy and striding up and down the room like a caged animal. Would she come? Women were so unreliable! Perhaps she'd changed her mind already; or recalling her mother's name when first married had gone to some other lawyer. He almost cried aloud at the mere thought. He must see her!

She came promptly enough, entering three minutes late.

"Are you Mr. Tutt?" she began with a slightly patronizing air, as if she did not know whether to class him with a dentist or an osteopath.

Then she drew back in dismay, while a deep blush spread slowly over her cheeks until its shame touched her hair. To his amazement Mr. Tutt recognized the girl in scarlet of the night before. The girl who had flouted and jeered at him! So this was Florence's child! A wave of compassion overswept his heart. She was his Florence over again!

"I—I," she stammered in abject confusion—"I had no idea! Oh, what can I say!"

"You don't need to say anything," replied Mr. Tutt. "Please sit down. It was a very jolly show, wasn't it?"

His tone reassured her, but she still kept her eyes upon the floor as she took her seat. Without the powder and rouge of the night before she looked hardly sixteen.

"So you want a divorce?" remarked Mr. Tutt awkwardly, after a silence during which his eyes devoured her greedily.

"Yes," she answered. "My marriage was a mistake. I guess a lot of war marriages were. There's no use going on with it." A defiant note had crept into her voice.

"What is the matter?" he asked. Oh, the pity of it! If he could only gain her confidence.

"Didn't my husband tell you?" she demanded. "I supposed he would attend to all the—the disagreeable part. We don't get on, that's all. He's been carrying on and flirting with other women, and I simply won't stand it! Besides, we're not suited to each other. We're not—not ——"

"Congenial?" interpolated the lawyer.

"That's it," she agreed. "We're uncongenial."

She had recovered her self-possession now and her returning confidence rang in her voice.

"That is no ground for divorce in this state," said Mr. Tutt.

"Well, I can go somewhere else and get it, can't I? You can fix it up for me, I suppose?" she retorted. "These things are easy enough. I know a lot of women who had no trouble at all."

"Are they happy?" he inquired softly.

The girl flashed an angry glance at him.

"What has that got to do with it?" she cried. "I didn't come down here to be lectured. I want a divorce and I'm willing to pay for it!"

"I am sorry," he answered humbly. "I didn't mean to lecture. But you should not take such a step too hastily. Your husband seems like a nice young fellow. Besides, he has risked his life for his country. Are you quite sure that the fault is entirely his? And if it were, couldn't you forgive him and start over again?"

An indignant reply had sprung to her lips, but at the gentleness of his voice she repressed it.

"Really! Oh, probably there's fault on both sides."

"Why not try again?"

Their eyes met, his pleading with hers. She wondered that she had not perceived the kindness in his face last evening. But he was really such a funny old man!

"He can't give me the life I want!" she protested. "It's no use! I wasn't made for cooking and scrubbing and having babies. I'm fit for something better. I should suffocate in a country town. I want music and gayety—life!"

"Wasn't life what you were looking for when you married—er—John?"

"Of course."

"And you loved him?"

"I thought I did!"

"Do you care for anyone else?"

"No-o."

Mr. Tutt leaned back and looked down at her with almost paternal affection.

"I'm an old man," he said softly. "And I've seen a good deal of what you call 'life.' But I never knew anybody who found happiness that way."

"You seemed to be trying to yourself last night!" she retorted a little harshly.

"I was trying to forget something!" he answered sadly. "And curiously enough I failed."

He smiled, and something in his face made her drop her eyes and the red rise again to her forehead.

"I'm sorry!" she said.

"Have you consulted your parents?" He hesitated. "Your—mother?"

She did not reply for several seconds, and when she did her voice had lost all its bitterness.

"My mother died when I was five years old. I don't remember her at all."

"Even if—if she were alive," half mused Mr. Tutt, "you might not be willing to be guided by her advice. One of the limitations of human nature is our unwillingness to learn by the experience of others. Each of us believes that he is a unique individual—an exception—to whom ordinary rules do not apply. Whereas if we could only profit by the past—for life repeats itself over and over and over again—we should avoid most of our mistakes."

She listened tolerantly.

"For five thousand years," he went on—"perhaps five hundred thousand—the race has found happiness in only two things—work and love. Each is within everybody's grasp—the poorest as well as the richest. And when we lose the one"—he paused—"we have to find solace in the other."

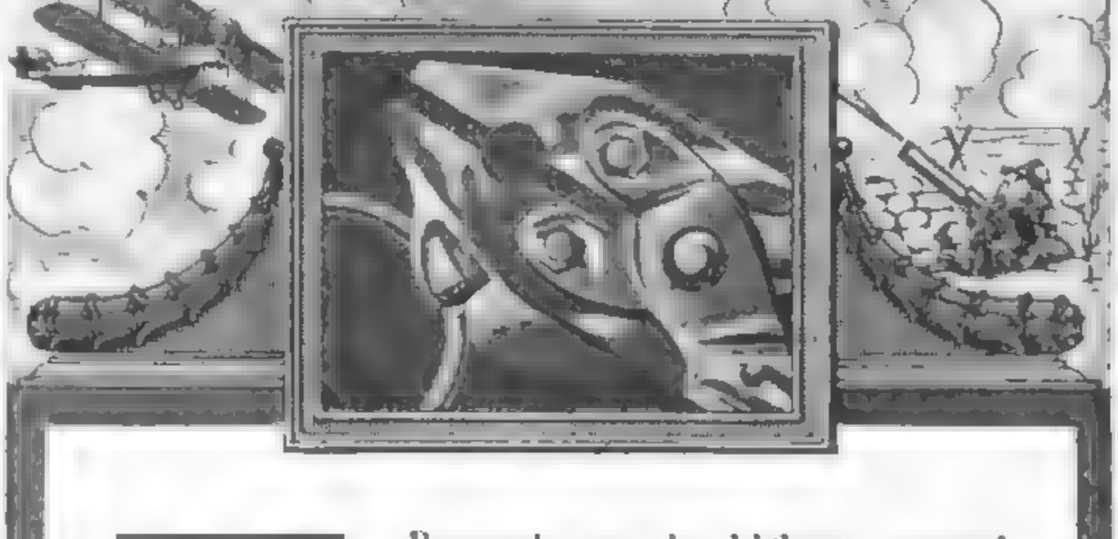
"Well?" she demanded, "how does that apply to my own case?"

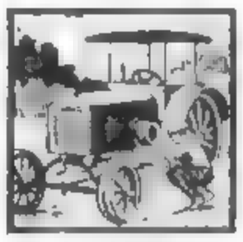
"Don't throw an honest love away!" he begged her. "Most of us—can—only love—once."

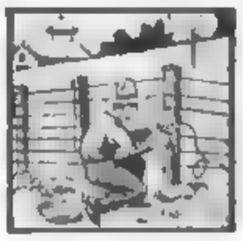
He got up and stood looking out of the window with his back toward her.

BERNARD PLIERS

The Universal Pliers







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To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

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"I'm afraid," she remarked lightly, "that I'm one of those for whose case there isn't any precedent."

Mr. Tutt put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out of it the small leather-bound volume containing the Reflections Upon Death of the Rev. William Dodd.

"My child," he said very softly, "there is nothing new; not even coincidence. Last night as I walked uptown I picked up this book, haphazard, at a bookstall. It was in my pocket when you saw me at the roof garden. When I went home I opened it and by chance read something which—well, let me read it to you!"

He looked at her inquiringly. She smiled, and he sat down upon the corner of the desk nearest her and began to read:

"'Misella was blest, by the great giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance; the down of the swan was rivalled by her skin; her shape was faultless, her limbs were finished with the most beautiful symmetry; and her voice was musical as the harmony of the lute. She was taught from her cradle to value this fine person; and her fond and overweening parents fed the soothing vanity with every food which their dotage could supply. Her education was perfectly polite, adapted to set off the graces of her frame, little calculated to expand or improve the more valuable beauties of the mind. Her taste for dress was remarkably elegant, her manner of dancing particularly genteel; she excelled much at cards, and few were happier in devising schemes, and engaging parties of pleasure. As her voice was charming in itself, so was it improved by art, and aided by the soft touches of the guitar, which she handled with inimitable grace; preferring it to all other instruments as the attitude in playing upon it is most advantageous for the discovery of a fair lady's gentility.

"'She very early gave her parents a convincing proof of the mistake they had made in her education, and of their unhappiness in neglecting to inculcate the principles of religious duty and conscientious virtue. For in her seventeenth year she married a young officer, of inferior rank, and no fortune, with the entire disapprobation of her parents, nay, and in direct contradiction to their commands. The gaiety of his dress, and the charms of his person, captivated her heart; and, unaccustomed to reason and think, she broke through every obligation to gratify her romantic passion. Accustomed from her cradle to a life of dissipation and pleasure she now indulged the mad propensity with still greater ardour. From one public place to another, during the summer, she led her passive husband; during the winter they lived in all the fatiguing gaiety of town diversions. My reader will not be amazed, if a life of this kind produced no small difficulties in their circumstances. It happened very opportunely, that her husband, in the third year of their marriage, was called abroad to attend his regiment. Pleasure was her passion; she felt therefore little regret at parting with him. Nor did she live, during his absence, like a widowed wife, and separated friend. She followed her diversions with redoubled assiduity; was the life of the ball, the delight of the men, the queen of joy. . . . But her constitution, tender and delicate, was unequal to the toil; her nocturnal revelries extinguished the rose in her cheek. Besides this, with declining health, her character became equivocal; (though it is agreed by all, she was never criminal, in the sense that word is commonly used); but the want of appearances is often as fatal to reputation, as even the want of virtue itself. To exhilarate her spirits she had frequent recourse to improper means; to renovate her beauty she had constant recourse to destructive art ——'"

"Please!" she interrupted—"please don't read any more!"

There were tears in her eyes.

"Misella was a real person," said Mr. Tutt. "Her husband was a soldier in the Seven Years' War. While he was away the wrong sort of people got hold of her and she forgot her real love for him. At any rate she acted as if she had, and it isn't surprising that he resented her conduct."

Neither of them spoke for several seconds. Then the girl looked up at him and asked: "Did you really find that in the book—exactly as you said?"

"Absolutely," he answered. "Would you like to read it yourself?"

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid I'm just like poor Misella!" she confessed miserably. "It gives one such a strange feeling to know that another person has precisely the same experience as myself over a hundred and fifty years ago!"

"Don't let poor Misella have lived in vain!" he urged. "My dear girl! Listen to an old man who—who can't help being interested in your case. It was a wonderful thing for you to fall in love with John. He was and is a fine young chap! But unfortunately the war took him away from you and left you open to the wrong sort of influences—influences that have always been at work, just as in the case of Misella. You shouldn't blame him for trying to make you a little jealous. As for this cabaret life, believe me, there's nothing in it! You can't be always dancing, you know. And besides, John isn't going to stay superintendent of a local factory. Sooner or later he'll be head of the whole works with an office in New York—that is, if he has the stimulus of you behind him!"

He patted her hand—not at all after the fashion of Reggie Lee.

"What do you say? Shall we send for John and fix things all up?"

"It wouldn't do any good!" she answered, wiping her eyes. "He's had enough of me. I'd be ashamed to ask him. He doesn't want me back!"

"Doesn't he, though?" cried Lieutenant Wheelock, stepping suddenly through the door from Tutt's office, where he had been lurking, and seizing the girl in his arms. "I know one thing, and that is you won't get away from me again! You're going to take the eight o'clock train down to Old Virginny with me—and stay there!"

She put up her hands and drew down his head to hers, and in her face was all the tenderness of the vision Mr. Tutt had seen the afternoon before, and the same sunbeam that had struggled through the clouds—or another exactly like it—flashed across the sky and through the grimy windows of Tutt & Tutt. He stood there now watching them affectionately and made an involuntary motion as if to place his arms about their shoulders. Then he stepped back and with a sigh took his accustomed seat behind his desk.

Wheelock looked at his watch.

"Hello!" he cried. "It's four-thirty already. You'll have to beat it uptown if you're going to take anything with you."

He disengaged himself and bent bashfully over the desk toward Mr. Tutt.

"I almost forgot—about payment for your services," he said. "How much do I owe you?"

"Well," replied Mr. Tutt sternly, "under those circumstances I am going to ask you to pay my bill in installments."

"Any way you like!" said Wheelock.

"I want a letter every Christmas telling me how you both are."

"I don't understand," stammered Wheelock. "Perhaps you'd better send me your bill later."

"There won't be any—except what I said."

Wheelock looked at him, puzzled.

"There's something about all this I don't get," he remarked. "I came to you for a divorce—and I don't get it! They tell me you're a slick article—and you won't take money! I give it up! You're all right anyhow, isn't he, Florence?"

"He is indeed!" she replied with enthusiasm. "He's like a sort of fairy god-father-in-law!"

"Do I get a kiss from the bride?" asked Mr. Tutt with a jocularity under which was concealed a terrible dread that his request might be refused.

"Why," she answered—"if ——" And she looked at John.

"Sure!" exclaimed her husband. "That's the least you can do!"

Very tenderly Mr. Tutt bent over and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"I've got a taxi waiting," said Mrs. Wheelock as he drew back. "But I'd really rather go up in the subway. Would you mind saving me the trouble of having someone tell the man not to wait?"

Then they shook hands all round.

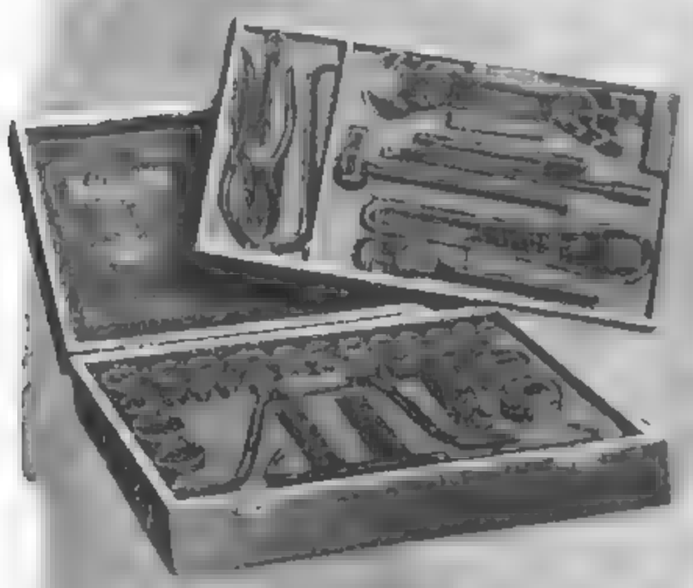
As they went down in the elevator her husband said, "That's the queerest lawyer I ever met!"

And she replied with a reminiscent laugh, "He's a dear old geezer!"

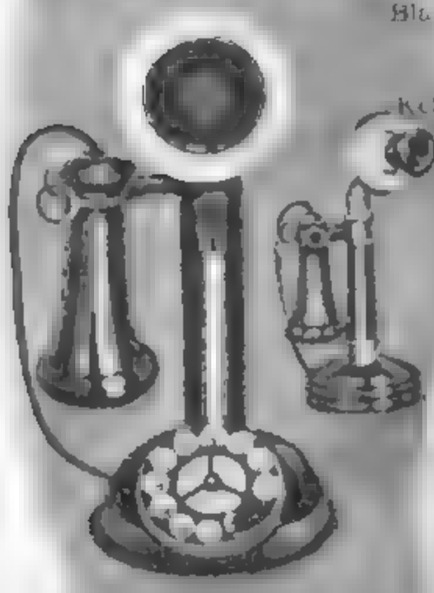
Upstairs Mr. Tutt, feeling older than ever but happier than he had for months, gazed silently at the spot where she had stood.

"Florence!" he whispered. "My little Florence!"

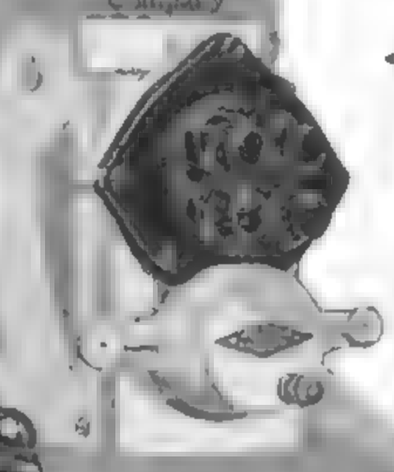
Check These Names With the "Blue Book" of American Industry



Blackhawk Wrenches

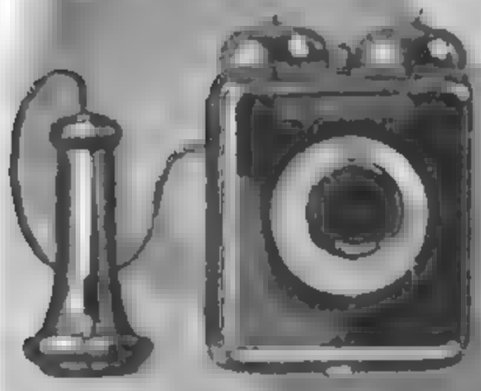


Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co

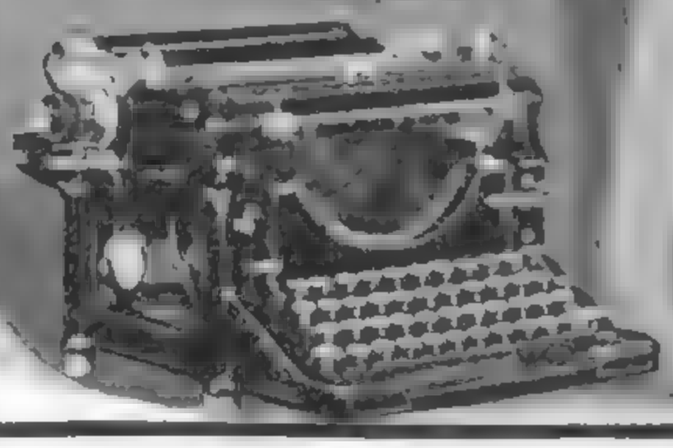


Split-dorf Electric Company

Automatic Electric Company



Stromberg Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.



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Smith Premier Works
Underwood Typewriter Co.

Packard Motor Car Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Reo Motor Car Co.
Dodge Brothers
Haynes Automobile Co.
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.

Note That the Manufacturers Who Protect You from Rust Are the Leaders of Their Lines

Take the five typical lines illustrated here—Wrenches, Telephone Equipment, Magnetos, Typewriters and Automobiles—and notice who the manufacturers are who protect you from rust!

In buying your own metal articles, do you buy from the leaders like these, whose products are safeguarded against rusting and wasting away in service long before their time?

To be on the safe side always ask for Parkerized Products.

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Do you use iron or steel in the manufacture of your product? No matter what you make—if you use iron or steel you will find vital information in the Parker Process book—a plain, practical talk on rust-proofing which covers the subject fully and explains how easily you can use the Parker Process on your own product by means of *special equipment in your own plant*.

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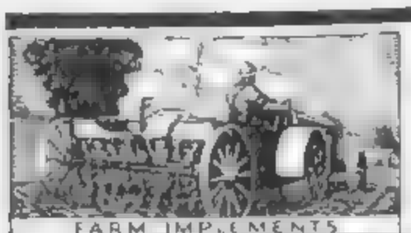
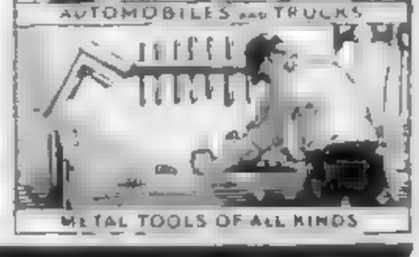


Among Products Protected By Parker Process

The names which appear on this page are only a suggestion of the long list of manufacturers in the metal working industries who have proved that iron and steel need not rust. From the automobile which carries you to your work to the fountain pen you use to sign your checks—from the typewriter in your office to the household range in your kitchen—on every side of you are articles in daily use which furnish final evidence that the Parker Process does *prevent rust*. Among the products protected by Parker Process are:

Aervoid Products (Vacuum Food Containers)
Arms and Munitions
Automobiles
Automobile Parts
Automatic Scales
Bicycles, Cameras
Carburetors
Dental Supplies
Electrical Equipment
Farm Implements
Fire Extinguisher Parts
Fly Screens
Folding Cot Beds
Golf Club Heads
Hardware Specialties
Hose Clamps
Magneto Parts
Motor Trucks
Phonographs
Piston Rings
Railway Supplies
Ranges and Stoves
Saddlery Hardware
Sewing Machines
Spark Plugs
Sporting Goods
Telephone Equipment
Time Clocks
Timer Parts
Tire Anti-skidding Devices
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners
Valve Springs
Wire Wheels
Wrenches



Janesville BALL BEARING Coaster

Dad Knows—

Dad knows the one thing Billy wants most of all this Christmas—one of those speedy Janesville Ball-Bearing Coasters that go like the wind. And Billy knows that a dad like his who realizes what it means to be a "regular fellow" among the boys, won't fail him Christmas morning.

Billy will get a Janesville Ball-Bearing Coaster all right—the strongest, speediest coaster ever built, the gift that will give him boundless pleasure, lots of invigorating exercise and healthful, outdoor air.

The easy-running, ball-bearing, auto-type wheels of the Janesville make light work of hauling heavy loads of wood, coal, groceries, milk cans, etc.—and its swift speed turns errand-running into play.

The Janesville is extra strong all through, built for heavy work and to stand hard play in the hands of rugged, red-blooded, typical American boys.

Give your boy a Janesville Ball-Bearing Coaster this Christmas. Show him you know the kind of wagon a real boy wants.

More Fun Than a Circus With This Power Car.

Skudder Car

no-dead-center Ball-Bearing

There's more downright fun in operating a Skudder Car than any other type of power car. It's good exercise, too—develops strong muscles and builds robust health.

It's fun that fascinates the youngsters—there's keen sport in making it go by shifting the weight from one foot to the other on the tilting board. No other car operates on the same principle. It's so simple it is practically trouble-proof. Built strong and sturdy all through.

Speeds up to 10 or 12 miles an hour. Coasts like a coaster wagon—without motion of the tilting board.

Built for boys and girls from 3 to 12.

DEALERS: If your jobber doesn't handle the Janesville Line write for the name of the nearest jobber in your territory who does.

The Skudder Car and the Janesville Ball-Bearing Coaster are sold at hardware, department and furniture stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't them he can quickly get them for you. Also ask your dealer about the Jiffy Scoot and other popular fun-giving products in the Janesville Line.

Made in U.S.A.

Janesville Products Co., Janesville, Wis.

THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 40)

see what those courts have to say. In the meantime if you try just once to enforce your ideas of man-made laws in here I'll enforce the law of the hills on you. I hope that's plain—at least it's final. You can start now."

He strode to the door and stood beside it waiting for Nash to pass. He started to speak, but Moran held up his hand and Nash went out into the night without another word.

Instead of turning up the game trail in the direction from which he had come Nash turned downstream. He would find Brent camped where the next cañon to the south opened out into the bottoms below the junction of the two small streams. Nash knew of a dozen men within twenty miles who would kill a man for a thousand—or for half of that—with as little concern as most would feel over shooting down a deer. He would start in the morning for the place where these men held out.

Nash never knew that immediately after he left the two in the cabin they saved his life by a narrow margin. As he passed through the door Flash suddenly knew that Moran was allowing this man to escape. Unerringly he knew that this was a grave mistake and he sought to rectify it. He moved stealthily toward the door. If he had gained it Nash would never have reached Brent's camp that night. Betty saw and understood.

"Flash!" she called. "Flash! Come here!"

For a single second he hesitated and that second gave Moran time to see, and he shoved the door shut with his foot as Flash jumped for it.

Moran sat on the bunk beside the girl.

"What was it, Betty?" he asked. "What hold did he have to drive you far enough to marry him?"

"He had wanted me to for years," she said. "I loathed him. Dad was away. Then he told me that my father had built this cabin more than thirty years ago—told me why and showed the proofs; said he would publish them and the officers would be waiting when dad came home. I lied to him—promised without ever intending to go through with it. I played for time, but he said he would turn the proofs over to the law that day unless I complied at once; that he would give them to me if I did."

She produced two papers, yellow with age, from the crack between the bunk and wall and handed them to Moran.

She watched him anxiously, giving frequent words of explanation as he sat before the fire and studied them.

One was a map without a single written word, merely one small sheet covered with queer lines. Moran oriented it and knew it for the stream lines of the Land of Many Rivers. One portion was filled in with a sketch of even the smallest tributary creeks. In that part there was a single square dot and from its location Moran knew that it indicated the cabin in which he sat.

It had been smuggled inside the prison walls to another man—a boyhood friend less fortunate in his efforts to evade capture than was the man who drew the map. On his release he had found the cabin and found the letter telling where and under what new name to find his friend—the friend who had changed both name and mode of life and whose money had enabled both to break away from the wild outlaw days of youth. A quarter century later Nash had gained knowledge and possession of these documents while settling up this man's estate.

"I ran away and came out here the minute he handed them to me," she said. "I wrote to Kinney from the train, telling him to meet me here. I mailed another letter, which will explain everything to my father when he gets home."

Moran turned to where Flash was sniffing at the door.

"I'm halfway tempted to open the door and let him go," he said. "Nash will never trouble anyone again if Flash gets out of this house to-night."

The girl shivered slightly.

"Not that way," she said.

Flash had noted the papers which Moran held and his hope of escape was renewed. He had come to look on all papers as messages for him to carry. True, they were both in the cabin and he did not know where this message was to go, but that mattered not at all if it only afforded him an opportunity to be free of those four confining walls.

This hope died as Moran tossed both map and letter into the fire. Then Moran crossed to the door, driving a wooden peg behind the bar which wedged it shut.

"Too bad, Flash," he sympathized. "But Betty is right. Your way is my way—but it's not the best."

XVII

A STORM had settled down over the hills, a fine rain falling from leaden skies. Flash had been confined to the cabin for two days and nights. Fearful lest he locate Nash and either kill or be killed himself, Moran had kept him a prisoner. Flash found this extremely irksome. The storm terminated in a downpour of rain; this over, the sun peeped through the rifts and turned the floating fog banks to milky white. The wind which invariably follows each storm in the Western hills sprang up and dispersed the mist. Flash's insistence to be freed now amounted to a clamor. He scratched furiously at the door and chewed at the beam which wedged it shut. His whining was so continuous as to resemble a steady chant of woe. He wished a speedy end put to this imprisonment. He was no indoor dog. Moran opened the door at last and he was free to go.

He was hungry and his first concern was meat. As he topped the ridge above the cabin a luckless bobcat prowled along it far from any sheltering tree. This hate for the cat tribes was one of the things Flash seemed to know instinctively. There is a long-standing grudge between the dog and cat kind. The enmity between domestic dogs and cats has been handed down from the age-old feud between their wild progenitors. The first cat track which Flash had ever struck he had followed, knowing that he would find a natural enemy at the end of the trail. Nevertheless, though this knowledge had been inherited, it was the knowledge of experience which had finally taught him how to handle cats.

The wind was right and not until he was almost upon it did the big cat know its danger. It was too late to flee and the old tom whirled to face his enemy with tooth and claw, his back arched high. One paw darted forth in a lightning jab for the eyes of the rushing wolf. Flash braced all four feet and halted his drive a yard from his prey. He had killed many cats and previous battles had taught him the slashing qualities of those hooked feet.

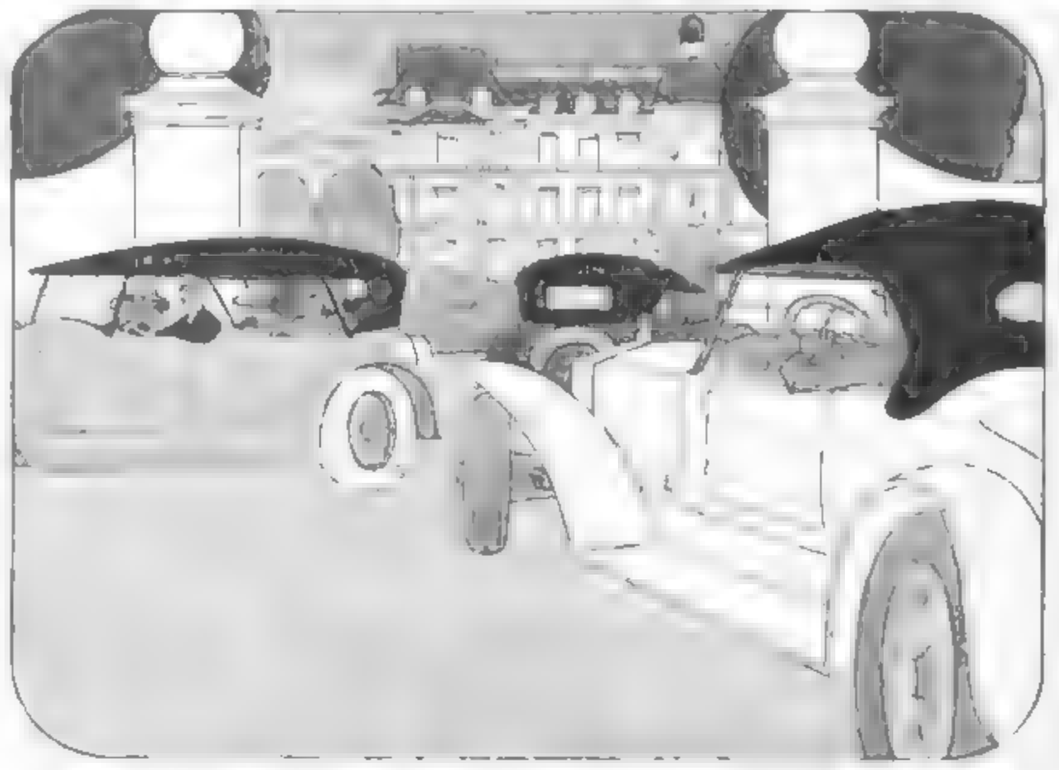
He knew that the instant he launched himself upon the cat it would fall upon its back and rake his flanks and belly with savage strength. Instead he commenced to circle slowly, the cat always facing him. The bobcat does not squall like his domestic cousin, and the snarls which issued from the gaping red mouth of the old tom were short and explosive.

Flash increased his speed, whirling round and round his prey with feint attacks. These amazing tactics were too rapid and bewildering for the lesser brain of the cat and he turned to flee. Even as he turned Flash pounced upon him and clamped his wicked teeth into his neck close behind the ears. As the big cat threw himself on one side to use his claws Flash hopped clear across him the opposite way. Twice more the cat changed sides and twice more Flash hopped, still retaining his crushing grip. His powerful jaws had closed until the long canine teeth pierced through the neck and met. Then Flash gave one savage shake and wrench, dropped his prey and leaped clear.

The bared claws worked convulsively, slashing circles in the air. This subsided to a mere twitching of the muscles and the big round eyes stared in death. Flash tore the skin from the hips and feasted.

By some strange freak the meat of the bobcat or bay lynx is tender, fine fibred and clear, almost as transparent as the breast meat of a quail. However, Flash cared less for this kind than for the heavier red meat of larger game and he did not gorge so much as he would have done if his victim had been an elk or a deer.

The wind rose to a gale, shrieking along the cliffs and moaning in the timber. There came sudden lulls, after which the wind leaped again from some new direction, sometimes completely reversing its course



Neverleek will contribute to the style and beauty of new motor car models

FOR the coming automobile show season, many new designs are promised. It is predicted that 1920 will see a striking advance in the fashioning of motor cars, especially in body lines, trimming and other features that will add to smartness and style.

As in previous years, an overwhelming majority of high-grade cars will be shown with regular equipment of Neverleek Top Material. Every season emphasizes further the value of Neverleek as an aid to style, beauty and service.

As a factor in designing, Neverleek has substance and flexibility that give graceful, flowing lines. Its richness and lustre of surface are permanent. It harmonizes splendidly with the body design and coloring of the car. It is strong enough to hold plate glass windows without sagging. For service, Neverleek is thoroughly guaranteed, as it has been since first introduced eight years ago. No condition of weather or climate will cause it to leak, fade or crack.

Because of its proved quality, as well as for style and beauty, Neverleek is the choice of an overwhelming majority of manufacturers of fine motor cars. Note the list of cars on which Neverleek is regular equipment. For recovering tops on used cars, Neverleek is recommended by good top-makers everywhere. A top of Neverleek will add to the appearance and value of your car. Samples and booklet will be mailed free on request.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach Street, Boston — 969 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

Motor cars that are regularly equipped with Neverleek Top Material

AMERICAN	ELGIN	LEXINGTON	PIEDMONT
BELL	ELCAR	LIBERTY	ROAMER
BIDDLE	FRANKLIN	MARMON	SAXON
BOUR-DAVIS	GLIDE	McFARLAN	SCRIPPS-BOOTH
CHANDLER	GRANT	MAIBOHM	(Model G)
CLEVELAND	HATFIELD	MITCHELL	STANDARD
CLYDE	HAYNES	MOON MOORE	STEARNS-KNIGHT
COMET	HOLMES	NATIONAL	STEPHENS
CRAWFORD	HUPMOBILE	OWEN-MAGNETIC	STUTZ
CUNNINGHAM	JORDAN	PAIGE	TEMPLAR
DANIELS	KING	PAN-AMERICAN	VELIE
DORRIS	KLINE	PEERLESS	WESTCOTT

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Just what he wants—and she'll be delighted with a

Summit
Town & Country
Leather Coat

It's an unusual gift but a very useful one for man or woman. There will be an appreciative feeling that you have looked forward to his or her comfort when motoring, golfing, shooting or walking.

Its usefulness is satisfactory, its appearance attractive.

The soft, pliable leather resists the wind, keeps out the cold and keeps the wearer warm without that "bundled up" feeling.

There are models for style, work and play.

The Universal Garment
for out o' doors

The leading stores sell them. Send for Style Booklet C-32

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U.S.A.

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing

in a space of seconds; gusts drove down from different divides and eddied about the hills, rushing up one cañon while the currents were sucked straight down the next.

Reveling in his freedom, Flash left the cat and rambled on. He chose the ridge which broke away from the parent divide and flanked the north side of the cañon, and followed it to where it ended in a point which fell away abruptly to the narrow floor of the valley at the confluence of the two little streams.

As he stood on the point of this spur there came one of the sudden lulls in the wind. Faint vibrations trembled in his ears—the sound of iron on rocks—and he knew that somewhere far up the slope of the divide a pack outfit was coming down from the Rampart Pass.

He growled uneasily and turned back. When halfway along the rims toward the cabin he stopped in his tracks, every hair stiff and erect along his spine. He had caught the plain scent of a single man; one strong whiff and it was lost in a conflicting rush of air. He knew that scent. It was that of one of the men who had been at Brent's cabin the night he had looked in at the window; one of the three who had come into the hills that same night. Often he had noted his trail among those round the secret camp near Two Ocean Pass. Later he had been among those who had tried to take the girl when she had stumbled across their fire in the black fog.

Flash knew that this man was somewhere close at hand. It was not the trail scent, but the body scent that he had caught. He prowled along the rim, but could not catch the scent again, and he raced for the cabin without another pause.

Moran was sitting on the sill, but Betty was not there. Flash found her warm trail, less than five minutes old, leading along the slope. It soon dipped slantingly toward the stream. The wind was at his back and he could not catch her body scent, and the groaning of the trees under the lash of the gale drowned the sound of her footfalls, but he knew she was close at hand.

There was a second's calm and the wind shifted abruptly, the draft now being sucked up the cañon instead of down. The change in Flash was as startling and abrupt as the change of wind. The dog in search of a loving mistress was transformed into a wolf in search of dangerous prey. He slipped cautiously from one windfall jam to the next. He did not snarl. Snarls would not terrify the enemy he now stalked—would only serve to warn him—and once warned the day was lost for Flash. The thing he now stalked was man.

The wind blew full in his face and carried the tidings that Betty was just ahead through the tangle of down timber—and that near her was the man. A few yards more and he saw her seated on a log near the game trail. Fifty yards above her the man crouched behind a stump.

His actions were furtive. As Flash watched him he moved to a tree a few feet nearer to the girl and stood motionless as she turned and glanced uphill. Flash circled to come in behind him—circled cautiously and with great care to remain unseen. When he had reached his goal the man was halfway to the girl. Experience in stalking all varieties of game helped Flash now—and his coyote brain was working. A full-strain dog would have rushed valiantly at the first sign of menace to the one he loved—and he would have defeated his own purpose as he died. This man wore a gun at each hip and Flash knew well his danger; that his one chance of success was to wait until the man entered cover which was dense enough to screen his own close approach for one desperate spring.

He drew near enough so that he could slip into each bit of cover as the man left it, but still he was not close enough to spring. When within thirty feet of the girl the man knelt behind a waist-high mass of fallen lodge-pole trunks. Forty feet behind him Flash crouched behind a log. It was too far for a single spring, but it was his last hope. When the man started to crawl over or through the logs would be his time to strike. For a space of minutes neither moved, the man seemingly unable to decide on his next step. Then he leaned forward and Flash tensed his muscles for the rush—but both suddenly drew back, each behind his own log screen.

Flash's every sense had been so absorbed by this dangerous stalk as to exclude all else. The man's quick ears caught a sound at the instant Flash caught the scent. A second man turned a bend in the game trail and came steadily on. He was of slender build and erect carriage; his gray beard was carefully trimmed, announcing the fact that he had come but recently from the outside world.

This new complication was too much for Flash. The dog in him rose above the wolf and the issue trembled in the balance. Only a saving ray of memory out of the dim past held him back from following the dog impulse to throw himself upon both men and sacrifice himself to warn the girl. This memory was not a distinct recollection of the time he had met this man in the moonlit park on the night he had first found the girl. His memory was not so retentive as that; could not retain for so long a time the identity of one who had made no very strong impression upon his mind. Rather it was a certain haunting familiarity about his looks and scent that seemed in some vague way to be pleasantly associated with the girl. Without knowing why, he suddenly felt that this man was a reënforcement instead of an added menace.

Betty was gazing abstractedly away from him and so did not see him until he was quite close. Then she looked up and saw him and with a little cry she stepped into the game trail and threw herself into his arms. Flash knew that this grapple was not one of battle, no fight to the death as the move would indicate. Men had queer ways. Betty and this man were friends.

As surely as Flash was an exceptional animal the two men so near him were exceptional men. Both were cool and resourceful. It would be difficult to surprise either sufficiently to cause him for one instant to lose his presence of mind. Nevertheless, the man who watched seemed to lack his usual decisiveness. At last he rose from behind the log, his right hand dropping to the gun at his hip.

Flash rushed without a sound. The gun was half drawn when his teeth ripped the forearm from elbow to wrist and struck solidly against the base of his hand, the gun falling to the ground.

The force of the rush carried Flash clear against the log and he rolled half under the windfall. Even this sudden shock of surprise and pain was insufficient to cloud Harte's lightning brain. His only sound was a sharp gasping breath as his left hand reached for his other gun.

Flash would have surely died as he darted back to the attack if the man on the trail had not gone into action as suddenly as Harte himself. His eye had caught the charging gray streak on the slope and with it the man rising from behind the log. He sprang six feet from the girl, his hand thrust inside his coat for the gun which was slung under his left armpit.

Harte's steady nerve did not desert him even in the face of this emergency. Instead of shooting Flash he turned his gun in his left hand on the man below and crooked his crippled right arm to protect his throat from the wolf's fierce lunge. Two shots roared together and even as Flash drove his teeth into Harte's shoulder the man collapsed behind the log. As Flash darted away he saw the other man sag limply and crumple down on the trail.

Flash took shelter behind a windfall. Both men lay still and quiet. He heard Betty sob as she knelt beside the older man. Then he heard Moran bounding toward them, crashing through the underbrush and hurdling fallen logs. He moved farther away. He knew that two men were dying and he could not tell how much of this was wrong and how much was right—or for how large a part of it he himself would be held accountable. Men sometimes reasoned queerly. Flash kept out of sight.

Moran found Betty kneeling on the trail.

"Where's the other one? Quick!" he said.

"Up there," she answered, pointing up the slope. "But he is dead. Don't go. I want you here to help me with my father."

Moran knelt beside her and started to unbutton the flannel shirt.

"I'll do all I can," he said.

The other man opened his eyes and shook his head.

"Too late, son," he said. "It's just as well this way. Look after her. Keep her away from Nash." He smiled at Betty and closed his eyes. Out in the timber Flash howled—not his usual note, but a mournful dog howl which had never before sounded from his throat.

Moran sprang suddenly to his feet as a voice spoke from among the logs a few feet up the slope.

(Continued on Page 173)

A. C. Gilbert

Help your boy along

Your boy's future is largely what you make it. You can train his mind while he plays by buying him the right kind of toys.

A real boy likes to make things. A good tool box, a steel construction toy, electrical or chemistry set, or wagons, gliders and coasters that he can put together himself—these things have an irresistible fascination for a boy. They teach him. They develop his constructive nature. They interest him far more than toys that are merely playthings.

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"Toys That Are Genuine"

Gilbert Toys are the helpful kind. With them the boy does the building, the experimenting. In thought and action he is soon years ahead of the boy who does not have such toys.

Buy your boy Gilbert Toys. Let him see this page and send the coupon for a free copy of my catalog, my boys' magazine of stories and sports, and all the facts about the Gilbert Engineering Institute For Boys, telling him how he can win diplomas, degrees, gold-plated lapel buttons, gold watch, etc. Let him enter the big, free toy building contest that I have started, with a buckboard automobile or Shetland pony as first prize, and a hundred other fine prizes. Sign his name to the coupon below and send it in now.

A. C. Gilbert, President

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 119 Blatchley Ave.

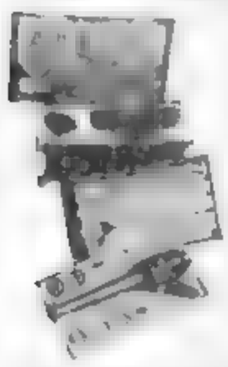
New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Gilbert Chemistry Set

What boy would not like to know how to make soap, ink, bluing, a wet cell for electro-plating, perform chemical experiments and feats of chemical and electrical magic for his friends? A Gilbert Chemical Set, with its fine Manual of Chemistry, is a great boy teacher. Prices of sets $2.50 to $10. (In Canada $3.75 to $15.)

Gilbert Air-Kraft Toy



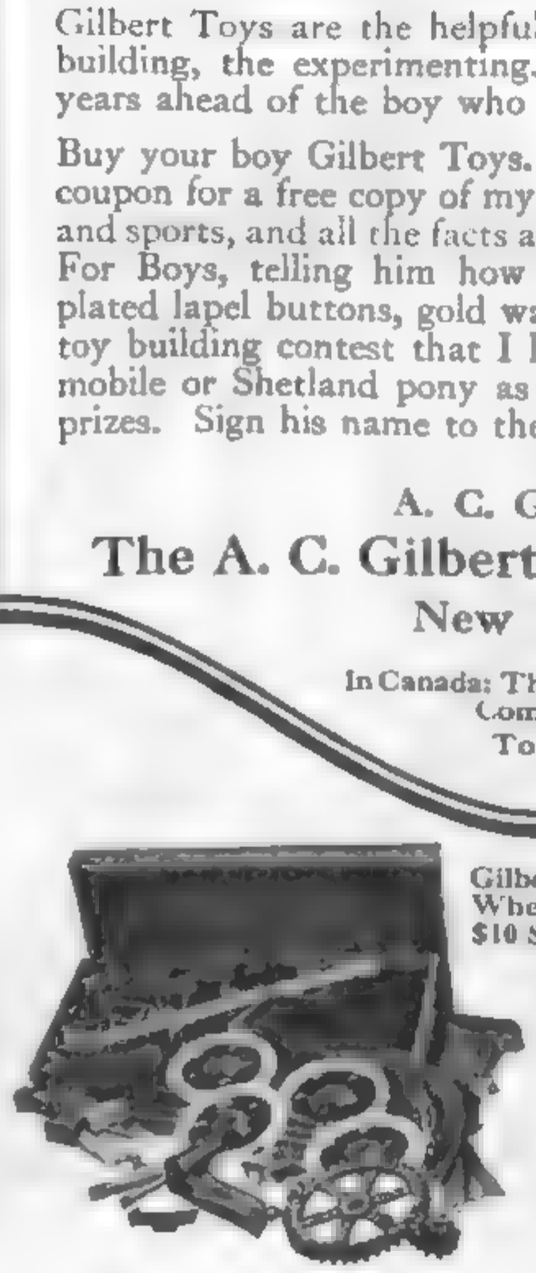
With these outfits a boy can build miniature aëroplanes which are guaranteed to fly. Strong rubber bands furnish the power in these sets. The larger set—a crackerjack—is equipped with a small motor and flies attached to a tall metal stand. Prices $1.50 to $6. (In Canada $2.25 to $9.)

Gilbert Soldering Sets

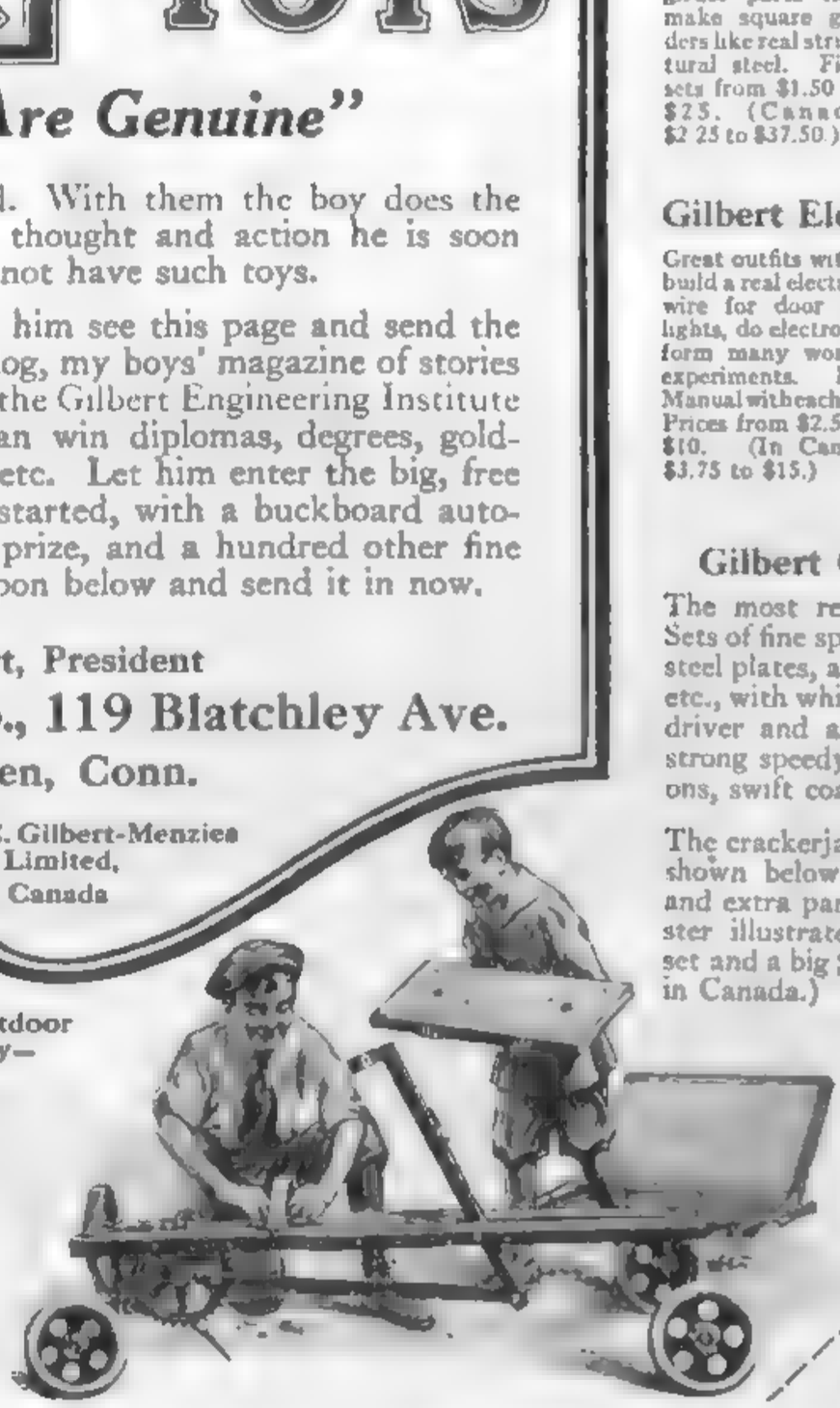
Very useful, thoroughly practical soldering outfits. With the book of instructions they contain, a boy can mend pots, pans, metal toys, solder small pipes and soon save the cost of his outfit, which contains a real soldering iron, heating furnace, [illegible], etc. Two sizes, $1.50 and $3.50 (Canada $2.25 and $3.75)

Gilbert Tool Chests

Real tool chests—not toy ones. They contain tools of fine steel, finely tempered and polished. Encourage your boy's constructive nature with genuine tools. Chests from $2.50 to $37.00. (In Canada $3.75 to $55.00.)



Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy—$10 Set



Gilbert Erector

The greatest of steel construction toys. Builds bridges, sky-scrapers, machinery, and elevators that run by the powerful little electric motor that comes with the set. Set contains big Manual of instructions, bright red wheels, and many girder parts that make square girders like real structural steel. Fine sets from $1.50 to $25. (Canada $2.25 to $37.50.)

Famous No. 4 Set $6.00

Gilbert Electrical Sets

Great outfits with which a boy can build a real electric motor, run toys, wire for door bells and electric lights, do electro-plating and perform many wonderful electrical experiments. Fine Manual with each set. Prices from $2.50 to $10. (In Canada $3.75 to $15.)

Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

The most remarkable boy toy of years. Sets of fine specially made steel disc wheels, steel plates, axles, seat, bars of tough wood, etc., with which any boy, with only a screw driver and a wrench for tools, can make strong speedy gliders, sporty looking wagons, swift coasters, speedsters, etc.

The crackerjack $10 set ($15 in Canada) is shown below. It contains gears, pinions and extra parts to make the geared speedster illustrated. Then there is a $6 set and a big $15 set. ($9 and $22.50 in Canada.)

MAIL THIS COUPON

Send the details of your free Prize Contest for boys and [illegible] boys' magazine and catalog of Gilbert Toys

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Address_____

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THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

Investigation of the Franklin Sedan, by the owner of the average car, frequently begins with his first cold weather experiences. He seeks relief from anti-freeze mixtures, draining radiators, hard starting or laying up the car entirely to make sure of avoiding trouble.

Such motoring anxieties become more irksome with each succeeding winter, especially in the face of the freedom so universally known to result from Franklin Direct Air Cooling (no water to freeze or boil).

This advantage has been the first introduction of many owners of ordinary cars to motoring satisfaction. The other equally important Franklin differences became apparent as soon as they started to drive. The ability to ride relaxed, and to drive without tiring effort over roads as they come for hours on end, is the result of the exclusive Franklin principles of light weight and flexible construction. That's why the Franklin Sedan can out-tour heavy, rigid cars of any type.

The satisfaction given by Franklin performance is just as unusual in motoring as is the economy so generally enjoyed by Franklin owners:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

Touring Car, five-passenger
Brougham, four-passenger enclosed
Four-Passenger Roadster
Runabout, two-passenger

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A Prominent Philadelphia Banker Writes:

"The arguments for economies so well apply to the Franklin Car that it is very hard for any other to meet the conditions. I say this from experience, for I am the owner of a Franklin and am more than pleased with its performances. No wonder orders are coming in!"

(Continued from Page 170)

"I wonder how it happens that a dog always knows when someone cashes in," it said. Moran found Harte sprawled behind the log.

"You don't know me, Moran," he said. "I'm Calvin Harte. It's queer how things work out sometimes. No man could down me so long as I used my brains—but I lost my head for the one time in my life, and here I am. I'd seen the girl before. I was sent here to get you, and saw her again. She went to my head. I hung round watching her, planning to kill you and take her for myself. Indecision downed me. It never fails. You lose your decision and you lose your life."

"Who sent you after me?" Moran demanded.

Harte smiled and shook his head.

"Even now I can't squeal on my own breed," he said. "I never tried to play both ends against the middle, but played only one end—the losing end." After a short silence he reverted to his original question. "How is it that a dog can tell when a man kicks out?" he asked. "You're a naturalist, they tell me, so you should know."

It all seemed an unreal dream to Moran; Betty kneeling there with her dead, and this man inquiring on odd subjects as calmly as if he had a hundred years of life ahead instead of seconds. Harte guessed the thought.

"I'd rather die talking than thinking," he said. "That topic will answer as well as any. Can you tell me why it is?"

"It is scent," Moran said, humoring his whim. "A bird dog knows the difference between a dead and a crippled bird. He will point a wounded quail, but step in to retrieve it the instant it dies. There is a difference of scent. It is probably in that same way that a dog knows the instant a man's life goes out."

"Sounds reasonable," said Harte. "Thanks. I rather hope they don't get you, Moran—but they will." He closed his eyes. Once more Flash howled dismally out in the timber and a human soul traveled with the sound.

Moran knew that Calvin Harte was considered the most clever and dangerous criminal at large. As he stood looking down at him he heard Flash growl warningly. There sounded the thud of hoofs and the jangle of equipment as Dad Kinney's pack train came swinging up the trail.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 44)

A New York committee investigating ventilation found that the total work of the muscles of cats is reduced about 25 per cent by an atmospheric temperature of 91 degrees and a relative humidity of 90 per cent, as compared with an ideal temperature of 69 degrees and a humidity of 52 per cent. Similar results will be found on an investigation of human beings working in an office or factory. A famous engineer says that there is a seasonal variation in the physical efficiency of workmen. Maximum efficiency occurs in the spring and autumn, while the lowest efficiency comes in midwinter and midsummer. Temperature is the main factor in these variations. The optimum, or most favorable temperature for human efficiency, is 60 degrees. A slightly varying temperature is more stimulating to workmen than one that is uniform; a small decrease in temperature, say, five degrees, has more beneficial effect than a small rise. Efficiency is greatest at the end of a storm and less so on a very clear day. The ideal climate from an industrial standpoint is one where the temperature range varies from 38 to 68 degrees and in which the humidity is uniformly neither high nor low. It is best if there are moderate daily changes in temperature.

Another fact worth noting is the effect of dry air on the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. The drier the air the more moisture that will be absorbed by this air as we breathe it. The organs of the nose and throat can supply only so much moisture. Beyond this amount they become overworked. Lack of humidity is the chief factor in producing nasal and postnasal catarrh. Dust is a menace, but it is less a cause of nose and throat affections than dry air. Dozens of careful tests are on record and they support the foregoing conclusions.

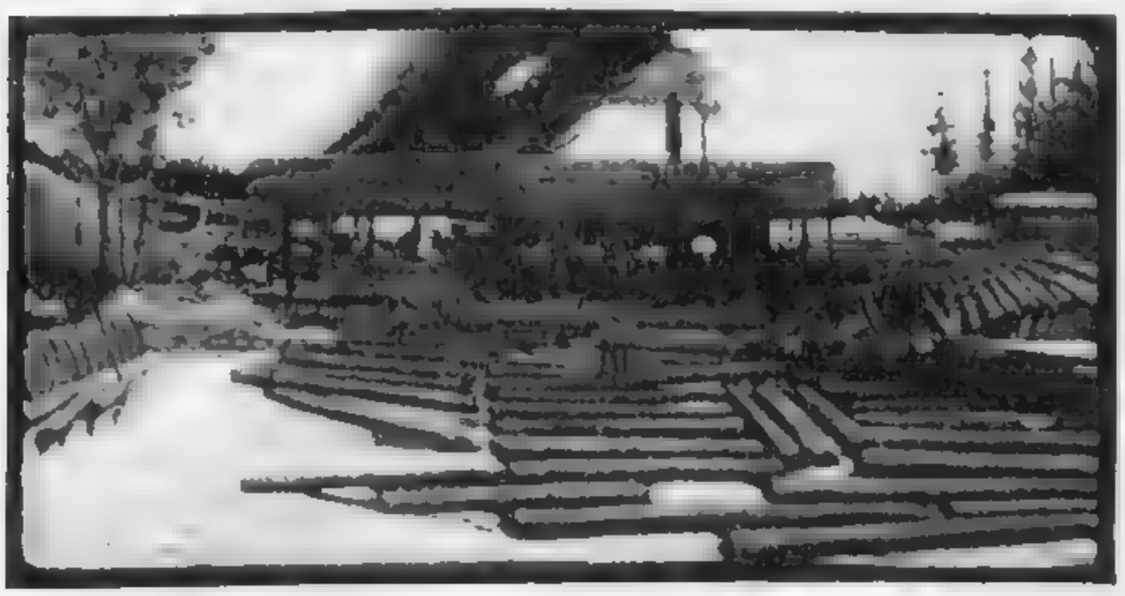
As to the quality of the present-day air in a large city, one examination showed that this air contains 100,000 to 1,500,000 dust particles per cubic foot of air; 100 counts of bacteria per cubic foot and a material percentage of gases. Tests indicate that a proper air washer will remove from 50 to 98 per cent of the floating dust. In various city schools it is not unusual to remove from four to six pails of mud from a single air washer each week. In the matter of gases, the washer will eliminate most of the soluble gases. In Philadelphia one of the grammar schools is located near a large garage. Gases from this garage found their way into the fresh-air intake. A report of the health officer stated that "a sample of the water taken from the air washer was two-thirds dirt and carbon, about 20 per cent oil and a large percentage of gasoline. The gasoline was found to burn freely when a match was applied.

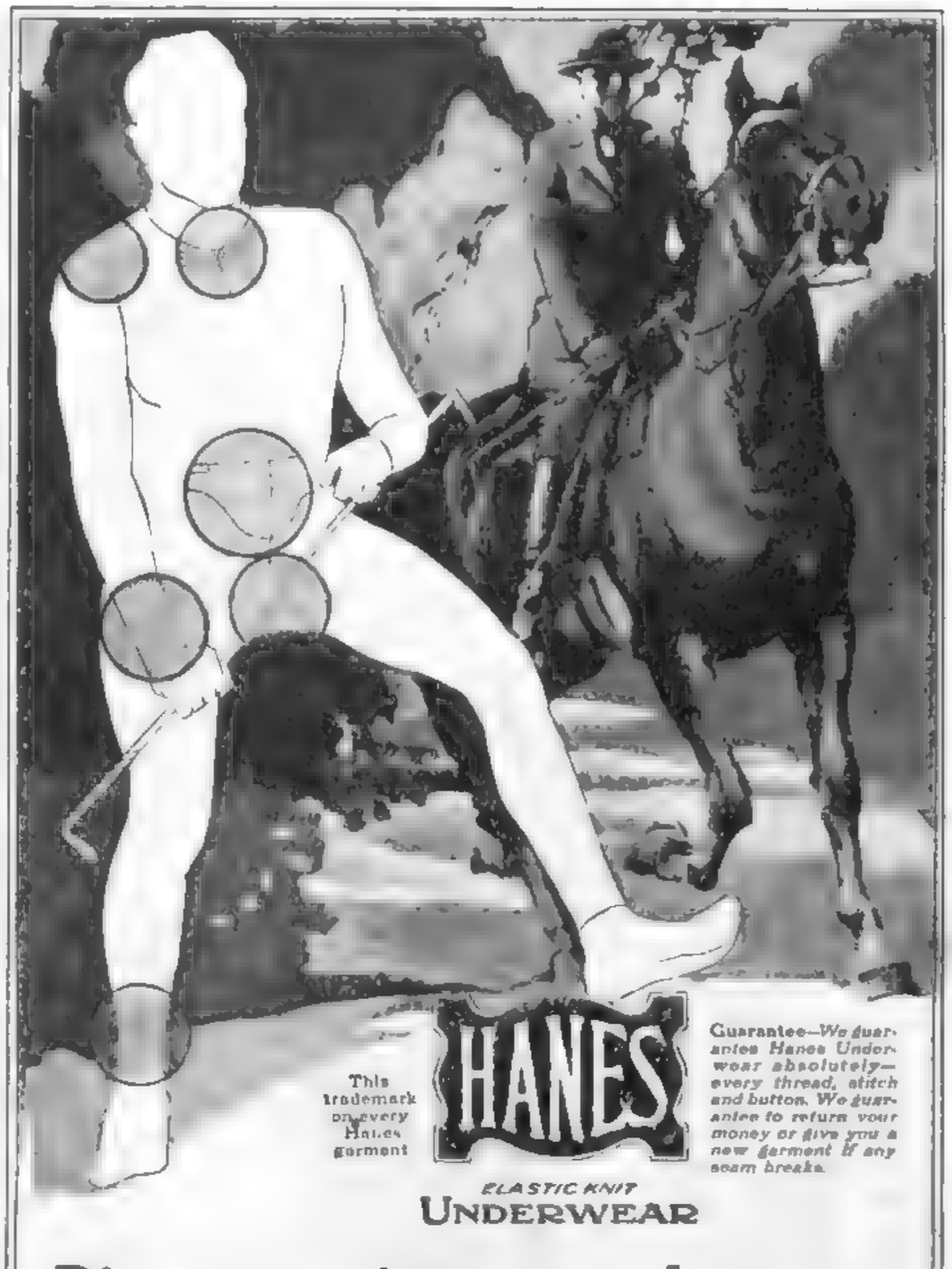
Surely here was a case where mechanical ventilation was desirable and it is not an isolated instance.

An air-washing and humidifying plant for a large school accommodating 1200 pupils or for an industrial plant working a thousand men will cost from $3000 to $5000. Taking actual figures from recent practice, we find that the operating costs of such a plant amount to from 25 to 50 cents a person per year and in this cost is included interest and depreciation on the investment. A considerable reduction is made for the saving in coal resulting from the lower temperatures rendered possible by the humidification of the air. The first cost of such an equipment usually amounts to only one or two per cent of the total cost of the building.

In the matter of schools and industrial buildings the United States just now is facing an alarming deficiency. The number of people that can safely be inclosed in a building depends not so much on floor area as on an adequate volume of fresh air. If we are going to depend on window ventilation we must either stop educating some of our children or double the number of schools. We can't do the latter, so let us not be too quick to condemn mechanical ventilation lest we are throwing aside one of the important remedies for our trouble. From the clothes we wear to the food we eat our lives are artificial. That being the case, we can only go ahead by using artificial methods and devices.

"Back to Nature" sounds fine, but it is only the despairing wail of the fellows who have been outdistanced by the mighty strides of advancing civilization.




This trademark on every Hanes garment
HANES
Guarantee—We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Biggest winter underwear value ever sold at the price!

Hanes winter weight Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers for men exceed in return-value to you—*comfort, warmth, wear* and *satisfaction*—the most enthusiastic statement we could make personally or in our advertisements. That's because *we know* "Hanes" from the instant bales of fine, long-staple cotton enter our factories until the perfected garment is ready for your use! Every garment must live up to the broad Hanes guarantee. *And it does!*

Get your hands on Hanes Shirts and Drawers (illustrated in the diagram above). Go over every detail of workmanship—the *guaranteed* unbreakable seams; *guaranteed* buttonholes that last the life of the garment; *guaranteed* elastic knit collarette that can't gap; *guaranteed* shape-holding elastic shoulders; *guaranteed* staunch, snug-fitting 3-button sateen waist-band; *guaranteed* elastic knit wrists; pearl buttons sewed on to stay; reinforcements at every strain point. Hanes Union Suits have a closed crotch *that stays closed*.

Choice of Hanes Union Suits or Shirts and Drawers is a matter of personal preference. Either will delight you.

Hanes Union Suits for Boys

If you're keen to keep the little fellows warm and snug this winter, put them into Hanes Union Suits—the very finest underwear for boys we ever saw near the price. They stand the roughest wear and the hardest wash and give the greatest warmth and comfort. They are practically the same as the men's union suits—all the desired features—with added fleeciness. Don't delay your buying. If your dealer can't supply you write us at once.

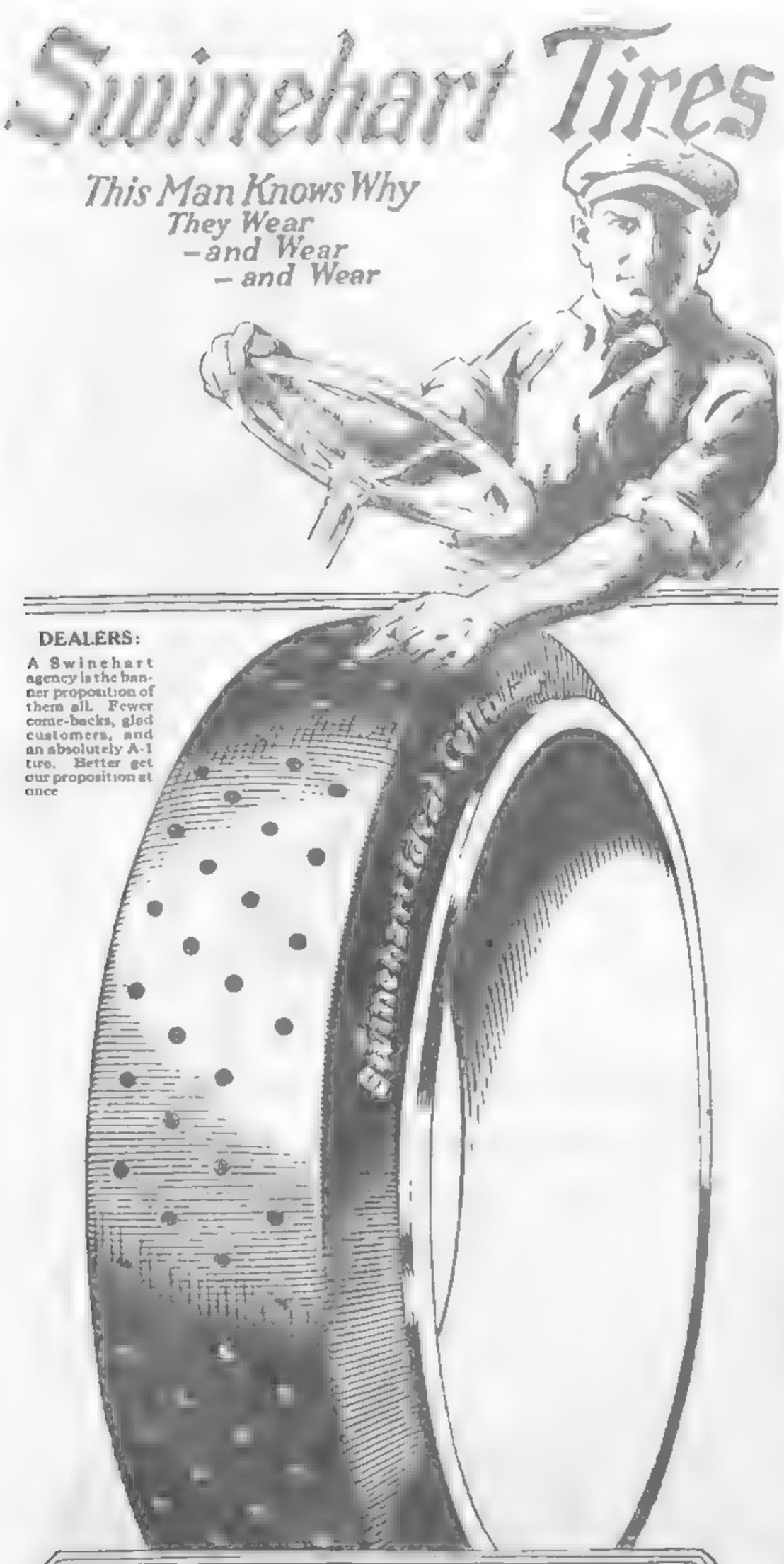
P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

New York Office, 366 Broadway

WARNING TO THE TRADE—Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the Hanes label.

Swinehart Tires

This Man Knows Why They Wear —and Wear —and Wear



DEALERS:

A Swinehart agency is the banner proposition of them all. Fewer come-backs, glad customers, and an absolutely A-1 tire. Better get our proposition at once

The Tire That Saves the Truck

This Swinehart Cellular truck tire has all of the advantages of the pneumatic with none of the disadvantages. Its wonderful resiliency saves the truck—saves the load.

It wears—and wears—and wears because it does not burn itself up.

The cellular construction of this tire keeps it cool; gives it pneumatic qualities; prevents skidding.

There isn't a tire made, solid or pneumatic, that will do as much for you or your truck.

Let us explain these practical, scientific features.

SWINEHART PNEUMATIC TIRES

made in both Fabric and Cord—Hexagon and Ribbed Treads and Plain. Quality Tires—all. Let your next tires be Swinehart or see that the truck or car you buy is equipped with them.

Dealers to serve you everywhere.

THE SWINEHART TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

ZERBETTA AND THE BLACK ARTS

(Continued from Page 23)

He had been, said Karl, very good company and was carrying a flask of what he called Catawba wine.

"But it wasn't," Karl complained. "It was a lot stronger'n any wine I ever tasted. An' I don't know how I come to bust the window. But you can bet your shirt tail I'm going to close both his eyes for him next time I catch him, that's all. An' pop used a trunk strap!"

That noon old Mrs. Carter's son died in the hospital and, since she was one of those pious, generous creatures who survive somehow in a crass world, the word went heavily from porch to porch along the streets. Father came home silent in the dense, renewed heat, but after a while reported Judge Lowe as much disturbed.

"This silly girl went down there with some boy she'd never seen before. She met him on the street. The judge can't locate him, and he went away and left her before the trouble started, so she asked Bob Carter to take her home. It's all unaccountable. They were going out the door and this drunken idiot, Swenson, began shooting. He can't remember why now. He says someone told him to. It's precious queer."

Zerbetta seethed all afternoon and a doleful procession of ladies arriving at our door, bent on hearing the last terrors of young Carter's end, drove me to open country. The Cochrane River wound in a series of willow-shaded pools past the Ross orchard and I found the Rosses hosts to a dozen lads. News of the deadly dance had spread and I was called on for details. We dangled our legs in the tawny water, chewed licorice and discussed violent death happily.

"Oh, yes," I said, reminded of the lesser event, "and Colly Sims is likely going to die too."

Ethan was wallowing in the shallows at my feet and sat up suddenly.

"Why," said someone, "I saw him yesterday afternoon. Wasn't sick then."

"Well, he was taken sick last night 'long 'bout eight," I related. "It's some kind of bellyache. They've got a doctor down from Columbus, but Mrs. Sims sent out for a dressmaker 'safternoon to make black clothes."

At this moment one of the smaller Ross boys fell off a bough into the river with loud wails and the naked assembly went, laughing, to rescue him, except Ethan, who scrambled out of the water and seized my arm, his eyes glittering.

"You're lyin' about Colly?"

"I am not," I said. "He's havin' convulsions an' things, curls up into knots. Doctor Lynch says he ought to be dead already. It's sort of too bad," I admitted, rather embarrassed by my vague sympathy for Ethan's enemy. Ethan slapped some drops from his leg, frowning at me.

"I hate him like anythin'."

"Well," I argued, "he's the only kid the Simses have got an' ——"

"Oh, I don't want him to die," said Ethan. "But I ain't sorry he's sick!"

He began to hunt for his shirt in the well-mixed wardrobe on the grass, frowning and muttering to himself.

"You say it's his stomach hurtin' him?"

"Yes, but what are you gettin' dressed for? 'Tisn't five o'clock yet."

"Oh, shut your head!" Ethan said brutally and ran off toward the house through the orchard. However, he came back presently and apologized by giving me six cartridges which might fit my revolver. Further, he seduced me into stopping for supper and drove me home in the hot windless night, talking spasmodically.

"I expect it's no fun dyin'," he remarked. "A fellow might go to hell."

"I thought you didn't think there was any hell, Eth?"

"Well, I don't know there is, either," he said fretfully. "But I'd hate gettin' stuck in the same place as Colly Sims. We might get stuck in the same fiery furnace an' he'd hog all the best coals to set on."

He hitched the horse to our lamp-post and came in with me. But father interrupted any preliminary topics by stating that Colly Sims was much improved.

"He began to get better about half past four and they think he'll be all right pretty soon." Ethan gasped then and sat down on the steps. Father pursued the subject by a few timely observations on overeating in summer and put a question:

"By the way, have you children seen a young fellow with red hair round town? A very good-looking boy about sixteen or seventeen?"

"There isn't any fellow in town with red hair but the O'Sheas," said Ethan, "an' you wouldn't call them good-lookin'."

"Oh, but of course there is, Eth!" I cried. "That fellow that sold you the doll yesterday."

"What doll?" asked Ethan in the level speech of mendacity, dropping his fist on my shadowed toes. "Doll? What you talkin' about?"

I could not imagine why he chose to lie, but I loyally deflected the inquiry and told father I had seen such a person near the courthouse.

"Where does he live, son?"

"Dunno," I answered quite truthfully.

Father sighed and bade me go tell Judge Lowe all I knew. On the way to the gate I reproached Ethan, not that his lying to father shocked me, but since I felt that he should have warned me.

"Why didn't you say you'd seen him? No harm in seein' him, is there? What's the matter with you? He didn't do anythin' but sell you a wax doll."

"You shut up about that damn doll!"

"Golly!" I said, hurt and puzzled by his unreasonable behavior. "I don't see what's the matter. You bought it an' ——"

"Well, I think he's probably pretty tough, Joe, an' I don't want to be mixed up with him. An' I don't want to talk about it, anyhow. So that's all!" He finished with so much venom that I was really crushed, and watched him drive away in some awe.

Judge Lowe was a plump, sleepy gentleman and not intimidating, but I faced him rather nervously in his library. Eddie had gone to visit an aunt in Toledo for a day and his absence from the house did not encourage me. I reported my meetings with the red-haired boy, and the magistrate stroked his white waistcoat ponderously.

"H'm," he said. "This seems to be a queer kind of boy, Joe, and if I were you I wouldn't have anything to do with him."

"No, sir."

"And you don't know where he lives?"

"No, sir."

"H'm," said the judge. "But he must live somewhere." He consulted a piece of note paper, much scribbled, then stared at me with an authoritative glitter of the eye. "I'll expect you to tell me if you find out where he lives. Good night."

On Eddie's return Saturday I got a further budget of events domestic:

"Seems this Baron fellow—that's what he said his name was, isn't it?—took that hired girl down to the roundhouse when Bob Carter got shot. Then he was with Karl Gruber when Karl got drunk and busted his father's window. Then he told one of the O'Shea girls—that sick one, you know—about some kind of medicine you can take to stop toothache and he got her a bottle of it, only it's awful dangerous kind of stuff to take. Seems if you start taking it you can't stop. But Father Clancey, the priest, was at the O'Sheas' and saw the bottle, so they didn't let her take any. And there's some more things he's done, but dad wouldn't tell me. But it's funny they can't find out where he lives, isn't it?"

"Are they goin' to arrest him if they catch him?" I quavered.

"Don't know. Dad didn't say. Oh, my aunt gave me a book!"

It was the Ingoldsby Legends, which I had seen before, and I turned the pages without much attention, glancing at the old engravings—the Black Dancer bowing to Lady Hatton, the penitent Jackdaw of Rheims, the specter trying on Ensign Seaforth's breeches.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"Oh, ghosts and devils mostly! Some of it's funny. There's one about a ghost stole all a fellow's pants."

"What's this?"

I had found the pentacle, the six-pointed star, in The Lay of St. Dunstan, and its magic lettering interested me.

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Oh," said the boy, "that's what I was telling you about the other day. You stood inside it and called up the devil. So long as you stayed inside it he couldn't hurt you."

"Folks must have been awful fools to believe all that stuff," I grunted. "How could you call up the devil? Just say: 'Hi, devil'?"

"Oh, no!" Eddie explained. "He had a heap of names. Lucifer, Beelzebub, Asmodeus, Belial—names like that. Golly, isn't it hot, huh?"

It was truly stifling. No rain had fallen in a week now and the maples were coated with grime. I hated crossing the square on errands unshod and was almost at the point of daring convention by resuming shoes. Depression had settled on Zerbetta and the wealthy families were talking salt air. Ethan had not been to town since the night of Colly Sims' recovery and I missed him. Toward dusk that evening dust rose in small cyclones along Poplar Street, awnings banged and a few drops of rain descended; then the gross heat shut down again and inclosed me like a burning jelly, in which the gnats swarmed languidly about the lamp outside the gate.

I trailed drearily off to bed and sank into a desolate sleep full of indigestible dreams. But before midnight a wild pounding on our door brought me wide awake and frightened. Very soon I heard Bill Ross choking and gabbling in the hall below. So I stumbled downstairs just as father lit the gas.

"Pull yourself together, William," he said sternly, "and tell me what's happened!"

The expanding flame showed Bill limp against the red wall beneath the picture of Judas leaving the Last Supper, and his face was like soiled linen—white smeared with sweat and dust.

"Oh, I dunno how it happened. Dad sent me in with a telegram. Aunt Carrie's sick out in Chicago. An' I walked down to the station to see if I could get a Cincinnati paper, but I couldn't an' I came back by Clarke Street, an' Fred Orn was comin' out of Zogbaum's saloon an' he spoke to me, but I didn't pay any attention because I thought he was drunk."

"Quite right," said father.

"Only, I was goin' on an' a fellow came round from somewhere ——"

"What fellow, William?"

"I dunno. He's a fellow with red hair. I don't know his name. So he said, 'Did you hear what Orn called you?' An' he told me. So I got mad an' went back to where Orn was standin' front of Zogbaum's window an' I told him he better keep his head shut. An' he slapped my face. I don't know why I did it, but there was a piece of wood lyin' in the gutter, so I picked it up an' hit him alongside the head an' he fell into the window; an' he's dead, I guess."

All my poor faculties froze with the last phrase. I crouched on the staircase, gulping. Father folded his dressing gown more straightly about him and took Bill's arm.

"Come over to Judge Lowe's, William," he said, "and tell him about it."

My father had a cool, compelling voice, and I don't remember that Bill hesitated. But when the hall was empty a flood of queer emotions, horrible curiosities, bested me. I wanted to see the dead man and I doubted that Bill had killed him. It appeared that I was involved in a dream of some sort. Certainly my performance had all the drifting, unreasonable folly of a dream. I found myself, sweating with terror and out of breath, trotting down Poplar Street to the square, my nightshirt flapping on my knees and my mouth dry. Through the maples I could see the arc lights high over the four corners of the concourse which I must cross, and they seemed like shining eyes above the silent space. My feet carried my fright along, with Bill's story bubbling in my ears. The arcs kept my gaze, but somehow I saw a figure on the corner hydrant by Gruber's and, wondering if it was a policeman, I slowed.

It was the red-haired boy, sitting, easily slouched, most distinct in the unhealthy light, his graceful legs crossed, his cigarette glowing in his mouth. The speed of my body bore me almost abreast of him and he turned his face, smiling as if he expected me. He laughed, and at the sound my knees shook.

"Hello, Bud," he said. "Come along and let's ——"

But I whirled and ran up the dark street, panting with horror, and did not stop until I was safe in bed, suffocating, with the sheets wrapped round my head and wishing that the revolver, with Ethan's fitted cartridges, was at hand instead of lodged in its box by Ahab's stall in the barn. It seemed that the smell of cigarettes filled my room and that the enchanting, evil voice was whispering in the still air.

Hot morning brought better news. Orn had lain stunned in Zogbaum's saloon for two hours, but was now parading the square, loud in admiration of Bill for laying him low with a fragment of rotten rail, which was what Bill's weapon proved to be. He confessed to being decidedly drunk and went round, his head bandaged, to tell the judge his share in the brawl. Mr. Ross drove in with Ethan and took his badly shaken first-born home before church. Ethan stayed to noonday dinner and we maintained a guarded peace.

"This red-haired tramp," said father, "is getting to be a nuisance. He's a genuine trouble maker. The old Puritans would have put him in the stocks. They were very sensible people. I wish we had the stocks."

My mother tartly suggested a horsewhip by way of substitute and Ethan broke silence with an amazing remark:

"Nobody could ever catch him though!"

"Why not?" asked father.

"Well—they couldn't. Please, I'd like some more gravy, Mrs. Henry. It's gettin' awful dark."

The sky was deep in somber clouds, which pressed us down more closely in the horrible heat, and the dining room was shadowy.

"I wish it would rain," sighed mother. "If the air cleared we'd all feel better. It's been a dreadful week. Do see that Ahab has plenty of water, Joe."

Ahab drooped in his stall and I opened the wide doors into Poplar Street for his benefit. Ethan climbed into the vacant buggy and sat there, tortured by a Sunday collar. But he roused when I told him of my exploit. His eyes grew huge.

"Oh, you were an awful fool to do that, Joe! He might of got hold of you!"

"Couldn't hurt me much," I asserted lamely, with a shiver.

"Yes, he could too," said Ethan. "He'd of made you do somethin' like he did Bill and Karl. An' nobody knows where he comes from or where he goes to—goes to. You see, he ain't real."

"You act awful queer, Eth," I muttered, sitting down on the buggy shaft and turning the revolver cylinder with a thumb. "Ain't real? Of course he's real!"

"No, he ain't," Ethan said stubbornly. "He's ——"

Eddie Lowe and Peter Vanois came in from Poplar Street just then with Frisky, who had been chasing the Lowe tomcat. We chattered about the revolver, which neither had seen since the addition of the cartridges. We argued its probable range and the action of the bullets.

"Better keep it in your pocket," Eddie sniffed. "This red-haired fellow'll be getting you in trouble next."

"Oh, stop talkin' about him!" cried Ethan. "I'm tired hearin' about him. It's bad luck anyhow. Talk of the devil an' his imps appear."

"Your temper isn't very good," Eddie retorted. "Better take a rhubarb pill. What did you do with that doll he sold you?"

"You shut up about that doll!" Ethan flamed into a nervous passion and kicked at the dashboard. "That doll! It's got me in trouble enough without you talkin' about it!"

"What kind of trouble?" Peter asked.

"I don't see it's got you into any trouble," Eddie said, rubbing the heat mist from his spectacles. His indifferent voice goaded Ethan into a yell:

"Didn't I pretty near kill Colly Sims?"

Peter flattened himself against the wall and said "Sainte Vierge!" under his breath. Eddie dropped his spectacles and the Ingoldsby Legends.

"Whatever are you talkin' about?" I croaked.

"Well, I did! I wasn't goin' to tell anyone, but I did!" Ethan said in a sort of hysterical chant. "An' it's your fault, anyhow, Eddie! What'd you go an' tell me about stickin' pins in a wax doll that looked like a person you didn't like for? Listen here, as soon as I saw that doll I knew it looked like Colly. So I bought it an' took it home an' after supper I stuck a pin right through its belly, an' right then Colly took sick. An' then next day, when Joe told me Colly was dyin', I went an' took the pin out.

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An' that was half past four on Tuesday an' Colly stopped bein' sick right then! An' didn't I say that I wanted to see the devil, just once? Well, that red-headed fellow's him!"

Straight upon the pronoun an echo of thunder swept down Poplar Street and Ahab neighed in his stall, stamping. We all flinched, and a hot wind seemed to circle through the barn. Peter's fingers fluttered across his breast.

"You're lying," said Eddie, stooping for his book. "You're making it up"

"I hope I die an' go to hell if I am," Ethan groaned, staring into the darkened street. Thunder greeted this appalling attestation and rolled in my ears like the voice of Satan's self. The dense air was choking me. Peter gulped something about rain and ran out. I had no desire to laugh at his flight.

"But it isn't sensible," Eddie protested. "How could sticking a pin in a wax doll kill anybody? It's silly! It isn't reasonable, Eth. He's just some tramp. He couldn't be the devil. There isn't any such thing, I'll bet you."

"But he don't live anywhere, Ed," I maundered. "He just sort of comes round and every time he turns up there's trouble. And the doll did look like Colly, of course it did. I thought so myself."

Eddie laughed, or tried to laugh, but the sound was lost in his throat. Ethan kept staring into Poplar Street.

"You go tell dad that Satan's in town," Eddie said after a moment. "That'd look fine in the Courier, wouldn't it? 'Satan from hell is stopping in Zerbetta for a few days, on business.' That'd be fine!"

"Shut up!" whispered Ethan, moving on the buggy cushions. "He can hear you. He can hear anything."

So strong was fear twisting my soul that, almost expecting to see the red-haired boy on the sill, I turned toward the door, clutching the revolver. Frisky had stopped scratching fleas and was whining drearily in a corner.

"Oh, stuff and rubbish!" said Eddie. "Here, I'll show you two babies if there's any devil."

He began to rummage the Ingoldsby Legends, then squatted on the planks and commenced marking them with a bit of charcoal.

"What are you doin'?" Ethan cried.

"I'll show you in a minute," the skeptic snapped. "You and Joe are a pair of plumb idiots, that's all. Wax dolls!"

He scrawled a rough star, two triangles, one on the other, and consulted his book. I remembered the design and squeaked:

"You look out, Eddie, don't you do nothin' like that!"

Eddie marked the symbols at the corners and stood up. His glasses shimmered blue in the first lightning.

"All right, now," he said. "This is a pentacle. You kids say there's a regular devil and that he put spells on Colly Sims and all. Well, if there is, all I've got to do is stand inside this business and call him and he's got to come. He won't, but I'll show you."

Ethan leaped out of the buggy with a yelp of fright.

"Don't you dare do any such thing, Eddie Lowe! There's been enough trouble round here! You stop!"

Eddie planted himself in the center of his device and screwed his eyes shut, meditating.

"Let's see—what are some of his fool names? Lucifer ——"

"Shut up!" screamed Ethan, backing between the buggy shafts.

"Beelzebub!" cried Eddie against a new rattle of thunder, "Prince of Darkness, Asmodeus—he doesn't seem to be coming, does he? I guess he's too busy. Belial ——"

Frisky gave a wild bark. The red-haired boy walked in from Poplar Street, his cigarette burning in his mouth. Ahab began to kick his stall, and rain like a silver curtain hid the maple trees and the Sims' fence from my staring eyes. Within the barn there was a clinging silence.

"Hello!" said the red-haired boy. "I thought I'd drop in."

Eddie coughed and—I think—his teeth rattled. I took a terrible step forward, drawn by the enchanting voice, yet so frightened that my knees shook.

"You get out of here!" shrieked Ethan. "Get out! Go 'way!"

"Yes," I said, "get out! I—we don't want you!"

The red-haired boy strolled nearer me, smiling amiably, and took the cigarette from his lips.

"I've got some dice," he said, "an' I'll teach you ——"

The revolver exploded in my hands, straight at his blue shirt, and I reeled back against Eddie. A swirl of green smoke hid the tempter, but he spoke through it pleasantly:

"Better look out, Joe, or you'll hurt somebody. Well, as I was saying ——"

I fell on my knees. Suddenly in a high, hasty voice Ethan spoke:

"Our Father which art'n heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy ——"

The red-haired boy swung on his heel and went out into the rain, which hid him at once. The smoke rose and vanished along the ceiling. With a roar, his wet coat flapping, Mr. Sims charged across the street.

"What the devil do you mean, Joe Henry, shootin' holes in my awnings!"

"Oh, did you see him?" Eddie babbled. "Did you see him?"

"See who?"

"The fellow with red hair! He just went out!"

"I didn't see a soul! You, Joe, I've a good mind —"

But just then I fainted.

My sons, very learned in matters of war, tell me that revolvers do odd things when inexpertly handled. It is quite true that next week a detective came through Zerbetta, hunting a lad escaped from the state reformatory, and that all this may have been a bubble swelling in the idle mind of youth. But Ethan won't have a red-haired office boy in his Cleveland offices without warrant by Sunday-school teachers; and Professor Lowe's course in medieval history at the university is much enlivened by his lectures on witchcraft and diabolism.

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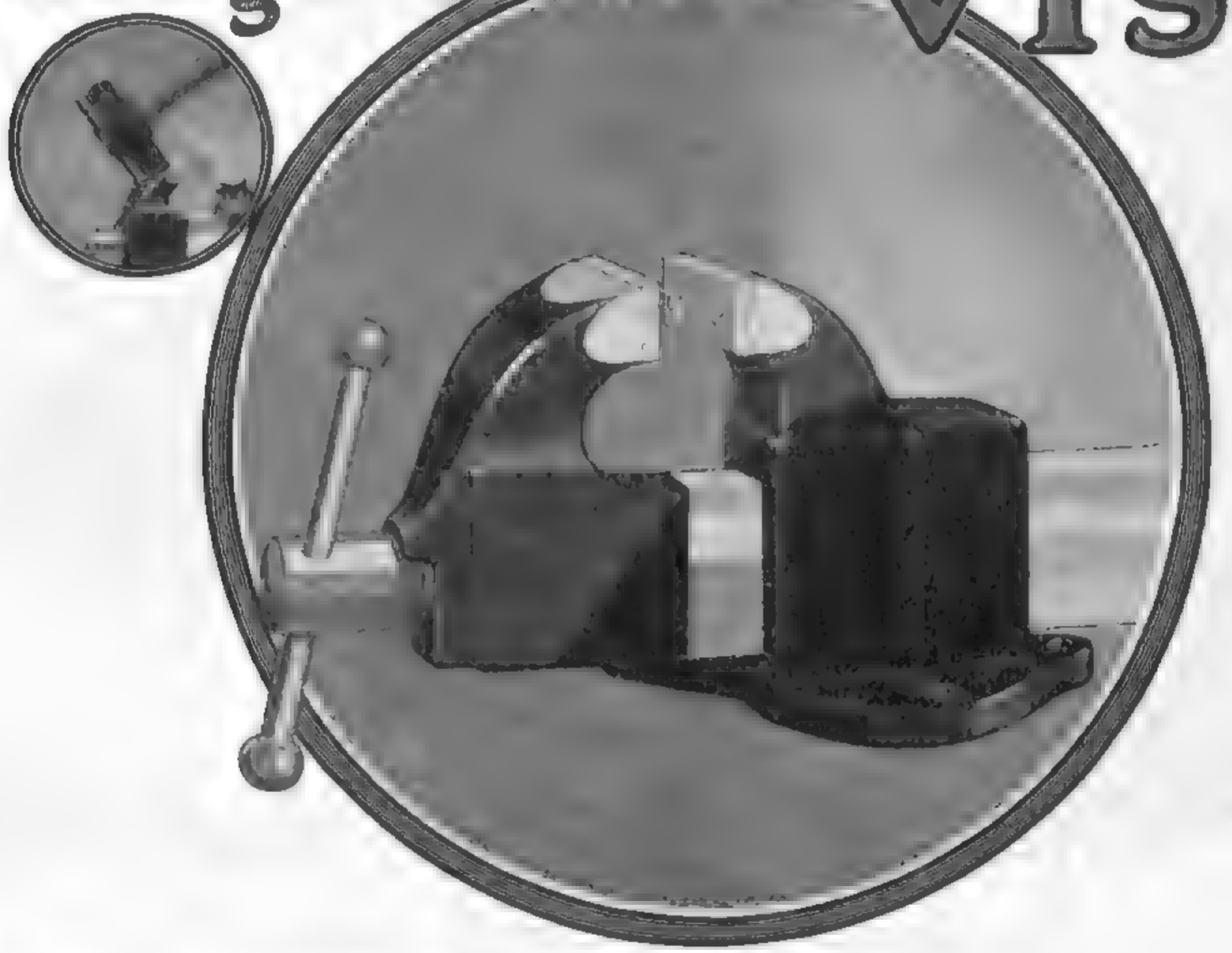

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ON CATCHING COLD

(Continued from Page 19)

And now for the conditions which actually cause colds: First, there are germs. Many are so imbued with the idea of the germ theory that they forget that it takes two to make a bargain. Most germs, all but the most virulent, cannot harm us unless conditions are just right. And for conditions to be right for germs they must be wrong for us. It requires contributory negligence on our part.

Many germs have their habitat in the nose and throat. All of them have long names, but we shall mention only two kinds, the *Micrococcus Catarrhalis* and the *Diplococcus Coryza*. There are many other varieties, but they need not concern us here. No matter which particular germ or combination of germs, the symptoms are the same, and the inflammatory changes; and their presence accounts for the infectious character of colds.

If one member of a family has a cold the others may be affected subsequently. This is partly at least because the germs are present in great numbers in an active cold. But it may be due also to other conditions in the home, such as dampness, or overheating, or lack of fresh air, to which all the family are subject. But the germs are the irritating cause.

Speaking generically then, and not of any particular germ, the germs have been circulating, now in the microcosmic dust of the atmosphere, then entering a human nose with the respired air. Anon, overcome by the inhospitable host, gently waved back and coughed or sneezed into the circumambient air, they float in the impalpable dust again, suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin.

One day in this constantly repeated cycle their host is more hospitable. Conditions are not so unfavorable for them and they begin at once to raise the myriads of their kind. Being minute vegetables they multiply by segmentation, flourishing in the favorable soil.

Then follow the numerous conditions within that nose and throat; and to the eyes, the ears, and perhaps the accessory sinuses, which as a group we call a cold.

In the beginning of this article the statement was made that one cannot catch a cold if he tries. That is nearly if not quite true. However, if anyone doubts it he may be able to prove his point if he tries any combination of the following directions for catching cold.

Rules for the Germ Host

They are meant only for those who have good practical noses through which they ordinarily breathe. Of course one who has anything wrong with his nose to start with, such as obstructions or chronic catarrh or sinus disease, has an advantage. He is likely to catch cold on the slightest provocation.

First, choose as a habitation a house that is continuously damp. If that is impracticable work every day in such a building. Keep all the windows shut, especially at night. Remember that night air is bad for one, and as night air is the only kind one can get at night, keep it out. Use the good day air, or, better, day before yesterday's air.

Breathe in lots of dust. Have the floors swept vigorously and often while you are present. Do not use a vacuum cleaner or any moist method of removing dust. Chase it as you would pigeons, which rise and circle, and light again.

Keep the house hot; plenty of good dry heat. And wear heavy underclothing, which, unlike outer garments, cannot be removed when you get indoors.

Do not bathe frequently; keep the mouths of the pores clogged with unremoved waste material.

Eat more than you need. If your appetite fails don't weaken. Try rich sauces and pastries and condiments. And if necessary, or possible these days, take a cocktail or two to stimulate the appetite.

Lose plenty of sleep. Worry will help also; and fatigue, and overwork. Try to do all the unnecessary things you can think of. That may cause mental depression.

Having followed all or part of these directions conscientiously for some time, get your feet soaking wet and do not remove your shoes. Then sit next to the only open window. But open it only a very little, so that there will be a nice strong draft of cold air, preferably on the back of your neck.

You will probably win. In a few minutes or hours you may have a nice cold in the head with all the trimmings.

Sitting in a draft does not always give one a cold by any means, but it may, if one is in the proper condition.

Why are not sudden and extreme changes of temperature necessarily harmful? Because the human body possesses the most wonderful automatic heating apparatus in the world. Men have tried to imitate it in the modern dwelling, but they never have approached and never will approach its perfection. No matter how cold the weather, no matter how great the heat, in which one can live, this self-acting apparatus self-acts, and the bodily temperature does not appreciably change. Cold will chill the surface by contracting the capillaries of the skin, but very soon they will dilate and the surface will be warmed by the increased supply of blood. Heat will cause greater activity of the sweat glands, and evaporating sweat will cool the body.

The Other Was Immune

How then do we circumvent Nature when we sit in a draft? A part of the body, usually a small part, is chilled while the other is not. We give the heating apparatus an almost impossible task—that of keeping a large section of the body under normal conditions and at the same time protecting a small surface against the cold. Even its marvelous mechanism sometimes fails in such circumstances.

But these conditions do not alone produce a cold. There must be something else, a certain lowering of resisting power. Not long ago two people sat and watched a football game through an hour and a half of cold pouring rain. They were soaked to the skin. The next day one of the two had a cold, and of course it was an interesting topic of discussion.

That one said: "You can't tell be that getting wet dod't give you a cold. I certaidly got bide at the gabe!"

The other replied tolerantly: "Yes, my dear, but why didn't I catch cold?"

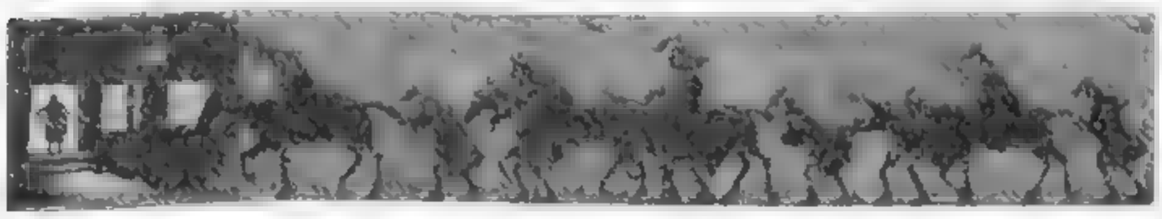
There you are! There is no argument. Many thousands were soaked and chilled that same afternoon, and it is hardly likely that ten per cent caught cold. First there are the germs, then the exciting cause, and third the lowered resistance.

Constant conflict with bacteria develops an immunity in the individual. This immunity must be destroyed if the germs are to be victorious, unless they overwhelm their victim by force of numbers. This latter is sometimes the case when one comes in hourly contact with them at home, and partly explains the spread of an infectious cold among various members of a family.

If fighting germs increases immunity, so continuous absence from contact with them lessens it. Explorers returning to civilization after prolonged absence are more susceptible than those who have remained at home. Among those who dwell in isolated places an infectious disease introduced from without will spread quickly.

All this is very well and may be of passing interest, but what we want to know is—and this is the meat of this coconut: How can colds be prevented? A large part of the answer is contained in the directions for catching a cold, if they are read with reverse English.

If the nose is not normal it should be put into proper condition. Obstructions should be removed. Operations for removal of obstructions are usually quite simple. Perhaps, when you were young, a playful tap on the nose by a companion threw it off



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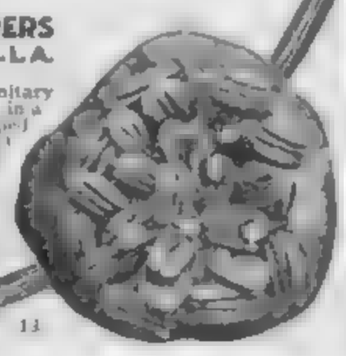

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center, and it never returned. Possibly when too young to recognize the proprieties you were given to sucking your thumb and pressing at the same time with the forefinger of the hand upon that tender nascent organ, the nose, causing a permanent deviation. In other words, the septum, or partition between the nostrils, may lean too much toward one side, obstructing the passage of air. There are many other causes of obstruction than a deviated septum, but this will do as an example.

Chronic catarrhal conditions predispose to colds, and to many other things. Germ growth is favored by poor soil and chronic inflammation makes poor soil.

But given a perfectly good practical nose, how can one keep it, and himself, from the incidence of such accidents as colds?

Fresh air, for one thing. As was said before, patients in tuberculosis sanatoria, who are outdoors practically all the time, are seldom affected. And if the attending physician comes upon one with a cold he says to the patient, "Aha! You've not been getting enough fresh air!" and at once consigns him to a bed in the open.

Open-air games are more healthful than indoor sports or exercise. If one must exercise indoors all the windows should be wide open.

Many use the calendar instead of the thermometer as a guide to clothing. It is as senseless as discarding one's straw hat on September fifteenth, no matter how hot the weather; and far more harmful. Both in the fall and in the spring we wear too much on the warm days, and stew and fret and catch cold without realizing why.

Most of our warm clothing should be removable—that is, removable in the presence of company. Homes and offices and factories are usually up to summer heat in the coldest weather, and yet many people who spend nearly all of the twenty-four hours indoors wear heavy winter underclothing. This superheating of the body lessens the resisting power. Remember, it does not open the pores. One should do that daily by a good bath with soap and warm water, and follow it with a dash of cold water.

The ordinary tubbing which is supposed to be a daily rite of our English cousins is much advocated as a means of hardening oneself. It usually consists of a dash into a tub of ice-cold water, a dash for the towel, and a dash into one's clothes. It is not cleansing and will not open the pores. Take the cold water for dessert, using soap and water as the pièce de résistance.

And do not rub all the outer layers of the skin off with brushes, loofahs and extraordinarily coarse towels. In some countries they wear those outer layers of the skin for clothes, and they do not catch cold. Nature intended that the outermost layer, only, should be rubbed off by gentle friction.

It may not be necessary, now, to speak of alcoholic beverages. But if anyone should have a little left over in this period of drought, here is a recipe for taking a cocktail: Spill a little on the tablecloth or doily, then glance round to see if your hostess is looking elsewhere, and throw the rest over the left shoulder, for luck.

Remedies are of some use, but they should be prescribed by a physician for the particular cold they are intended to banish. As a rule, however, modern medicine has little to offer, and with two exceptions the granny remedies are best. The first exception is the hoary axiom: "Feed a cold and starve a fever." A cold is not, dietetically speaking, voracious. Feed it very little and it will be much kinder to you. And take a laxative, or two, as atonement for past indiscretions.

The other exception is the hot stuffy room as a means to a cure. Plenty of warm bed clothing, the body entirely immersed in coverings if thought necessary, head and all—all except the nose. Keep it out and take in through it all the outdoors you can get. Fresh air is the one essential medicine.

Having eliminated these two exceptions bring on your granny remedies—the hot milk or hot lemonade; the hot salt gargles or spray; the quinine, if you like it; and the hot mustard footbath. All of these are a kind of bloodletting. They dilate the capillaries at the extremities and upon the surface of the body elsewhere, and they cause sweating, which is another form of relief.

By dilation of the myriads of capillaries in the skin they draw away the blood from the congested area in the nose and throat, thereby lessening the inflammatory process.

One who has a severe cold should be put to bed—for his own good and that of others. Colds are catching if one's condition invites them.

Applications to the nose and throat are helpful if made by one who knows what is needed and how to apply it. If there are complications—that is, if the ears or sinuses are affected—competent advice should be sought to prevent serious trouble.

But whatever you do for a cold do not take promiscuous advice. Do not follow all the precepts of kind friends. Or you may never have another cold.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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